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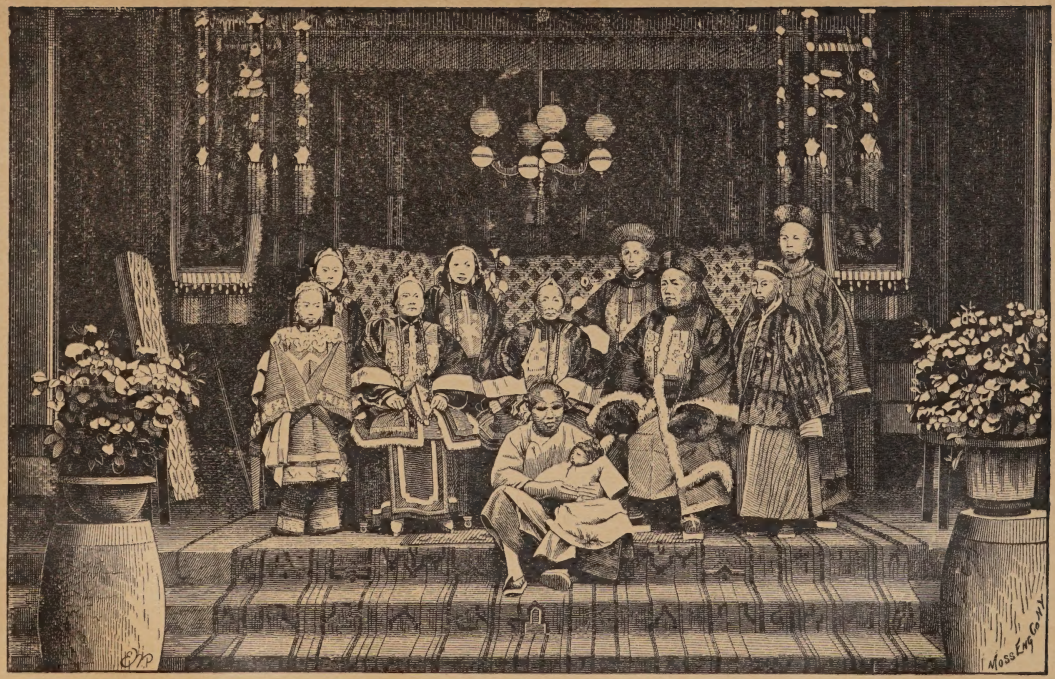

OUR HOSTS AT FOOCHOW, CHINA, AT HOME. (*See page 179.*)

ROUND THE WORLD LETTERS.

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

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BY
LUCY S. BAINBRIDGE.

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D. LOTHROP & COMPANY,
FRANKLIN STREET.
1882.

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B. H.
308.683
Mar. 25, 1882

TO MY HUSBAND,

REV. W. F. BAINBRIDGE,

AND

OUR SON WILLIE,

AND

COUSIN MRS. M., OF CLEVELAND,

OUR COMPANION IN JOURNEYINGS O'ER MANY LANDS AND SEAS,

AND

TO OUR LITTLE NELLIE

WE LEFT BEHIND,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," saith Lord Bacon. Because of the first part of this statement of the great authority I may venture to place this book before the public. There may be nothing to chew and digest, possibly nothing to swallow; but I believe there is something to taste.

During a two years' tour of the world, completed a few months ago, I wrote a series of letters for *The Providence Daily Journal.* At the suggestion of its accomplished editor, Mr. G. W. Danielson, I made these letters a record prominently of *personal* sight-seeing and experiences.

This book contains not only that series of letters somewhat altered, but many additions both from my notebooks and from another series of letters I contributed for a Cincinnati paper.

For those readers who have no personal acquaintance with the members of our party so often referred to, I may add: At the conclusion of a ten years' pastorate in Providence, my husband, with our son and myself, started westward. My cousin, Mrs. M—— of Cleveland, whose companionship we had had through the Holy Land and elsewhere, met us in Germany.

LUCY SEAMAN BAINBRIDGE.

Providence, R. I., December, 1881.

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ROUND THE WORLD LETTERS.

I.

Advantage of travel — Auld lang syne advice — Starting Westward — Railway glimpses — Fifty years ago — Giant Industries — Cleveland viaduct — Shakerdom — Chicago — Girlhood memories — Those rollicking days.

HE poet Gray, almost a hundred years ago, writing to a friend, said, "Do you not think a man may be the wiser — I had almost said the better — for going a hundred or two miles from home, and that the mind has more in it than most people seem to think, if only we would furnish the apartments?" Yes! we respond; it makes a man wiser — and a woman too, — to get beyond, at times, the narrow limits of their own home and neighborhood. Wiser, in that the one who leaves the horizon of our clique, our family, and our church society, at least learns this lesson by contact with the outside world, the emptiness of his own brain mansion, and that there are stores of unassorted

rubbish in many of its apartments. There is nothing like travel to teach one to appreciate the right of opinion in others, and bring one to realize what a mote he really is in the vast shifting sands of the humanity of our great world. Realizing all this, and that there was unoccupied room in our mental habitation, and need of more and better furnishings, we decided upon a two years' course of study in the school of travel, taking special pains to learn something from experience of the countries and customs of the people of the extreme East, yet hoping to gain many lessons of life, day by day, in a journey all the way round the world.

"Well!" said an old friend, "you've had schoolin' privileges,—I don't see no use for people to go gadden about railroads and steamboats to get more larnin'; it wa'n't so in my day. I can't see why folks fool their money away on travellin'. Now if you was agoin' to sell somethin' or buy stuff to sell it agin, and could make money by goin', I'd say all right. But it's all out-goes, as I can see. And you mustn't to mind if I speaks my mind very plain to ye; it's my duty. A woman's business is to stay to home and look after things and save. Now there was my dear departed wife Saray 'Liza,—she was always a helpin' me to save. Nobody could beat her a making soap, be it hard or soft, and we never, none of us, used a whole candle till every scrap and bit was all burnt up. You never see me take my time for going about to see nonsense, I tell ye, or a studyin' foreign ways, in them old times. I had plenty to do when I had a little restin' spell, to watch round the

auctions and bid in some calico or gingham for the women folks to make dresses of. It was handy havin' wife and our five girls wear gowns just alike. When one got wored out, it helped to mend up the other ones, and I always had a good piece of it for a handkercher. Well," sighed the old gentleman, "times is changed! There ain't none of my daughters as savin' as me; their heads are full of notions like the rest. My girls are a paintin' old jugs and saucers, and talkin' about art, and wantin' to go to Europe.

"Why can't people be satisfied to stay at home and keep to the good old ways!" Nevertheless — off!

Our party, with the addition of the youngest, the six-year-old Nellie of our home-circle, who was to spend the time of our absence in the tender care of her grandmother in Cleveland, started from Providence depot, amid the happy New Year greetings and God-speed-yous of many friends, New Year's morning, 1879. A first stop in this zig-zag world tour was within the boundary of our own little State, where, by the open fire, in a most hospitable mansion of East Greenwich, we took a first study in the art of entertaining, as it was being perfectly illustrated to us by our host and hostess, Gen. and Mrs. Chace. Rhody, powdered and feathered in purest white, enveloped herself in a fleecy veil of snow, in honor of our departure. The Sound steamer was delayed by wind and waves, and for several hours fastened in the ice of the harbor within a few feet of the wharf at New York. The hungry, impatient crowd of passengers scraped off the frost from the windows and gazed

longingly at the city so close at hand, and looked the words they did not sing —

"Thou art so near, and yet so far."

A week in New York passed most delightfully in the completion of preparations, and the society of a dear cousin, Mrs. M——, of Cleveland, who had been our companion in former touring of Europe, Egypt, and Palestine, and who, denied the privilege of accompanying us around the world, on account of ill health, yet hopes to join our party, on return, in Germany.

Patience is a virtue to be encouraged at home or abroad; but there is special need of it while travelling. Elmira and similar half-way stations on long routes of travel furnish good soil for its growth. A rail-road time-table is arranged, usually, to suit the public at each end of the road; and woe to the traveller who stops off midway! The westward-bound train arrived at that dim, early morning time when your whole body resists the idea of being awake. One cannot sleep all the first part of the night, with the fear that the alarm-clock will not waken, and just as the real rest begins, the whiz, whiz, bang! on the mantle brings one to a dreadful sense of that train due at 5-20. Hurriedly dressing and swallowing a half-made cup of coffee, cold and forlorn you rush to the depot, to hear the ticket agent quietly remark, "Train is three hours and thirty-two minutes late, on account of snow."

Tired and sleepy, the nine-year-old boy rests back

on mother's shoulder, when one of Job's comforters patted his head and wisely said: "Your little boy is sick! Ain't you afeared of the scarlet fever? Most all the children about here are a havin' it, and yourn looks very like my sister's boy when he was first took."

The long-delayed train at last arrives. Through-passengers gaze at us with mingled selfishness and contempt. Not one will move a budget, that we may be accommodated with seats. The biting air freezes the juices of hearts not over supplied with the milk of human kindness. When the occupants of the seat in front left, a newly married pair took their places. We knew the knot had just been tied. Their tickets were for Niagara Falls. Her gloves were so immaculate, and her travelling suit so new, and up to the style, and he so radiant and helpful, and — well! they didn't know that I saw, but they held each other's hands all the time he was not busy in opening the blind, or arranging shawls, or getting her drinks of water in the newest and shiniest of silver cups. Railroad travel has a very peculiar effect upon the spinal column of a bride or young engaged lady. If it was not that a few years of sober married life cures this weakness, it would be a matter that our best physicians should look into. Now in this case the lady appeared strong and well able to sit upright at least a part of the day, but evidently the gentleman felt she was not equal to it and turned himself into a bolster, upon which she leaned eleven and a half hours out of the twelve.

Through western New York everything was

powdered and frosted with snow; all conveyances were on runners. In Jamestown the sidewalks were level with the tops of the fences. At Erie, Penn., some enterprising young men had excavated a smoking-room in the snow-banks in front of their cigar store. In Cleveland the sleigh-riders are "holding high carnival" on Euclid Avenue.

Last summer, in a factory village of Rhode Island, an old lady, whose life had never outgrown her own neighborhood, asked me inquisitively:

"Somebody says you wa'n't raised in Rhody: where was it yer folks lived?"

"In Ohio," I said: "Cleveland, Ohio."

"Wall, naow! then of course you know all about farmin', and milkin' cows. My brother-in-law, he went West more 'n forty year ago; he had a pretty hard time of it, I tell ye! S'pose your glad enough to live this way?"

Cleveland, with her palace homes and an avenue which is unrivalled in America, — and perhaps the world,— with her schools and cultured society, with her busy life and steady growth of population, does not correspond in the least with the old lady's idea of the unbroken wilderness of the West, where people sit upon three-legged stools and are ignorant of the use of silver forks. Yet she is not so far out of the way, after all, if we only look from her standpoint of fifty years ago. What was even our cultured and prosperous Providence in those olden days, as compared with the present?

A good half century ago a young married couple started away from parents and friends in Rochester,

New York, to make their new home in the far-away village of Cleveland. It was a long and untried journey into the far West. In the stage-coach westward bound sat that sweet-faced bride of seventeen, her brown hair and blue eyes hardly visible under the huge calash Dame Fashion in those days inflicted upon her subjects. A home was made in that little village of fifteen hundred people. Children were added, and now, after the lapse of changing years, one of that number, the only daughter, grown to womanhood, on a journey round the world stops in the village of Cleveland, now a city of more than a hundred and fifty thousand souls, to visit two precious, snow-covered mounds in the adjoining "city of the dead," and talk over with the friends of long ago the treasured memories of ripe, rich, christian character left behind.

The giant industries of this large and prosperous Forest City, the meeting-place of the iron, coal, and oil trades, deserve attention. The Cleveland Rolling Mill, with its iron, steel, boiler plate and wire works, is the largest and wealthiest industry of its kind in this country. The pay-roll amounts to a million and a half dollars every year, with thirty-five hundred workmen employed. This Rolling Mill Company own the Saginaw Mine on Lake Superior, from which last year they had fifty thousand tons of ore, with an average of seventy per cent. of working metal, beside buying a large quantity from other mines. They make the ore into pig metal, put it through the Bessamer process into steel ingots, and work it up into steel rails and steel wire. The

Union Steel Screw Company was organized by the principal men of the Rolling Mill Company, and by the use of remnants, and turning the stock from one to the other, they are able to sell steel screws for about the same price that iron screws would bring. They also do a large business in the manufacturing of tacks.

One of the giant industries of Cleveland is that known as the Standard Oil Company. Like the fabled dragon which lived and flourished by swallowing bodies larger than himself, the Standard Oil Company has gobbled up everything in its path, until it is an immense concern. It is said that William H. Vanderbilt remarked that there was no man in the country he was afraid of, or could not have his way with, but John D. Rockefeller, President of the Standard Oil Company. Besides the business in lubricating and kerosene oil, this company do all their side work, such as manufacturing all the barrels they use. They turn out from ten to fifteen thousand iron-hooped oil-casks daily, each capable of holding fifty gallons, and all of them painted bright blue. The Standard Oil Company secure the services of the best business talent, and pay liberal salaries; most of their leading employés receive from five to ten thousand dollars per annum. The old lady — and any others who do not realize the great business activity of Cleveland — can easily see that there is not much chance for farming within the city limits. Since Ohio city, in 1854, gave up her name and local government, and united her destinies to that of her rival sister on the east side of the

river, it had been the cherished, though seemingly impracticable thought with many, that some kind of high bridge should be constructed over the broad and deep valley of the Cuyahoga. This air castle of desire has grown into plans, purposes and execution on a grander and mightier scale than even the most glowing imagination could have pictured years ago. Cleveland is justly proud of the great highway and bridge combined, three thousand, two hundred and eleven feet long, and sixty-four feet wide, upheld by massive stone arches and iron work, with a draw-span three hundred and thirty-two feet long. Thousands of teams, and foot-passengers, and a constant line of street cars running over the double track, are daily witness to the wisdom of such an outlay. The cost, all told, is but little short of three million dollars.

It is not necessary to wait until the shores of far-off Japan and China are reached, to find strange peoples to study. A few miles beyond Cleveland's limits, within easy distance by sleigh, is the Shaker community. Pleasant visits have been mine in the very heart of their quiet life. Set as the colors of their gray gowns, are they on the temperance question; as straightforward and simple in their ways as their Shaker bonnets; and upright as their best brooms. Their hospitality is as sweet and genuine as their cider apple-sauce. Hard-working brethren and sisters, followers of Mother Ann, and believers in they know not what, they try to live in an exalted state where Cupid cannot come. Yet he does come, the rogue, and it often happens that some soft-hearted and soft-eyed sister gives quiet glances

from under her long bonnet at the good brother weeding next her in the garden. He cannot help admiring her gentle ways in the sacred dance of the sabbath service. He manages to keep her woodbox well supplied, as the cold weather comes on, and somehow there is a word now and then of very pleasant chat. But alas! the hearts of elders and aged sisters are grieved when these two declare their desire to go away from the rich farms and mills and factory of Shakerdom, and seek their fortune hand in hand in the big, wicked world outside, where people "marry and are given in marriage."

A tedious ride of all day, halting at an indefinite number of Ohio and Indiana towns and villages, and our train, delayed by snow, late in the evening reached Chicago. This busy hive, this vast metropolis of the West, does not need any help in boasting of her great commercial activity. As a Chicago merchant said to me, "Of course we are ahead; St. Louis can never catch up; look at our pork trade! four and a half million hogs killed here last year: read the statistics of our business in flour, seeds and provisions. I tell you, figures won't lie, and these are some of them: remember these receipts are for one year only."

Breadstuffs	$71,620,000
Live Stock	98,300,000
Provisions, tallow.	9,650,000
Butter, cheese, hides, wool	27,960,000
Seeds, potatoes, salt, broom corn	5,820,000
Hay, poultry, apples, eggs	1,880,000
Miscellaneous	3,800,000
Alcohol	370 000
Total	$219,400,000

This is an advance upon the preceding year of $14,850,000. These figures of values and receipts do not include coal, lumber, and fish.

But that which I looked forward to and enjoyed the most in all this world-renowned Chicago, was the hearty greeting and home life of one of the friends of girlhood days. School-girl friendships are among the sweetest and ofttimes the most lasting experiences of life. Time has changed our names and faces, but left the memories and the fountain of affection and fun in my friend as fresh as in those days of school-life. Oh, those rompish experiences! how we dug them up and enjoyed them! The time we walked out five miles after school, to meet a farmer brother coming in with a load of apples, and in our disappointment vowed to take the next team home, whatever it was, and had to ride on the backs of dead hogs into town; and those wonderful compositions in prose and verse on "Apples versus Hogs!" How we recalled the plot of that thrilling novelette (which was never printed), entitled "the leaky skiff, or the girl with the fiery red hair;" and the scenes in that busy school-room, where the up-town girl privately informed me that if I did not cut that country girl, who was always getting ahead of every body in the classes, she would cut me; and how my soul was knit to that of the country lassie, and in revenge Miss Up-town tied the strings of our aprons together and pinned on a label — "Siamese twins!" How we represented, one evening of first of April, the absent California lover of a sentimental friend and in a darkened parlor drew from her some loving words of

welcome for her supposed returned Charlie! Of the time a "big brother," two years our senior, received a free ticket to a panorama show for "self and family," and we made two of a party of eleven to follow him in line as obedient children and all call him father when the ticket was asked for! Well, life has its silly days with all. Is it not wisdom when our young people are full of pranks, to apply to ourselves Charles Reade's motto — "Put yourselves in his place"?

Next week, across the prairies and the Rocky Mountains.

II.

Luxury on wheels — Wanted, a minister — Omaha — Across the prairies — Agreeable company — On and up — Mormonism — Cape Horn — Saying grace — "Frisco" lions — China town — "City of Gold" — Newsboys' Club — Kindergarten — Good-by.

HE most luxurious railway travel in the world is that between Chicago and Omaha, via the Chicago & North-western railroad. The hotel cars are palaces on wheels; the comfort and elegance of a parlor and dining-room are combined with that of a bedroom at night. The most obsequious of darkeys in white apron lays a snowy cloth on the small table before you and serves tender beefsteak, fried potatoes, quail on toast, et cetera,— as your fancy may suggest,— smoking hot, with all the finish of cut glass and polished silver. You pay "a la carte," and find the price reasonable. Twenty-four hours after leaving Chicago, we cross the great bridge from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Omaha, Nebraska. In addition to the regular car-fare, a tax of fifty cents per head is charged for crossing this bridge. Although it belongs to the Union Pacific, they make a separate interest of it, and, in this way, try to make it pay its immense cost.

"There isn't the least question about it," — said an earnest, deep-voiced man in our car,— "not the least question but that our town is to be the great city of the West; and before many years too! It is the natural railroad centre. Why! you know, Deacon Jones, there is no such farming-land anywhere as just about us. Such corn and wheat as is raised in our county, can't be beat. We must not shut our eyes to the great future looming up for Smithton, and we church folks, Brother Jones, must not be behind the times. Now there's good old Parson Brown, — he is a good man; you can't find any smut on his character,— and he has had no easy time of it either, preaching to two churches and down at the school-house, and raising potatoes and corn to help out his salary; but you see he isn't equal to the demands of our growing place. We must get a new man, Brother Jones, a young, smart, wide-awake man who will draw in the new comers and keep things a buzzing."

"But how can we pay one of them high-toned chaps?" said meek Deacon Jones in a plaintive voice; "we never have been able to get together the four hundred dollars we promised to give good old Parson Brown."

"Well! well!" interrupted the energetic friend. "Must be done! Of course we can't expect to get a real smart down-easter of the Talmadge or Beecher sort,— only younger,— for less than a thousand a year. We must mortgage the church and tell the sisters to get up a fair to draw money out of outsiders, and why! if we find the right man

who is up to the times and not too doctrinal, but can have some bits now and then in the *Weekly Eagle*, and understands putting his sermons before the public in an attractive way, and can say spicy things and all that— "

The engine screamed, the car rattled, I listened to finish the man's thought — "Might advertise in the paper — no harm, if there's a good audience and collection by the means — will preach on 'Zaccheus up a tree,' or 'Getting married,' or 'Quilting parties at Peter's mother-in-law's house.' It would draw — and he would more than pay for himself, more than — "

But just here I lost the thread of the discourse in the louder and more energetic wail of a wide-awake young American infant close by, whose wants were quite as intelligible and unreasonable, but in a few moments more easily managed by the mother.

Omaha is full of life; a wide-awake, young-America city. Its brick blocks, fine residences, well laid-out streets, many spires, and the hum and smoke of manufactories betoken substantial growth. At the lunch-counter an observing waiter called out: "Here's yer'e real, fine Boston brown bread, just the thing for down-east folks to take overland."

Although the loaf could not claim a nearer relationship than fortieth cousin to the rye and Indian bread of New England, we bought it in return for the compliment 'that we looked as though we had come from "the Hub".

The Union Pacific cars, though comfortable, lack the polish and elegance and dining arrangements

of the Chicago & Northwestern road. Each little party with luncheon baskets and hampers, prepared to set up housekeeping for several days, with additional supplies for snow-drifts and delays over the mountains. West of Omaha, we sped along across the broad prairies, not a vestige of snow to be seen. The air was balmy and mild as though it was April instead of the last of January. The sky had no sooner lost the golden light of the sunset than it was aglow with the fiery blaze from burning prairies. Like two mighty serpents, miles in length, fire was meeting fire.

The prairies were not in the least monotonous. We missed, it is true, the rocks and the grand old hills, but here was a glimpse of a new life, of which we had read but never seen — western farmers' homes, solitary cabins, or a ranch with thatched roof and stockade of logs alone on a sea of grass. Every cluster of cabins was a station, and, however few the number, one shanty would seem to stagger under a large sign across the front—"Saloon." At Antelope, a "city" of eleven huts, frontiersmen, clad in buckskin from hat to shoes, and armed with gun, revolver, and bowie-knife, in reply to our question about the Indian troubles, said, "Yes; the Sioux come down here and steal our mustangs and bother us, but lately" — pointing to their weapons — "we have had a little argument with them." Up, up, the train climbs, so gradually one scarcely realized the ascent. Cheyenne, at just half the length of the Union Pacific road, is six thousand and forty-one feet above the sea. It is a city of over four thousand

people, and boasts of many brick blocks, though in 1867 it was a city of one house. Ladies in seal skin, elegant enough for a Broadway belle, drove to the depot to greet a bridal party, returned home from a wedding tour to the eastern city of Omaha.

Never did an unassorted car-load of people cross our broad country who found themselves in more congenial company. The Californian gentleman was as ready to tell his interesting experiences in the gold region in 1849, as we were to listen. With the young Philadelphian we interchanged notes on walking tours through Switzerland. The large family party, next, proved to be old friends from Cleveland. The Michigan group sent over mince-pie to the Rhode Island party, and accepted cake in return. The Cleveland folks exchanged commodities in the same way. The gentlemen without any well-filled hampers were invited to cold turkey dinners, suppers of hot coffee and potted chicken, and lunch at any time. At each stop of the train there was a stretching out of muscles and jumping for the platform. Our boy was most happy to exercise the large man's pug-nosed cur. No introductions were needed. Pleasant chit-chat was interchanged, and the car-load seemed like Barnum's happy family, — out for show.

We go on and up to Sherman, eight thousand, two hundred and forty-two feet above the sea, — the highest point on the Union Pacific road. Through the fast-falling snow we get a glimpse of that old monarch of the mountains, Pike's Peak. Sherman, Wyoming Territory, is a paradise for woman suffragists. "Train stops ten minutes," shouted the

porter. I determined in that time to see some female who had voted. In a cosey corner of one of the cabins sat a young mother tending her blue-eyed baby, and watching the train.

"Did you really vote?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, a little shyly.

"Of course," said a man's voice, "the women all do here, and I can't see as it hurts 'em any."

It certainly had not made this one very strong minded, for she made her pretty face very ugly by wearing across her forehead her hair in a straight bang.

From Evanston to Ogden there is an ever varying ever majestic panorama of the wildest and grandest scenery to be found along any railway of the world. Through narrow gorges, under over-hanging rocks, past red sandstone cliffs — wonderfully resembling ancient and ruined castles and fortresses — with bated breath we gazed at the majestic beauty of Echo Cañon. Along the banks of the Weber river, past the "thousand mile tree," marking the distance from Omaha; past the Devil's Slide, two immense ridges of granite, ten feet apart, extending from the mountain tops to the river — through Weber Cañon our iron horse bore us steadily on at the rate of eighteen miles an hour.

Ogden is brimful of Mormonism; five thousand of them to one thousand Gentiles. Here the Central Pacific begins, and the Union Pacific ends; all baggage must be transferred, and our little colony must break up housekeeping, and move to a new dwelling. There is time enough to replenish the larder: milk

is only twenty-five cents a quart, and poor at that. A Mormon baker, with "Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution," and "Holiness to the Lord," in large type in front of his shop, kindly answered some of our Yankee questions.

"We are better off than you Gentiles," he said; "if one of your wives gets mad and won't give you any dinner, what can you do? But when one of mine isn't pleased about something, I go live with the other one. You Gentiles can't afford to keep but one wife, but our women help to keep us; they do it for the Lord."

We declined an invitation to buy a photograph of a happy family group: a man with five wives and seventeen children, all sitting about the one home, which is said to contain them all; whether peaceable or not, is to be guessed. The poor man's hair was thin, to say the least; it ought to be.

The fifth day from Chicago, our journey lay through hundreds of miles of sage brush,— "the picture of desolation," as other travellers have said, and at most seasons of the year a truthful description, as we can readily imagine; but legions of fairies, at the command of the frost king, had completely transformed that dull, monotonous sage. Every tiny bush and clump of willow was frosted and crystalized, and sparkled as though powdered with diamond dust in the sunshine as we passed. The white sage becomes perfected by frost, and is excellent food for cattle.

At every station the Indians crowded around the depot, groups of them gambling; squaws tried to tempt us to pay for the sight of the dirty face of

their papoose; young men and maidens with red and yellow painted stripes on the cheeks, thus showing that they had not entered matrimony, but were willing candidates.

The sixth and last day from Chicago brought us early in the morning to the crowning scene of the whole journey. By the dim light of early day the Sierra Nevadas formed wonderful pictures: chasms dark with firs and pines; gorges deep and black; snowy hill-tops above us, until the engine whistled reverently a signal — Cape Horn.

The train stops, on the ledge, at the side of the rocky cliffs. Stepping off upon the little space beyond the track, we can look up at the towering bluff above, and down the dizzy depth — twenty-five hundred feet — to the river in the valley. A ranch with its curling smoke is but a doll-house in appearance, and the highest trees but shrubs. One of the grandest views on this continent opens up before us, but we cannot linger. Down into the sunshine we go very rapidly, leaving the mountains with ice and snow behind. A little boy — like Noah's dove — comes in with branch and blossom, to show the desired land is near.

Sacramento is smiling and sunny in the half-circling arms of the hoary-headed Sierras. Gardens freshly ploughed, or with lettuce and cauliflower and other vegetables growing finely, an orange-tree loaded with fruit, show that our journey across the continent is almost to an end. The Oakland ferry crossed, we are in San Francisco. We have come twenty-five hundred miles since leaving Chicago, have not had an

hour's detention, or met with the slightest accident.

At Stockton, as we promenaded the platform, during the waiting of the train, a familiar voice called out:

"Here you are! Welcome to the golden West! I saw by the paper that you were on board; names, you know, are telegraphed ahead. I just arranged business to go with you into the city: how are all the folks down East, and how's dad?"

Genial as the winter's sun of the Pacific slope, are the hearts of these San Franciscans. Though pioneer life has in many cases left an unpolished exterior, the roughness is all outside.

Nowhere are there more hospitable homes and a greater readiness to do another a favor, even though it requires sacrifice of time and effort on the part of the giver.

It was our privilege to be invited into various homes in the "golden city." In some there was as much culture as in New England. The hostess at her table, where every course was served in perfect taste, talked of art and architecture in India, and knew more of the beauty of the Taj, than half the women in the East. On another occasion, when dining with an early settler — a diamond in the rough — my husband was asked to give thanks for the food in the following words: "We ain't much here for sayin' grace, but you're a pretty good sort of fellow, Bainbridge; so go ahead!"

"Frisco," as the people say for short, has its lions both in the city and on the sea. One of the former is the Palace Hotel, with its grand court and electric

lights, its elegant halls and suites of rooms,— every one of which can boast of an elaborate bay-window,— the immense building as it stands costing five million dollars. To see the latter sort, the traveller must join the gay throng of carriages and drive through the park and along the beach — gaining most pleasing views of the city, the Golden Gate and Pacific Ocean — to the Cliff House, where one may see hundreds of sea-lions crawling over the wet rocks and filling the air with their hideous noise.

Woodward's Garden, a museum, menagerie and small park combined, owned by a gentleman who formerly called Providence his home, is esteemed another lion of the city. Another is the Gold and Silver Mining Stock Exchange, where the questionable privilege of membership costs twenty-five thousand dollars! and yet another still is the partially completed City Hall, fully as extravagant in dimensions and almost in cost as the eight-million-dollars municipal palace of Philadelphia. The Mint, which the government erected at an expense of two million dollars, is a conspicuous object. A ride on the cable street-car is a novel experience: up and down streets as steep as College Hill we ride with perfect ease, without any apparent means of locomotion.

Like the darkey who was taken by his father to see a hanging, that he might realize what he was to come to, so we went to China-town. Nearly twenty thousand Chinese swarming together within the limits of a few blocks each way, in the heart of this American city, is a strange sight. The Chinese ques-

tion assumes a very real and practical significance. These Mongolian aliens come to our shores to simply make money; they leave their families, their homes — such as they possess — in the land of their departed ancestors, and they expect to go back there before they die, or at least have their bones carried back for burial. The only women who come are those immoral, lewd creatures, whose steps take hold on death. Pass through the crowded streets of China-town; look into their joss-houses; see the large buildings which are filled from cellar to garret—on shelves and in corners; take a glimspe into their eating saloons and markets, and to the careless observer there would be simply the remembrance of pig-tails and smell!!! But compare this alien swarm with those who flock in at our Eastern gate from the Emerald Isle! The Chinese are far more industrious and more easily taught our ways of work, and not so greatly below many of our whiter-skinned emigrants in filthy habits. There is less brutal drunkenness and less violent crimes among them than among the same number of Irish people. Observe those flaunting American houses of hell open to the street and brilliantly lighted, where wickedness makes no effort at concealment in San Francisco, and let not America look with too holy horror upon the moral evils of Chinese emigration. Heathen are pouring in upon us at all our gates. Shall we welcome them at the East, and drive them back from the Western portal? No! Some of "China's millions" are coming to Christian America, and here is missionary work right close at hand.

"Heap cheap oranges, ten cents dozen," shouted a Chinese on the street.

The boy of our party, with his purse full of carefully hoarded cents, makes a purchase.

"No good money!" says the heathen, pointing to the nickel; and not one will he take.

It is everywhere the same; the smallest sticks of candy are five cents, to be paid for in silver. Twenty-five cents is "two bits," fifty cents is called "four bits;" and then we often find an article is to be sold for a "short bit," or ten cents; or for a "long bit," which is fifteen cents. In Oakland, where the street-car fare is six and a quarter cents, you must either buy four tickets for twenty-five cents or pay a "short bit" — ten cents — for your ride.

San Francisco with its golden gates toward the broad Pacific Ocean, "city of gold," as it is often called, might justly receive the name of "city of fleas." Like the flies of Egypt they abound everywhere — from the palace to the hovel. Their perseverance and skill were never equalled. But we are too ready to associate the name of this sprightly creature with filth or untidiness; it is not just to the cleanly and enterprising housekeepers of San Francisco to leave this wrong impression. The warm sands of this locality are a favorite home of these pests, and here they make their abode and multiply rapidly.

We can hardly realize that it is still winter in our New England home, and that the cold and ice will continue many weeks to come —

"Here everlasting spring abides, and never fading flowers."

Palms, cypress, the cassia trees and the eucalyptus are always green. The laurentine bushes are loaded with showy blossoms the year round. Callas and daisies, geraniums and pinks, are blooming in nearly every dooryard. The English ivy creeps up the lattices and over the piazzas in most luxuriant growth. Fuchsias, which have climbed up the side of the bay-windows — and nine out of ten of the homes have bay-windows — are budded and full of leaves. The air is balmy and warm as in early May at home. Early vegetables, grown out of doors, are in the markets. Strawberries will be for sale next month. Cherries are ripe in May and luscious peaches are to be had from June until October. In the production of grapes, California has no rival in any part of the world; even the vineyards of France and Italy, and along the Rhine, which seemed to us in years gone by to be as luxuriant as possible, are surpassed by the grape culture of California. The annual average temperature is 58°.

The Womens' Coöperative Printing Association is managed by a lady of great executive power. In carrying on this business, she keeps a large number of her sex employed in the printing of bill-heads, advertisements, etc. There are many good enterprises in San Francisco, worthy of notice, where the same vigorous spirit seen in business pursuits is applied to helping the poor and neglected classes. There are many interested in the elevation of that class known as "hoodlum boys." A wealthy banker of this city gave us an insight into his work for the newsboys, bootblacks and others. He has formed many of them

into a sort of club, where each boy who joins — and there are now eleven hundred — signs the regulations and enjoys the benefits of free library, gymnasium and printing press. There is a temperance society, and literary meetings and occasional treats, and a savings bank, all in charge of the efficient superintendent, who, with his wife and little one, live in the building, and are able to give to a sick and homeless boy a few days of rest and care in their simple home, now and then, thus often saving him from long weeks in a hospital.

There is a charity kindergarten, for the little ones, among the very poor of the city, under the charge of a teacher with rare qualifications for her work. Many neglected children are gathered in and interested and taught to work and play together. Eye and ear and fingers are trained by Miss Katherine Smith, whose power and personal magnetism has been consecrated to this department of work.

We sail February 18th, at noon "sharp," on the steam-ship *Gaelic* of the Oriental and Occidental line. So good-by to country and friends until we chat together five thousand miles beyond the Golden Gate, upon the shores of Japan.

III.

A busy wharf — Specifics for Mal de mer — Fellow voyagers — Steward's supplies — The cargo — A day dropped — Slanders — Land ahead.

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep."

N these days of rapid transit, a man will catch up his carpet bag, and say good-by, starting off for London or Paris with less ado than in former times one would go from Providence to New York. The sailing of an Atlantic steam-ship has become an every-day occurrence, and is an event of no special interest to the public. Doubtless before many years this can be said of travel across the Pacific; but at present, when a Japan and China steam-ship starts out, the thoughts of the strange world to which she is bound, the long voyage of five thousand miles before sighting land, and few vessels coming and going, create quite a ripple of interest in the busy city of San Francisco. The wharf of the Pacific Mail was a stirring place before noon of February 18th. The magnificent American steamer *Tokio* had just arrived and was being unloaded at one side of the dock. Upon the other lay

the English steamer *Gaelic* of the "Oriental and Occidental" line, with both American and English flags flying, almost ready for a start. The Chinese consul was busy looking after his constituency, nearly six hundred of whom were swarming into the steerage, some of them being Chinese merchants of wealth, who prefer to travel in this way, so as to get Chinese food exclusively. The Japanese consul had only five to look after, one of them being an intelligent young man, recently graduated from one of our Eastern colleges. Having received an education in America at the expense of the Japanese government, after six years' absence he now returns to his home and country. The Japanese consul is a gentleman of highly polished manners. It is said he never turns his back upon a lady, but bows and bows himself out with the grace of a French dancing-master. We had the privilege of meeting him in his San Francisco home, and he kindly brought to us letters of introduction to some of his relatives and friends in Japan, who would, he said, entertain us in true Japanese style. "All ashore!" was the word of command, and a score of those whom we had learned to call friends in the hospitable city of "Frisco," bade us good-by. More fragrant than the exquisite bouquets which they placed in our stateroom, and surely more enduring than the beauty of fading flowers, are those friendships formed on the Pacific coast.

As the last friend shook hands, he gave this parting benediction: "It's an awful big pond you are about to cross. I've been over, and I know. Let your

motto be K. K. — Kan't Kalculate. I like the water, but if you won't get enough of it, and of seasickness, and be glad to see land, then I am no prophet." That man spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Everybody has a pet theory about seasickness, and the less one knows experimentally of winds and waves, the stronger is he in the opinion that he has discovered a sure remedy or unfailing preventive for such attacks. Before starting on this first voyage of the world tour, my friends all along the way had confidentially imparted to me their secret. Said one, "The difficulty is not in the stomach, it's in the head; and you must take hyoscyamus and nux vomica." So I bought a bottle of each. Another said in a tone of great wisdom, "The seat of the disturbance in so-called sea-sickness is at the base of the brain. The remedy is simple, but sure; you must apply brown paper wet in vinegar." So I bought brown paper, and trusted to the ship steward for vinegar. "Nothing like lemons," said an old friend. So we laid in a stock of lemons. "But," said a gentleman to me, "I know positively what will prevent mal de mer, if you are willing to try it. Keep drinking raw whiskey when first you embark, until — well, until you are drunk; and when you come out of it you will be all right for the rest of the trip." I thought that prescription over carefully, and concluded that the remedy was worse than the disease. I did not lay in a supply of whiskey. Said a lady who had never been to sea, but her second cousin had, "I am going to tell you of a new and perfect preventive; it cannot fail. Take strips of

cloth a few inches wide and sew them together; then bind the body very tightly." A dry goods dealer in San Francisco sold me several yards of cotton cloth. It was torn in strips exactly according to directions, and for awhile I became more like an Egyptian mummy than a living American. Said one, "Don't eat a mouthful for twenty-four hours before stepping on board your steamer!" But said another, "Be sure and eat a good square meal the very last thing before you leave land." Not being able to carry out both directions, I chose the latter. I will not enumerate the score of other specifics: suffice it to say I tried them nearly all, singly and collectively, and my experience with them could be expressed in the words of Solomon: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." For days I could claim kinship with the man who went to sea and at first felt so badly he was afraid he would die, and next afraid he would n't.

The word Pacific is a misnomer: it gives this ocean a character for mildness and placidity it does not deserve; the captain admits this himself. The last voyage was a very stormy one, lasting twenty-six days.

The mass of black iron—three hundred and seventy-eight feet long by thirty-six feet broad—soon becomes a thing of life, and moves slowly out into the harbor. The heavy drapery of fog which has hidden the prospect is lifted, and we get charming views of the city on its several hills, and of Monte Diablo, passing through the Golden Gate under sunny skies. The Golden Gate proper is really between

Fort Point and Lime Point, a distance of seventeen hundred and seventy-seven yards, where the tide-waters ebb and flow at the rate of six knots an hour. Point Lobos is to be seen on the south side, with the telegraph station to announce the arrival of ships. On the north is Point Bonita, the distance between them being three and a half miles. Over the sides of the steamer the Chinese shower small papers, ornamented with gilt figures, as a propitiation to the gods of the sea, and this is repeated several times during the voyage. Besides this, they perform various acts of worship in the joss-house in the sailors' forecastle. There is a smaller joss in the women's room of the steerage.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Ensconced in a comfortable steamer-chair, with gay, warm wraps tucked snugly in, I tried, by listening, to learn a little of the mankind whose companionship we were to enjoy, or otherwise, for three long weeks. Walking vigorously back and forth near by were two gentlemen, discoursing upon American customs. "Beastly! beastly thing that!" says the elder. What dreadful creature does the man see! I wondered. "Such a beastly fashion," he repeats to his friend. "In France it was quite bad enough to have to use a horn salt-spoon, but here in America these individual salts on the table! It is most disgusting!" Another group were talking over the "clever" manner in which hogs are killed in London, as compared with the "pig-sticking" of Chicago; twenty tons of sausage eaten every day in the city of London, with other details of the subject, not calculated to help

the chronic state of "Oh! My!" — as Mark Twain expresses it — that I was in. Soon after a fresh comrade joined the group, narrating with great animation the minutest particulars of a Spanish bull-fight. It was enough study for one day, and I was soon a "land lubber lying down below."

Nearly all our saloon passengers are Englishmen. Two merchants are returning to China, via America, after a brief furlough in their native England. A Scotch nobleman's son and other titled and not titled young men are circling the world. One party had been shooting in the Rocky Mountains; another has "done up" South America. One gentleman of title who travels with his servant and pays a hundred dollars extra for the exclusive use of his state-room, whose father was Master of Ceremonies to the Queen, puts on no airs, is one of the most perfect gentlemen on board, though he wears ugly brown shoes tied up with red lacings, and an old cap that a second-hand dealer would not take as a gift. Besides the English there is one German "doing the world" from Berlin westward, and two Americans. This comprises the masculine list in the saloon. Two children and three women would make seventeen in all, though the learned "saw-bones" I heard discoursing on deck would doubtless count us three women as making not more than one soul. "What school of practice do you represent, doctor?" said one of the Americans. "There is but one recognized in England, sir; homœopathy, as it is called, is but a form of quackery to be compared with witchcraft, or any such nonsense. It will have its day, and be gone,

like the witches." "Have you lady physicians in England?" continued the American. "Umph! Aw! there are a very few who have made some little efforts in that direction, but aw! my dear sir, the female sex has occupied a position of utter inferiority during the past ages of history; it is most extraordinary for a few bold women to think to change the nature of things. Woman's position is too clearly understood, sir! It is impossible for a woman to master the science of medicine or that of navigation." He turned to the captain for approval, who disappointed him by relating the story of a friend of his, a highly educated lady, who, with her husband, the captain of a ship, was returning from Calcutta to New York. Before reaching St. Helena, the captain sickened and died, and the wife took command of the vessel and brought her and the valuable cargo safely into New York. The owners testified their appreciation of the woman's skill by presenting her with a gold sextant brilliantly studded with diamonds.

Much of the pleasure of life depends on little things; and this is specially true on shipboard. By the courtesy of Capt. Kidley, we were favored with seats next his own at the table: the good nature of the steward was unbounded, and the cuisine of the *Gaelic* most excellent. Three times a day, day after day, fish, flesh, and fowl, were served in an endless variety, accompanied by fruits, et cetera.

"Where does it all come from? There are no markets by the way; no corner store to help out."

"Come with me on inspection to-morrow at eleven sharp," says the genial captain; I'll show you."

First, then, to the barnyard. Here are sixteen cattle, fifteen sheep, and fifteen hogs, with plenty of turkeys and chickens. Next, to the ice-house, where twenty tons of manufactured ice were stored away: here were forty cattle, cut up the day we started; fifteen sheep dressed — rather, I should say, *un*dressed; six dozen game; four dozen each of rabbit, tame and wild ducks. Then we take a look at the water-tanks, built into the ship, holding twenty-five thousand gallons of water, and next at the immense pile of coal. Two thousand tons feed the great fires and keep the engine going to propel us over the broad ocean. The *Gaelic* is manned by ninety-four officers and servants; this includes six Chinese cooks for the cabin and two for the steerage. The servants and nearly all of the crew are Chinese, and certainly they make the most perfect waiters in the world. They are watchful, move quickly and noiselessly, and understand what you want before you know yourself.

The *Gaelic* carries this trip two thousand tons of cargo: this includes flour, quicksilver, dried shrimps — an article of food consumed principally in the Kwantung Province of China — and shrimp-shells, which are used for enriching the land in the same part of China. The ship carries also four hundred thousand dollars in silver bars, each being worth sixteen hundred dollars. The business in quicksilver and silver bars is very great. The largest amount

of quicksilver taken over at one time was three thousand, eight hundred and thirty-five flasks. It is all used for mining purposes in Japan and China. Nearly two million dollars' worth of silver bars was carried over by this steamship on the last trip. Returning to America, the cargo will consist of tea, silk, rice, sugar, Manilla and India hemp, and large quantities of ducks' eggs preserved in lime, and a long, stringy sort of cabbage, allowed to rot until it is a stench, and then dried. This and the ducks' eggs are carried to the Chinese residents of San Francisco, who esteem them great delicacies.

Saturday evening, March 1st, the company on board the *Gaelic* went to sleep in the western hemisphere and awoke March 3d in the eastern half of the world. Sunday, March 2d, was erased from our journals as a day we had never lived. Since leaving home we had lost time every day, and were compelled to settle our accounts with the calendar at this point, the one hundred and eightieth meridian, and did so by dropping out a day. Soon after entering the western half of this broad ocean we ran into a northeaster, which gave us such a slap as to tear the top foresail into bits, to deluge the decks and lash the waves into such a fury that the ship seemed to be taken up and shaken and tossed down as a dog serves a woodchuck. The waves were from forty to sixty feet high.

The Chinese are not allowed to gamble on board, because they would play until every penny was gone, and then, in desperation, plunge headlong over into the sea. The saloon passengers are not so debarred,

and their favorite amusement is betting on quoits and on each day's run of the steamer for the twenty-four hours up to noon. Whether losing or gaining, they make a great deal of fun out of it for themselves.

Among the unpleasant features of such a sea-voyage is the constant companionship of people who, entertaining views opposite from your own, feel it their duty to thrust their opinions, like long needles, into your very quick, and then expect you to meekly thank them for so doing. It makes Yankee blood boil, to be told that "after extensive travel in America," the speaker can positively affirm that nine-tenths of Americans in polite society put their knives into their mouths when they eat; and that in all America he had not yet seen what *he termed* a polished gentleman. But when a constant attack is made against all christian life and effort, specially against missionaries, impunging their motives and slandering their character, it becomes as disagreeable as seasickness. However, we had but two such on board, and their guns were spiked early in the combat.

The missionaries of the Cross have been pioneers to distant lands; they have learned difficult languages, and, to say the least, have earnestly striven to bring the Bible and its civilization to bear upon a heathen people. The merchant has followed, and, seizing the opportunity thus created, has amassed a fortune. Leaving home and the restraints of society before the character is firmly established, the young man in commercial life in a heathen country looks

upon the vices about him with disgust, but finally proves in himself the truth of the words:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
> As to be hated needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Having embraced he feels that the missionary's life is a standing reproach to his own, and he is not content to be smutty without trying to throw some upon his fellows.

Our three weeks' voyage upon this vast expanse of waters is nearly ended; the cry of land ahead! is a welcome sound. Not a vessel has been sighted, not a sail seen: we have been "alone, all alone, on this wide, wide sea." Faster than the power of steam or wind is the swiftness of the angel of death. He found his victims in the Chinese quarter of our ship. Chinamen, returning with their accumulated fortunes and wasted bodies to the fatherland, have been smitten by the destroyer. Of them there are no burials at sea; each body is embalmed, and will at last rest in Chinese soil. Every one rejoices that the "life on the ocean wave" is at an end for the present, except the boy of our party, who has enjoyed every meal, become fast friends with all the crew, and who feels that the log cannot be properly heaved or the sails unfurled without his assistance.

The captain informs us that we shall reach Yokohama in time to put letters on to the *Belgic*, just starting for America.

IV.

Arrival in Yokohama — Fuji-Yama — Boat life in the harbor — Jinrikisha — Daibootz — Plains of Heaven — The Bluff — "Too much salary" — Second-hand stoves — The Yokohama Daily — Our substitute — Tokio — The Nippon-Bashi — Along the business streets — Yashki — Letters of introduction.

THE American flag was run up, the cannon fired at daybreak, March 11th, in honor of the arrival at Yokohama of the mail steamer from America. No sleepy lingering in berths, no lounging about cabin sofas this morning: every passenger was on deck, eager to enjoy the sunrise view of Fuji-yama, and look out upon the strange sights of this strange old land, — Japan. What mattered it that the cold, piercing wind, filled with peculiar dampness, penetrated and chilled us through and through! There was Fuji in all his dazzling glory, his snowy crown encircled by light fleecy clouds. Fuji "the peerless" looked down upon the restless ocean and hum of the city streets, a picture of quiet, peaceful, majestic grandeur.

Around the steamships swarmed the Japanese boats. As the Chinese on board were not permitted to go on shore, their friends from the city tried to pay

them a visit, by climbing up a rope which hung over the vessel's side. John Chinaman would grasp the rope in monkey fashion, and cling and climb with all his might, his little boatman aiding him by an occasional upward push with the oar, at the same time giving his pig-tail which dangled behind a pull downward. Sometimes the Japanese oarsman would get his Chinese passenger upon the rope, and immediately row away, leaving him betwixt sky and water —the picture of despair; but the good-nature of the Japanese would get the better of his fun, and he was soon rowing back to lend a helping hand.

The pressing business of the morning over, the little boats let out their anchors, and immediate preparations are made for breakfast. A piece of matting, supported by bamboo poles, shielded the boatman and his family from the cold wind; the tiny charcoal fire was brightened, the tea-kettle put on, and the rice-jar and dried fish brought out — some of the boatmen waiting to catch from the sea the fish they afterwards ate with their breakfast. These humble people appeared to have a very happy meal, chatting and laughing with every mouthful.

The custom house officers searched our trunks for opium. The government is determined that the Japanese shall not be cursed by the vile habit so common in China. They found nothing suspicious but a woman's bandbox, and that they felt it their duty to inspect, handling the millinery as though they might be poisoned. The baggage was carried away on a two-wheeled cart called a *kuruwa*, pushed and drawn by several coolies, who wore a minimum

amount of clothing. Men do the work of horses in this queer land. They carry large timbers, heavy stones, bags of coal,—indeed a whole Japanese house is often taken down, piled upon a couple of these *kuruwas*, and drawn by two men to the destination, and set up again. To encourage themselves along, these coolies make a most distressing, grunting noise at every move.

The jinrikisha, — my readers are all somewhat familiar with this name of a Japanese vehicle, literally "man-puller" carriage; but pictures and descriptions fail to give one an exact idea of what jinrikisha riding really is. The "jinriky" man — with hair combed back and tied, so that the end turns forward upon the top of his head, which is shaved bare — gives you a low bow, as he rolls up his blue cotton handkerchief and ties it in front, like a rope, about his head. You get into the two-wheeled miniature buggy with the top put back, and sit down. A feeling steals over you such as the woman in Mother Goose had when she said, "Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!" Your human horse steps into the shafts, and, lifting them up, trots off steadily and rapidly. At first it seems as though the whole town were at the windows laughing at your ridiculous appearance, and you have to laugh at yourself. But other people you meet are riding in the same style, and the broad grin gradually dies down, and you begin to enjoy the scene. Your horse will not run away or hit any other vehicle; he needs no guiding, and if you wish to stop, the word *mattee* will bring him to a halt. He requires no

hitching-post or blanketing, — indeed he unblankets himself, during the progress of your ride, of so many coverings, that you are fearful lest he may "take off his skin" and run "in his bones." In rainy weather he dons a waterproof cape and hat of straw, which make him seem like an animated stack of straw with a pair of naked limbs attached. The first day one rides, a feeling of sympathy for the plodding creature in front will cause you involuntarily to sit easy and ride light, and the result is that the avoirdupois is not any less, and lame muscles and weary back are added. These jinrikishas are a great help in seeing a large city, and keep employed an immense number of men in this densely-populated land. In Tokio alone there are twenty thousand jinrikishas. The legal charge in the city is ten cents an hour, with an extra amount for bad, rainy weather. But like people on the other side of the world, the coolies try to get all they can.

The most interesting excursion from Yokohama is to the great idol of Daibootz. The distance there and back is about thirty miles, which the jinrikisha men can easily make in one day, with plenty of time at noon, and several stops at tea-houses. One man pulls while his partner in the business pushes, and we pass quickly along the winding paths and smooth highway of the suburbs into the country. Like a panorama of strange and beautiful pictures, the landscape opened up before us. The grand old trees, always green; the feathery bamboo and brilliant japonica blossoms; the fields of rape and of barley; the patches of wet ground, where the rice-stalks a

foot high are left to rot until the time of seed-sowing; the farm-houses with thickly thatched sloping roofs, so like the color of the hillside near by that it was sometimes difficult to tell where the roof left off and the hill began; the hedges of green; the quaint costumes of a new people, made up a picture of Japan —"a thing of beauty, a joy forever." The black-eyed children of the villages stopped in their play to bow and laugh as they exchanged the salutation "O-hi-yo!" with the passing foreign party.

As Tokio is the present capital of the empire, so once was Kamakura. Nothing remains of its former grandeur and busy life but the old trees and decayed temples. Daibootz is about three miles from the fishing village which bears the name of the ancient metropolis. This immense bronze image was probably in the centre of a teeming population; but the city is gone, and now it is a lonely spot near the hillside, surrounded by trees, the silence broken only by the caw, caw, of the crows. The temple which may have covered the image has perished, and the people who then worshipped it have passed away from earth; but this work of their hands remains on the open lotus flower of stone, sixty feet high, with its immense bronze hands together, thumb nails touching, looking at nothing, thinking of nothing. There it has sat, without change, — except as the storms or earthquakes may have left their impress — while generations have come and gone. Travellers write of the sweet and wonderful expression on this idol's face. It expresses to me simply that Buddhist idea "nigban" — absorbed into annihilation; a stupid, sleepy

stare. It has been said that a good idea of the size of this colossal image can be gained by knowing that eight or ten people can sit comfortably on the thumbs. Our party were all accommodated on the thumb nails. The inside is hollow, and serves as a small temple. Here we met Japanese ladies in elegant silk lighting tapers which are kept burning before the small idols. Ambitious Americans have climbed up the sides of this inner temple, and written their names everywhere. A priest, with an eye to business, says his prayers while he looks after his trade in photographs.

We returned to Yokohama by another route, climbing up by most picturesque roads, to the "plains of Heaven," where we lingered to rest and drink tea in the arbor of a native tea-house.

Here we could gaze upon miles and miles of Japanese scenery, and for this privilege and the tea were charged one cent each.

That part of a Japanese city where foreigners are permitted to live, is termed the Concession. The Bluff, the finest part of Yokohama, is the concession of that port. Here the missionaries can live, erect buildings and carry on schools, though much outside work is accomplished without molestation from the government.

It was a most delightful experience to look in upon the work of the various denominations, and receive a hearty welcome and very many courtesies from the Christian workers. I am reminded just here of a story. A traveller, on a world tour, came to Japan and received a cordial invitation to the home

of a missionary, who for a few days left part of his work to show his friend about. Other missionaries were invited in to meet the guest from a home land; some of the English residents hearing about it sent in many delicacies — cold meats and cake — to help the missionary hostess to provide easily and elegantly for her company. The guest partook, enjoyed, went to his own land and said that missionaries lived extravagantly and received too much salary. Poor man! He is to be pitied rather than blamed. Any are who can go through life with their eyes half-open. Such as he should serve an apprenticeship in mission-service, and learn for a few months, by experience, how much economy and management is required in distant lands to enable the missionary to have even a moderate share of home-comforts throughout the year.

In the parlor of a most hospitable Congregational brother in Yokohama, I saw a stove bearing the name of A. C. Barstow, Providence, R. I. It was not bought new in Rhode Island by the present owner; neither did he purchase it in a first-class, high-priced store in Yokohama; but he found it in a little Japanese store for second-hand furniture. He did not even know that its maker was a brother in the faith, but admitted that it had a most excellent way of making every one feel very comfortable. Again, in Tokio, I saw another stove marked the same, and learned that it was brought from California to Japan with personal goods, and had warmed a good Baptist family for several years, and then gone into mission-service.

The American people of Yokohama complain greatly at the utter lack of interesting news in the daily paper of that city. The price is thirty-six dollars per year, and the readers are kept constantly informed of the speed of English race-horses, and facts relative to the dog-tax in the British Isles, and the state of the Queen's health, and whether she went to walk or ride the day before and so on. All these topics are of so much more consequence than American politics! and our country people in Japan eagerly devour any bits from America, and wait for the home papers, which come once or twice a month — when the steamer from San Francisco arrives.

As we desired to spend our time in Tokio with friends who, by special permit, live outside the Concession, or Tsukiji, as it is called, notice of such a wish had to be sent to the government, and we must wait until the favor is granted. First, the time of our arrival, and length of stay, must be exactly stated, and our names registered at the nearest police station; then some Japanese man of good position must be willing to become our security for good behavior. If we should transgress Japanese law during our stay in Tokio, the government could not deal with us, but our substitute would be liable to the penalty of the law in our stead. This responsible duty having been most kindly undertaken by Mr. Watanabe, a Japanese christian gentleman, we went up to Tokio. That word up is very important. It is always up where the Mikado lives; no one can ever look down upon his Imperial Majesty. When he

rides through the streets of the capital, it is positively forbidden to look out of the upper windows; they must all be closed, and the people who desire to see his highness must stand on the ground floor, or in the road.

The depot is a stone building: indeed, in all the work undertaken by the Imperial government, for schools, colleges, treasury buildings, post-offices and the like, the people have reason to take great pride. The cars are made after the English fashion, but smaller, and the seats run lengthways, as in our horse cars. The distance from Yokohama to Tokio is eighteen miles, and the time of going one hour. The stations are as follows: Kanagawa, Tsumuri, Kawasi, Omori, Shinagawa, Shinbasi, or that part of Tokio where the depot stands.

While Yokohama has its Japanese part, which in many respects gives us an idea of real Japanese life, Tokio, the present capital, the old Yeddo changed and changing as it is, is a more satisfactory city to visit. The decaying palaces, and massive castle gates, and miles of moats, and immense walls of stone filled in with earth, crowned with grass and trees hundreds of years old and bent with age and twisted by many a typhoon, and quaint old temples under the shade of mossy trees, are fascinating helps to remind the traveller of those feudal days when Japan shut herself away from the great outside world, forbade any foreigner to enter, called her unseen Mikado God, and placed the power in the Shogun, around whom were clustered the daimios and their thousands of retainers. A yashki, or palace of an old daimio,

means literally a spread-out house; and what is true of one of these lordly dwellings is true of the entire city. It is a spread-out city, or collection of many spread-out villages, under the one name, Tokio.

The Nippon Bashi is the centre of the city. From this bridge every distance in the Empire is reckoned. On the large sign-board or *kosatsu* at one end, may be read all of the new regulations of the government; laws and penalties, and police requirements. Here the business of the capital centres. The river bank is lined with well-patronized restaurants, and the water is hardly visible between the crowded boats of every description. Upon the well-worn bridge sit numerous beggars and dealers in small wares, and at each end a host of jinrikisha men waiting for customers. Taking this Nippon Bashi as a starting point, one may ride by jinrikisha seven miles to the north or the south, and then only reach the tea-gardens and rice-fields and hedges of the suburbs, and starting again and riding west, the distance is but little less.

Following along with the crowd through these business streets leading from the great bridge, one may gain an inexhaustible variety of studies of Japanese life. Every shop is open to the street. The baker may be seen mixing and baking and selling. The tailor is at his sewing on the floor of his little shop. We may sit down on the low counter and watch the matron as she selects herself a new silk gown. The spectacle dealer is busy fitting his customer who stands on the walk outside. Evidently there is a large trade in eye-glasses, and he is busy

waiting upon all who would be served. A Japanese who wishes to be known as a progressive, wide-awake man, will first supply himself with a pair of spectacles. The toy shops are legion, and their tempting wares in full view of the groups of children and their indulgent mammas. Nobody is in a hurry, and every one seems bent on enjoying to-day without a thought of to-morrow.

With the exception of a few large stores with tiled roofs and fire proof buildings, called "go-downs," the shops are small wooden structures with paper partitions, excellent for kindling wood, as has been proven by the great fires which have spread so rapidly over the city. They quickly disappear, and very quickly are rebuilt. The shop keeper will be burned out one day and have his flag flying over the warm ashes, stating that in three days he will be ready to resume business on the same spot.

Now leaving the business portions of the city, imagine street after street lined with one-story buildings, with tiled roofs, extending a whole square without any break except for the grand gateway with its ponderous gates ornamented with metal knobs and the crest of the owner. These one-story houses are built of wood, or wood and plaster, on heavy stone foundations four to six feet high. The wooden window-slats and gateway are painted a dull black, with a mixture of lamp-black and the juice of the wild persimmon. No other color is to be seen in all the city among the Japanese but this black, or white, or the unpainted wood changed by time. There are few windows toward the street, and these

Japanese Restaurant and Market.

are low and broad, and project a foot or two beyond the building, and are covered with slats and curtained within by bamboo shades. These were the dwellings of the two-sworded Samurai, or retainers of the Daimio. These yashkis were really fortresses on a small scale; between these outer buildings and the street are still to be seen the ditch or small moat which surrounded the entire palace. Within the enclosure made by the dwellings of the Samurai was the house of the Daimio, built of wood and beautified with lacquer and embroidery and gilding, and divided into many apartments by richly ornamented paper partitions. The surrounding yard is more often paved, partly with flat stones, and partly with pebbles of various colors ingeniously arranged. Behind the palace, still farther from the street, is the garden where the lord of the mansion used in olden days to spend his leisure.

This manner of living back from the street is true of all Japanese. The kitchen is in front, but the humblest home has a tiny garden back of the house, upon which the main room of the family opens by sliding partitions. The Japanese are very neat about their little homes; the wooden shoes are always dropped at the door before stepping upon the mats which cover the floor. Only the stocking feet touch these mats; for they sit on them by day and sleep on them at night. Mats are always the same size — six feet long by three feet wide. You ask a Japanese the size of his house, and, instead of giving the number of feet, he will say it is six mats, or ten mats, as the case may be. I am told of a wealthy Japa-

nese who has a country residence of a thousand mats.

Our letters of introduction from the consul at San Francisco to his friends in high positions in Tokio, have been of invaluable service to us in seeing the city. These gentlemen, to whom we were thus kindly introduced, have not only shown us every courtesy at their homes, but, by other letters and introductions, gained for us access to all sorts of places of interest, to which foreigners are not generally admitted.

But of this and of the Japanese bill of fare we *tried* to enjoy at the elegant Japanese home of the Secretary of State, I will write next time.

V.

Kakimono — A Japanese dinner — Native garden — Gants de Breeches — The Empress School — Curious idioms — Hairy hieroglyphics — A Japanese girl's dress — The Emperor's garden — Lacquer Works — "Nichi Nichi Shinbun."

N every Japanese house there is in the best room a small alcove, in which are placed a roll picture and a vase of flowers. The same picture does not hang there the year through, but, like the flowers, is changed often. In the spring one style of picture or *kakimono* decorates the alcove, in summer another kind, while in winter a still different design suits the fancy, and the other pictures not in use are carefully rolled away. This alcove is considered the place of honor, and next to it the guests are seated; and thus it was my place, as the only lady of the party being entertained by the Secretary of the Home Department, while the host himself, according to Japanese rules of etiquette, took a seat as far away from the alcove as possible. We had been kindly urged to choose in which style we would be entertained, and most empahtically preferred to dine as the family were in the habit of doing, rather than have an American dinner gotten up in

this Japanese home. A dinner-table had been improvised for the occasion, and on it was a large pile of bread, with plate of butter, as something for us to fall back upon if Japanese food should prove utterly distasteful. In other respects the meal was in real Japanese style.

A lobster made to represent a ship with a square sail of green plantain leaf, and decorated with the emblem of Japan — the rising sun — cut out of orange peel, was placed in the centre of the table, to serve as an ornament until it should be eaten. At each place were chopsticks tied up in rice-paper, with red and white strings of the same material. The servant bowed low as he put before our host a small bronze tea-kettle filled with hot saki and ornamented with blossoms fastened to the handle by pink and white strings. The hot saki having been placed before each guest in tiny red lacquer bowls, soup was served ; not such soup as we have in our homes, but a thick mixture of beans and fish. Next a little plate, on which were dainty slices of a sort of omelet, fish-cake, mushroom, and beans covered with pink sugar, was passed to each guest by the servant, who bowed low as he handed it, and again as it was received.—It was like dolls' play all the way through, the dishes were so tiny and the slices so small.— Third course : Broiled fish, served with slices of lotus root. Fourth course : Rice, in lacquered bowls ; then a thick soup again, composed of egg, fish and vegetables, each dish being ornamented with a chrysanthemum made of a carrot ingeniously cut, and soft seaweeds. The next course consisted of the water-plant

boiled and made into balls, with slices of raw fish and bits of boiled bird with bamboo sprouts.

On a saucer of delicate china we were now helped from the platter containing the lobster ship, and to it was added sliced orange. Over the meat of the lobster we were expected to turn a good supply of shoyu, a dark, rich sauce, of which the Japanese are very fond. Lastly, hot tea was brought in, and the proper thing now was to pour it upon the rice we had left in the bowl, and which had not been taken from the table, and then with the chopsticks push into the mouth this mixture of rice and tea, and eat and drink, stopping now and then to add slices of preserved melon and bits of sweet pickled cucumbers. The final part of this very simple dinner, as our host called it, was to be taken in the parlor, where he made the tea, and the servant passed crispy cakes, red and white candies, and dried persimmons.

The servant was dressed in soft Japanese silk, with white mittens on his feet, and stepped softly into the room each time by way of the veranda between us and the garden: the paper wall having been slid back, that side of the room was open. After each service was performed, the servant quietly disappeared until the master would strike his palms sharply together and an immediate response "Hai!" would come from another room, and the waiter was bowing at the door.

Our friend's garden, which we enjoyed after dinner, was laid out in the peculiar taste of the Japanese, which has been well said to be the combination of beauty with ugliness. Here were old twisted, gnarled

trunks of trees, out of which were growing the most lovely pink and white blossoms in perfect luxuriance. Rocks bare and grim, with crevices here and there filled with earth, from which dwarfed pines and graceful ferns and running vines were growing. Patches of moss, beds of wild flowers and clumps of trees scattered about as little like art and as much like nature as possible. At one side was a miniature Fuji-Yama several feet high covered with turf to the top, where were white pebbles to resemble the everlasting snows of the peerless mountain himself. Pots of dwarfed plants, arbors of grape and wistaria vines, and a miniature lake filled with gold fish and ornamented with a rustic stone bridge, made up the usual variety in a fine Japanese garden.

Our host represented the restless, progressive element of this land which, reacting from the old policy of Japan, have swung to the other extreme and are over-eager to adopt anything foreign. The class which he represents wear European clothes on the streets and during business hours, but on retirement to their homes are glad to slip back into the easy, loose costume of their own country. Though this was a Japanese home in every respect, our friend had added a Europeanized room with gay carpet and a few stiff chairs and a centre table. He had learned the art of using a chair; indeed, with his European suit on he was not able to sit *a la* Japanese; but the wife and young lady daughter, who still wore the pretty dress of Japan, were ill at ease in this foreign room, and not until we were all doubled up like jack-knives down on the matted floor of the home parlor

were they able to act with the usual grace and ease of a real Japanese lady.

This eagerness to adopt foreign customs on the part of many was well illustrated when, the other day, a group of these Europeanized Japanese were entertaining a party of Americans. The interview was nearly ended, and we all arose. Thoughtlessly one of the gentlemen struck a characteristic attitude — *a la* Uncle Sam, with his hands in his pantaloon's pockets. I saw that every eye took notice. Here was a new mark of foreign culture! Here was a new discovery! — that these awkward European garments were meant not only to keep people from sitting down on the floor, but to take the place of gloves in the most polite society! Only a moment passed, and every man in that group had his hands thrust deep down into the pockets of his pants.

It was exhibition-day at the Empress School, and I wished to be present. How was it to be managed? for even on ordinary occasions no one is allowed on the grounds without a special permit. There was not time to send to the head of the department of schools, with whom we had become acquainted, but fortunately right at hand there was a little mission girl who knew another girl who knew one of the teachers. So the first asked the second to ask the third (who was the teacher) to please send to the American lady staying at Nijuniban, Sudzuki cho, Surunga Dai in Tokio, a special invitation to be present.

The Empress School is a large, two-story building of wood and plaster, painted white with brown blinds.

It is an imitation of foreign houses, and of course totally unlike Japanese architecture. Leaving my jinrikisha at the gate,— for it would be regarded as a discourtesy to have ridden to the very door,— I walked through the large entrance grounds. A Japanese servant bowed politely as he received my card in his lacquer tray, but left me standing outside until the name had passed from one servant to another into the hand of the teacher who had invited me, and who soon came to my relief. As she knew but little English her welcome was "I been vely glad," with any quantity of Japanese bows and a volley of unintelligible sentences. Had I understood them I should have been quite overcome, for my little mission girl who accompanied me afterwards gave the exact idioms, one of which was, "Now, my dear lady, this is the beginning of my hanging on your honorable eyes;" and when she asked me to sit down in the parlor the expression was, "Will you condescend to hang your thighs upon this chair?" After tea and rice-cakes and candy had been served in the parlor, we took our places near the platform facing the school. My new friend the teacher was a widow and meant never to marry again. But do you say how did you know, when you could not talk together? I know by her hair. It is a science in Japan — this study of the doing of the hair. The age and sex of a baby may be known by the tuft in the back of the neck, or the ring around the crown, or the bunch left in front while all the rest is shaved. A girl of eight or nine has her hair made up into a little bow on the back and wound round with red crape, while the front is shaved bare

and bangs dangle at the sides. A young lady combs hers high in front and arranged as a butterfly on the back of her head, and plumaged with gold or silver cord and gay hair-pins of flowers or gilt balls. Some very stylish young ladies prefer to have their back hair resemble a half open fan instead of a butterfly. A married woman must keep to the waterfall style, while a widow who is willing to think of matrimony wears her hair tied and twisted around a long shell hair-pin placed horizontally across the back of the head. But when a widow firmly resolves never to change her name again, she cuts off her hair short in her neck and combs it back without any part. This in the way my new friend, the teacher, wore hers.

There were three hundred and fifty girls in the school-room. Two hundred were day pupils and the remainder boarders, who receive tuition and board from the Empress, who gave the larger part of the funds used in establishing the school. After introductory words by the principal, a pretty girl stepped modestly to the platform and gave an object lesson in optics by means of colored papers and a wheel which she turned. Next on the programme was a recitation, followed by illustrations in chemistry. The pupil took her place behind the table on the platform and held up a blue cotton handkerchief. She then washed it in an acid and held it up white before the astonished gaze of her younger school-mates. Next, she took from the vase near by a red japonica, and holding it over a queer little Japanese bowl with perforated cover, the gas which escaped changed the bright color, and the japonica was passed to the school, who

admired the variegated flower and applauded the performer. Music came next. They called it music. Three of the lady teachers stood behind a long stringed instrument called a koto, which lay flat on top of the box in which it is kept. One played an accompaniment and all three sang, the school joining in the chorus. Such doleful sounds! Tread on your cat's tail firmly and you get the first note; then sing through your nose in a half minor, wailing tone all around that first sound, and end with a sudden jerk into your throat. This substitute has never been tried in Japan, for their cats have no tails.

There were some addresses before school was dismissed. What exhibition-day ever ended without them? A stupid old gentleman was tolerated by the polite girls, and a young Japanese man who told and acted out the fable of the wooing by the sun and the wind (moral: gentle manners will always conquer) was listened to with hearty applause, and school was done.

"School dismissed!" do you say, "and yet not a word of how these young ladies were dressed!" As they leave their seats, it is a good time to inspect their clothes. Here is the girl nearest — let us look at her. She is a fair specimen of a well-dressed, ordinary Japanese young lady. Her outside garment or kimono is of blue and black finely striped silk, and is cut like a long sacque. It has neither hooks nor buttons, but one side laps over the other. Under it is a plaid-silk skirt which peeps out at the side and round the bottom. The dress-sleeve is about a yard wide; the lower part serves as a pocket. The neck to

the waist is faced with black satin about two inches wide. Between this garment and the neck are soft folds of scarlet and white dotted crape. This kimono is belted with a broad sash or "obi" of rich silk embossed with silver sprays of honeysuckle. This obi is full three yards long and half a yard wide, and made up double. It is tied in large loops in the back with one end, and not a pin holds it in place, though it is perfectly firm. The long white stitches all the way along the edge of the black satin trimming are not bastings, as one might naturally suppose, but were put there purposely for ornament. Then notice the bits of white batting all over the back. It looks as though the wearer had not brushed herself since tying a comforter. But again this is for beauty! The Japanese take pride in such an appearance, because it shows how fine and soft the silk batting is which was used for lining. Our friend whom we are inspecting has no paint on her cheeks, but there is a bright dash on the lower lip, with plenty of powder on neck and face. The girls wear no ear-rings, and in this respect Japan is a step in advance of America. The school-girls are all in mittened feet, and they don their "geta" or wooden shoes at the door outside. At the end of the school-room, between two unused American pianos, hangs a framed verse of poetry composed by the Empress Haruku. My widow friend, the teacher, desires to show me the dormitory, and dining-room where the tiny bowls and chopsticks are ready for supper. We pass along the halls and see the groups chatting over the eventful day, and catch a glimpse of

an invalid pupil warming her hands over the "hebachi" or fire-box, lined with zinc and filled with fine ashes, on the top of which burns a handful of charcoal. "Sayanara!" said the girls as they left the building for their homes, and so said my friend, the teacher, as she politely bowed me out at the door. "Sayanara! Sayanara!"

The Emperor's garden is said to be open to the public every Saturday, but no one can enter the guarded gateway who does not hand over to the soldier standing there with sword drawn, a ticket of admission which has been procured of an official living in a remote part of the city, who has it in charge. This park is surrounded by a high wall and overhanging trees and masses of bamboo. "Garden," it is called, but there is not a flower-bed on its whole area. Grass dotted with wild flowers, mossy old trees hundreds of years old, and clinging ivies, clumps of bamboo nodding and bowing with the utmost grace at the slightest wind, a romantic little water-fall which tumbles over the stones and under the quaint bridges make part of the variety in this lovely garden. Groups of Japanese in bright costumes, and mothers with their baby tucked snugly into the folds of the outside dress or kimono at the back, chattered and clattered over the grass and stones and along the shores of the miniature lake. The Mikado's tea-house, filled with richly gilded lacquered furniture, was silent and unoccupied.

"The trees fold their green arms about it,
Those trees a century old,
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold."

The yashki of an ex-Daimio is now used for the largest lacquer works in the Empire. One part of the building is devoted to the manufacture of a new set of furniture for his Imperial Majesty. The chairs, cabinets, and tables were being ornamented with gold chrysanthemums upon the rich black lacquer with which the furniture had previously been many times coated; each chair will cost when completed the modest sum of five hundred dollars. The chrysanthemum with sixteen distinct parts is the crest of the Mikado, and is to be seen ornamenting the front of all government buildings and temples where the Emperor worships. If one wishes to become well informed on the subject of lacquer, he cannot do better than study the art in this old palace. Here are cabinets and boxes of most exquisite design and finish, hundreds of years old, and worth hundreds, yes, thousands of dollars. The choicest are not for sale. They were formerly owned by a Shogun, and are kept as patterns and inspiration to the modern workmen.

Through the various departments, where the lacquer on exhibition was less and less costly and rare, we were led into a large room where the lacquer-work was being arranged for shipping. "This is really our poorest assortment," said our guide. "The foreign trade at present demands our showiest and cheapest work. England and America do not appreciate our finest goods." A small cabinet of fine finish and good lacquer is called worth, in Japan, at least fifty dollars; five per cent. duty must be added as it leaves the country, then the cost of transportation and the American duties will make the expense

as much as the original cost: and after all this the merchant must have his profit from the price which the American customer is expected to pay.

Said a foreign lady residing in Japan: "I had on one occasion an opportunity to buy a very choice but small Japanese box. Like the old and richest lacquer, it was very soft and quiet in its coloring, but exquisite in finish. I was about to send it to an American friend, when I remembered that my old nurse, and former servant in her family, would be pleased with something from Japan, and so I bought a cheap, gay tray and sent with the box. Imagine my dismay when I returned to America on a visit, to find that my friend had concluded the labels must be wrong, and had sent the box to the servant and had the tray on exhibition as a rare ornament to her parlor!"

Editors and newspaper offices are not generally counted in among the lions of a strange city; but as Mr. Fukutsi sent word that he would be most happy to see the American travellers in whom the Secretary of the Home Department was so much interested, what could the Americans do but invade the sanctum at the hour specified? Mr. Fukutsi is at the head of the Board of Trade, and president of the city council, and editor of the *Daily News* He is in manner a most enterprising Japanese.

The upper floor of the newspaper building is constructed like a gallery around the first floor, where the employés are at work. The editor darts out of his private office up-stairs and walks around many times a day, with a keen eye upon the force of workers below. Woe to any Japanese sleepy over

his desk! Woe to any lazy and rebellious fellows at work in that building! This paper, the Tokio *Daily News*, or *Nichi Nichi Shinbun*, as the Japanese say, was started seven years ago, and has now a circulation of about twelve thousand. One hundred and fifty men are at work on it, receiving salaries from three dollars to fifteen cents per day.

While sipping our tea in the private reception room, Mr. Fukutsi asked: "Do any of your editors and newspaper men in America receive so large a sum as this — three dollars per day?"

VI.

Shinto temples — The Shokonsha — Funeral of one of Japan's leaders — Medley of a Shinto procession — Presenting food to the corpse — Emblems of respect — Burial — Sponge cake — Asakusa worship — Temple amusements — The State Prison — Uyeno — Shiba — Nikko.

THE Shinto is the state religion of Japan. It differs from the Buddhist in that it has no apparent idols to worship, and yet its gods or deified heroes are numberless, while Buddhism has countless images, and no god since Gaudama has been absorbed into nothingness or Nirvana, the hope held out before all his followers.

On the altar of a Shinto temple is a simple mirror, by the side of which hangs a long tassel of white paper, the walls often being hung with pictures of battles in which some of their deified heroes have been illustrious. A Shinto temple is always built of unpainted wood, and the architecture is said to be derived from the hut of the early tribes. On the ends of the cross-beams of the roof are gilt chrysanthemums of the Mikado's crest. The Shokousha or temple for the welcome of spirits, built in memory or worship of soldiers of the Imperial army who fell in

the last civil war in Japan, is a fair sample of Shinto temples or shrines. It is approached by a long walk lined with stone lantern memorials, at the end of which, as is usual with all, is a portal or gateway called a torii: literally bird's rest. It is composed of two trunks of trees placed about ten feet apart, joined at the top by a straight beam on which rests another trunk placed horizontally, the ends extending beyond the upright trunks, giving, in the distance, the appearance of two huge crosses standing close together. Across this portal ropes of rice straw and tassels are festooned.

Buddhism has copied the torii for its temples, but added various embellishments and paint, and curved the ends of the upper cross-beam.

With my boy as escort I started out from our home at Surunga Dai one morning, ready to study any phase of Japanese life which might first present itself. A crowd was gathering on a street of the side hill; yes, and there was a procession forming! Hurrying on, we soon discovered that it must be a funeral. Surrounded by a jargon of Japanese and by strange faces, we were surprised by a pleasant good-morning and a hand on ours. It was Oginsen, a young lady whom we knew well and who spoke English perfectly. "Yes," she said, "this is a Shinto funeral; the dead man has been many years at Court. The Mikado thought much of him, and wishes every respect paid him. All the great men of Japan will be in the procession, and it will be a real Shinto funeral. I am not to go to school to-day, out of respect." "Ah! then," I said, "you are ready to go with us

in jinrikishas and tell us about everything we can see." It was speedily arranged, and our human horses made their way through the lanes, and headed off the procession at several points where we could see the entire variety many times. Behind a betto or servant, who walked with arms folded, rode the marshal of the occasion on horseback. Then a company of soldiers in dark blue with red stripes down the sides of the pants. They did not keep step, nor in line, and most of them toed in and used their limbs as though both pants and limbs were something they had not owned very long. The rest of the procession was as follows:

A company of men wearing thin white over black gowns, and a head-gear of stiff black silk which stood up a foot above the head in the back and rounded over on top. They carried green trees with the roots tied up in white cloth, from the branches of which floated streamers two yards long of red and purple and white silk.

A man bearing a green bush ornamented with long strips of white paper in fancy shapes.

A score of white-robed priests on horseback.

Men carrying long bamboo poles flying red and white strips of Japanese silk.

Men, in white tunics, with boughs covered with real blossoms and artificial flowers.

A long pole, borne by two men, from which floated a long pendant of white silk bearing the name of the deceased.

A box of unpainted wood carried on the shoulders of several servants, which contained the food to be

set before the dead man at the funeral ceremony.

The high priest, in a carriage, dressed in pure white silk throughout, except his Shogun hat of black with horn on top and stiff pendant behind.

The corpse in an unpainted house, a few feet each way in size, with closed bamboo curtain and ornamented with gilt and rice straw tassels and rope, and bunches of white paper, borne on two immense beams by forty men in white tunics.

Another company of forty bearers ready to relieve the others during the march.

Carriages of relatives, in one of which rode the ladies of the family, dressed in white silk, the hair uncombed and loosely hanging down the back.

A priest on horseback.

Carriage in which rode the prime minister Iwakura.

Carriages containing leading officials in elaborate uniform.

Servants walking at the horses' heads.

Mounted soldiers.

More carriages filled with leading men dressed with swallow-tail coats and stove-pipe hats of every style and size.

Taking a cross-path, we reached the place of burial in advance of the first line of the procession. A rope was drawn across near the open side of the temporary building of unpainted wood with roof and floor of coarse matting, where the services were to be held, hence our party were within a few feet of the scene to be witnessed, and only separated by a rope from the officiating personages. But a small party of the procession could be accommodated in

the building, the rest remaining quietly on the grounds outside. At the closed end of this three-sided room was placed the unpainted house in which the corpse had been carried. Rows of chairs at the right were for the distinguished and uniformed guests. Upon the left, nearest the corpse, were the relatives, the ladies being separated from the musicians and priests, who sat next, by a white silk curtain. An improvised room with three sides of white silk hid the food until it should be time to offer it to the corpse. The ceremony was begun by the high priest, in the Shogun hat, stepping out slowly into the centre of the room and approaching the coffin-house, bowing continually as he prayed and rubbed his palms together. Stepping slowly backward he received a green bough in a bamboo vase; and with another season of bowings placed it in front of the dead man's house. The musicians now began an unearthly sort of music: a mixture of caterwauling and the shriek of the locomotive. They started on the highest notes of the Japanese flute, and did not come down until breath was nearly gone, when they suddenly dropped to a low key. As the musicians proceeded the priests arranged the food and placed two long benches in front of the coffin-house, and then began the long ceremony of offering it. One priest took from the silk-screened room the tiny table or tray, on which was placed each dish in the proper order of serving, and handed it with a low bow to another priest who stepped exactly five steps each time, and with a bow placed it in the hands of a third, who did the same thing exactly, handing it to a fourth who,

with a series of prostrations, placed the tray on one of the long benches in front of the dead man's house. As no priest turned his back to the corpse, each one backed the same number of steps he had taken forward, and, the matting being quite coarse and uneven, several ungraceful bows, not laid down in their programme, were thrown in. The bill of fare for the dead, as carried out by these priests, was this:

First. — A tray or tiny table with two bottles of saki.

Second. — A tray containing a dish of uncooked rice.

Third. — One laden with vegetables.

Fourth. — Another with a raw fish.

Fifth. — Still another, with uncooked fish.

Sixth. — A tray laden with other vegetables.

Seventh. — A pheasant with the plumage on, as large as the table on which it lay.

Eighth. — A tray filled with clams and oysters in the shell.

Ninth. — Another, covered with rice cakes moulded into loaves ready for cooking.

Tenth. — A table loaded with gay candies.

Eleventh. — A tray on which was a cup of tea.

The priests sat down, and the musicians ceased their warfare on the instruments. A large folded paper was handed to the high priest, who stood with bowed head facing the corpse, and who now read in a sing-song, half-crying tone a history of the deceased, and a list of his many virtues. The eldest son, and now head of the family, received from the priest a bough with red and white silk festooned about it, and,

with great show of worship, placed it in front of the coffin. The priests next took away the food with the same slow ceremony of handing and bowing, forward and back, beginning with the tea and ending with the saki; the musicians keeping up the same distressing accompaniment. Several small benches were placed in front of the corpse, and, all being quiet, the son led the aged wife of the deceased — her gray hair hanging loosely about her face and down her white silk gown — out from the group of mourners to the front of the coffin-house. A small green branch trimmed with white papers was handed her by a priest — there was a pile of them, in the food-room — and sadly she laid it on the bench in front of the coffin, turning away with an audible sob. Others of the women were led up to perform the same act of respect, and then relatives and high officials and military gentlemen followed, passing out after depositing their green branch. When all had gone out except a few priests and the eldest son, a crowd of coolies rushed in. Flowers and branches were pushed aside, chairs piled up, and the curtain-side of the room behind the corpse torn down, revealing the grave. The house of the dead man was soon taken to pieces, and the simple box in which the body had been placed in kneeling position was pushed and jostled by the coolies, who talked and laughed and screamed directions to every other coolie who was within sight. The eldest son consoled himself with cigarettes and looked on. After the grave had been sprinkled with charcoal, the box was lowered by the noisy workmen. A pair of shoes and stockings, banners and streamers

were laid upon the coffin, and, as we left the cemetery, the priests were chattering over the food they were packing to take home with them. The dead man had taken the spiritual essence, and what was left they would dispose of literally.

Hungry and ill-tempered at so long a job, our jinrikisha men hurried back to the main street, demanding a most exorbitant sum for their services and time. A Japanese policeman appeared at just the right moment, and, on hearing the case, decided that a generous pay would be about half they had demanded. Oginsen disappeared into her own house. It was just that disagreeable time of day for a growing lad—half way between dinner and supper. We concluded to patronize a native bakery. Sitting on the floor (there was nowhere else to sit) we could watch the proprietor as he attended to mixing, baking and selling all at the same time, as we ate his sponge cake. Passers-by glanced in at this open cupboard of a shop, and seeing us, laughed, then stopped, until we counted fifty watching our every mouthful. The baker having no tea to offer us, as a token of his hospitality and pleasure at our coming, did the next best thing which, in Japan, is to hand a guest a tiny cup of very hot water. Next door some one was thumming on the three strings of a samisen. We were the show and that was the music. Never were the exploits of a first-class Punch and Judy more appreciated by a crowd of American juveniles, than were we by that company of Japanese. My boy suggested passing his hat, sure that the collection would pay for the sponge cake. The baker enjoyed the show, for

we were a good advertisement for him; certainly the boy was, for the way those small loaves of Japanese cake disappeared would remind one of the saying that "a lad from ten to thirteen years of age is perfectly hollow clear to his toes."

Idolatry and superstition still reign in Japan. Temples and idols and shrines are without number. With all the progress and boasted learning and civilization of the capital city, the masses of the people throng the temples and are still under the power of the priests. In the larger number of the homes of this city is to be seen the god-shelf, where, in a gilded house, sits the favorite idol, generally Kwanon, or Goddess of Mercy; a female figure with a dozen or more hands branching out at the sides. Before this the family make daily offerings and worship. All about the city are to be seen shops devoted to the manufacture and sale of idols and idol-cabinets. It seems to be a lucrative business. An aged man having been convinced of the folly of idolatry wished to join a christian church. He was asked if he had taken down the god-shelf in his home. He replied that he had not, but was ready to do so as soon as he could find a purchaser willing to buy his idols at the price he put upon them, which was a high one. He did not "wish to ever bow down to bits of gilded wood again; but as long as the people will do such things," he said, "they may as well worship mine as any others; and I want the money." This sort of reasoning in matters of conscience has been known in America.

Asakusa is the temple of the people in Tokio. Mr. Griffis, in his *Mikado's Empire*, well describes it as

"ancient, holy, dirty and grand, with pigeons and priests, bazaars and book-stalls near by to match." The walks and steps were filled with a continual crowd of devotees. The noise of the slapping of hands together in prayer and the jingling of money as it fell through the slats of the box in front of the idols, never ceased an instant as, for a long time, we watched the coming and going of the motley crowd. The most pitiable sight, to me, in all that great city was in this temple. Before a mass of greasy wood, — once fashioned into a form with ears, eyes and nose, but now entirely obliterated by the constant rubbing for years— stood an old woman and her grandson. The child had apparently a spinal disease, which the grandmother expected this lump of dirty wood — called a medicine god—to cure. Earnestly and patiently she prayed and rubbed her palms and offered money, and then tenderly stroked the back of the image and imparted the efficacy thus obtained by rubbing her child. Again and again was this repeated with sighing and prayers and money offered. But this was not enough; the boy must do the same, reaching around to his own back to apply the benefit he had taken from the god. As they turned away toward their home, the fallacy of the often-repeated sentence came to mind with new force: "It makes no difference what a man believes, if he is only sincere." Ah! it does make a world of difference in spirit, manner, consolation and hope. Here, as often elsewhere in a journey around the world, the christian traveller cannot fail to find a second world of thoughtful interest, in the power and peculiarities of false religions everywhere to be seen,

and the wide and successful work of the missionaries of the religion of the Cross. One volume like this will only admit of but a word now and then of what I have seen in this direction, and hence it is my purpose in a few months to offer to the public a second volume entitled "*Glimpses of Mission Life in many Lands.*" From praying, the devotees of Asakusa turn to play and amusements. There are trained dogs, performing monkeys, wax-work exhibitions, gymnasts, jugglery, tea-houses and toy-shops all mixed along together. We decide to try one of the shows being advertised by a Japanese man, with a good pair of lungs, as he guards the curtain door. The ticket is a piece of wood several inches long and covered with letters. The price of admission is one sen, or cent, for a man; a woman and child together being charged the same. There are no seats, except for the orchestra, which is to be seen overhead sitting upon the loose, open, bamboo flooring. The ceiling looks alarmingly weak, but the performers are at their ease, and keep up a continual thumping and pounding on the samisen and drum. The curtain is pulled aside, and the show begins. A Jap in bright green rushes with drawn sword at a young girl, who takes it all as a matter of course, and cuts off her head. A moment later she smilingly appears with her head on and gets into a box. The same bloody youth now runs his sword down into the crevices of that box, from which groans may be heard distinctly. The deed is done, and we conclude not to remain for act third; but the manager stops the performance to vociferate to us that the best part is now to be presented. The mangled girl

smiles at us from the side curtain, but we have had two cents' worth, and in all honor must go before the closing scene.

The state prison in Tokio was one of the places our friend, the Home Secretary, advised us to visit. A note from him to the Superintendent of Prisons opened every door for us. In the larger prison there are thirty-two hundred prisoners: five hundred of these are under sentence for life. Twelve hundred men and women are confined in the smaller institutions, in another part of the city. A large number of convicts are from the late Satsuma rebellion, and many are from the newspaper ranks. Editors must not express their sentiments too freely; that is, if they are against the policy of the government; but praise need not be measured. The prison garb is brick-colored cotton goods, made up by the women. The hospital was airy and well-built, and had a look of cleanliness and comfort, except for the beds, which were dingy and seemed comfortless. (As the Japanese use no sheets or counterpanes or white pillows, but roll into colored comfortables or futons, the beds cannot seem neat to American eyes.) The groups of boys idling away their time in the dirt and sun in the yard were sad proof that the Japanese have not yet any such institutions as the reform schools of America. "These are bad boys," said our guide, "they do not obey their parents; we will let them go after a few days, and see if they will do better." With no work or study, and the society of those older in crime, these boys will doubtless learn many things during this short confinement which will not

help them in future obedience either to parental or governmental authority. The superintendent took great interest in showing the block, well hacked by the sword, where so many political offenders have lost their heads; but his interest became enthusiasm when he pointed out the black gallows, and described the *modus operandi* in the minutest manner, so that we might realize that Japan knows how to hang a man, as well as her more civilized sister nation across the sea.

Uyeno is first of all a royal cemetery; for here six of the lordly Shoguns are buried. It is next a park, where the people spend much of their leisure time. There are tea-houses, and shady paths, and merry groups riding or strolling about enjoying the blossoms and the view of the city of which Uyeno is a part. It is also a place of worship, for here are shrines and a bronze Buddha twenty feet in height. Remembering that here the late Shogun took his last stand against the forces of the Mikado, we were not unsuccessful in finding many scars of the fierce cannonading upon the walls of the terraces and the trunks of the venerable trees. Shiba is called "the twin sister of Uyeno," because in her dust are interred six others of the once powerful Shoguns. Shiba, though within the limits of the busy capital, is a most quiet and restful retreat, with an inexhaustible wealth of carving and lacquer.

Iyéyasu and his grandson Iyémitsu, the two most renowned of the Shoguns, lie at Nikko. Though early in the season for general travel, Mr. B. in a northern tour visited this mausoleum and confirmed

all that we had read of the grandeur of the scenery in the locality, and of the richness and beauty of both nature and art. The scenery of valleys, forest-covered hills and mountains, of river, lake and sea is unsurpassed in Japan, and is one of the finest in the world. An avenue over ninety miles long and bordered by a double row of trees, which arch overhead, unites these holiest shrines of Japan with Tokio. The Japanese have a saying that no one should say "beautiful" until they have been to Nikko; and then they will use the word, because "Nikko is beauty itself."

VII.

The Tokaido — A Jap Jehu — Kango riding — Hakone mountains and lake — A Japanese Inn — "Swapped off" — A "clinging nature" — Pitfalls of language — Kioto the sacred city — Airing the idols — American Colonel promoted to Missionary — Mikado's palace — Osaka — Kobe — A noble record — Nagasaki — Watching for the American Eagle — Good-by to Japan.

N Tokio, or Yedo, the eastern capital since the last revolution, resides the sovereign of Japan—the Mikado—who wears European habiliments and sits upon chairs, and is seen nearly as much by the people as Iwakura or any other of the leaders of the new government. Before this revolution of 1868, Kioto, three hundred miles west of the present capital, was the home of this ruler — "the son of the gods." In Kioto or Miaco he lived in perfect seclusion; was clothed in a mass of silken embroidered drapery, and sat upon his feet on the floor, too holy to be seen by ordinary mortals. These eastern modern and western ancient capitals are united by the Tokaido. It is a broad thoroughfare like a busy street almost all the way. Crowds of pilgrims are coming and going from temples in the most sacred locality of Kioto. There is a succession of villages, whose only or main street

is this Tokaido. Magnificent trees on both sides shade the many foot-travellers. Over the mountains, along the sea, winding near the base of Fuji-Yama, threading villages and farms and cities, the Tokaido extends three hundred miles. Japanese history, for centuries, has clustered along this great artery of communication between the east and west. The renowned Shogun, who founded the Tokugawa dynasty, built this road, over which the daimios with servants and retainers — thousands of samurai, each carrying two swords with which to defend the honor of their lord — with royal pomp and magnificence passed once a year, to pay respect to their spiritual ruler—the Mikado.

Feudal days have gone. The daimios have no longer right of way, and a foreigner's life is safe even in the interior; yet the description which a Dutch book, written two hundred years ago, gives of village homes and life along the Tokaido, is very much as the traveller sees it to-day.

After three weeks in Tokio and two in Yokohama, we were ready to make this interior tour. Being ready consisted of reducing our baggage to so small a quantity that we could pack it all up at an instant's notice, and walk a mile or two, perfectly independent of jinrikisha men, and at the same time carry bread and canned meats and other eatables, as rice and eggs would be the only food palatable to American taste to be found along the way.

Although the journey must be taken by jinrikisha on the level road, and by kangos on the mountains, we had the choice of a stage ride to Odawara, eight

hours from Kanagawa. To the speed of the stage coach was added the inducement that the driver could speak English. With front seats engaged, so that we might gain all the information possible from this cultivated Jap Jehu, we were at Kanagawa in good season for the advertised time of starting — 7 A. M. It was rumored that a party from Tokio were expecting to take the stage that day, and so we all had to wait until nearly nine o'clock, and went without the party after all. This is Japanese promptness. The stage had seats about ten inches wide, without backs. The horses were rough, dirty and bony. Such beasts! Mr. Bergh and the P. C. A. Society would find a large field of usefulness here; fortunate it is that there are not very many horses in this country! It is said a "merciful man is merciful to his beast;" then the Japanese, who generally seem so kind, have no mercy. These horses were harnessed regardless of ugly sores and galled spots, and made to back into the right places by a hard blow on the nose. The driver laid in a stock of whips — one like a policeman's club, and another with knotted leather lash. Up hill and down, without any cessation, those poor, half-starved animals were kept on the run. The driver did not wait for them to lag, but would stand up and lean over the dash-board and pound their backbones, exhausting himself in the effort, and at the same time using up his mental strength in hurling upon the poor horses the vilest epithets the English language contains. It was all the English he knew. Three times during the day the horses were exchanged, but the fresh ones looked even worse, and

twice badly lame; but lame or not, they were all treated the same. The Japanese horses are charged with being vicious; strange! isn't it?

Pictures of kangos — where men recline lazily in a bamboo chair and are borne along over mountain heights by stalwart coolies — are lovely to look at, but try the reality as I did, after leaving the stage at the foot of the Hakone mountains, and you would say "distance lends enchantment."

You must double up your limbs like a jack-knife into the little basket, and after congratulating yourself that you are doing the thing just like a native, you will find there is no room left for your head. It must hang first on one side of the ridge-pole in the roof of this conveyance and then on the other. The coolies took hold of the poles and swung along in a seesaw fashion, until seasickness was added to the misery of a half-paralyzed body. One ride was enough. After a night's rest in a village on top of the mountain, I preferred to walk the eleven miles down to the city of Mishima, where jinrikishas were to be had.

The discomfort of a kango and the weariness of a long walk are soon forgotten; but the memory of those sunset views far off beyond the mountains, of the picturesque road arched overhead with majestic pines, of the dark night illumined by the flaming bamboo torches with which our guide showed us the way, and which cast strange, weird shadows, reminding of the fearful histories connected with every step of our road, of the picture of Hakone lake on the top of the mountain, gemmed in by other peaks and

guarded by Fuji who, like a white-capped sentinel, overlooked them all, of the quaint village of Hakone and the native christian home and its hospitable welcome — all these and more will never be lost: and that is one of the peculiar delights and benefits of travel. The pain and discomfort fade quickly away, but the pleasure is perennial.

There are many sorts of ambition in this world. I have heard of people who pride themselves in being stared at; women who are pleased if their new spring suit causes so much attention that passers-by will turn for a second look. Such persons would be satiated with glory, if they would come to Japan and color their hair red and ride along the Tokaido. We tried it, all but the coloring part. Women left their looms and cooking and ran to look, and beckon to their neighbors. Girls giggled and ran ahead to the home of their intimate friend, to get her on to the street in time to see. Children followed; small boys ran quickly to get a front view; it was as good as the circus to the little folks at home. A European child is a novelty and delight also to the Japanese; and our boy added much to the attractiveness of our procession. Do not imagine that when our day's ride was ended we could find European hotels, with spring-beds, set bowls and gas-fixtures. Stop with our party at the small town of Goyu and see a real Japanese inn, such as are patronized by the natives themselves. The front is literally covered with signs of board and cloth ornamented with Japanese words of welcome and good fare. The jinrikisha men stop in the open court in front, dropping the shafts on to

the floor, which is about two and a half feet from the ground. Maids in the kitchen (which is always one of the rooms nearest the street) gaze at us, while the landlord comes out from his office, and, placing his hands upon his knees, bows very low, again still lower, and the third time his head nearly grazes the floor. When he raises himself there beams from his face an expression of delight as though he had struck a bonanza. The best room opens on to the garden at the rear, and to this the maids carry our traps, and, taking off our shoes (which is always expected), we follow in stocking feet. The evening is chilly, and an hebachi or fire-box is placed in the centre of our room. Hot tea is immediately served. The landlord comes to our sliding partition — does not knock ; no one does that — and, dropping on his knees, asks what he can do for our comfort. Our wants are simple, since we do not wish for Japanese cooking : an hebachi on the little veranda next the garden, a pan, some hot water, eggs and boiled rice. We make coffee, boil eggs and add our own stores of bread and meat. Fresh milk would be a luxury, but it is something the Japs never use; milk and butter are utterly distasteful to them.

The steam is pouring out of one of the rooms on the middle court and we hear the splash of water ; in another minute a man who resembles a boiled lobster for the time, and who prefers to don his garments in his own apartment, passes our room on his way thither. The landlord, his brother, and the children come in and sit in a row on the floor near the door, watching the whole operation of cooking and eating.

Tall iron candlesticks, with large candles, are brought and put near us on the floor; so we conclude to write, notwithstanding our company. The exclamations of wonder, the suppressed "so diska!" make us stop and hand them the wonderful thing — a stylographic pen: they cannot see how it can write ink, when there is no ink to be seen. By signs and a few words we converse awhile; our futons are laid, and we bid our host good-night. Two of these futons or comfortables make the bed; one serves as covering. Like "Mary's little lamb," the landlord's family "stand lingering about." Here and there a shadow on the paper partition and the shining of an eye through some tiny crack tell that curiosity is not yet satisfied. A bit of burning wick in a saucer of oil, on a shelf in a tall box with paper sides, gives a glimmer of light through the night in the corner of our room. Before we are at all ready for visitors in the morning, our paper door is suddenly slid back and the landlord bows his morning salutations and is ready to visit. A maid soon follows, to roll up the beds, and another one points out the wooden bucket of hot water and the brass basin on the floor of the veranda of the middle court, where we may wash our faces. We manage to get on our clothes between the callers, and then take our turn at the family wash-bowl. From every corner and room there were eyes gazing upon the operation. In the midst of my ablutions, with face streaming, I glanced up to catch the twinkle of a pair of very mischievous eyes at the crack of a door; I had to laugh. Back came an echo, which ran from one to another of my unseen audi-

ence, of hearty, rippling laughter. The Japanese excel in having a merry laugh over everything. The first thing to be done, after arriving at one of these interior inns, is to hand to the landlord the large document obtained from the foreign office in Tokio by our American minister, granting special permission to travel in the interior in certain specified directions for a specified length of time. This paper must be inspected at the police headquarters, and then the landlord is informed that he has a right to harbor the foreign party.

In riding on the Tokaido the traveller can hire jinrikishas from village to village, or bargain with one man for the day's journey. By the first plan one runs a risk of finding none but poor, broken-down vehicles, and towards the latter part of the day, when miles away from a desirable resting-place, the "jinriky" men sometimes make a corner in their line of business. The other arrangement is, in the main, more desirable, but you are likely to be exchanged by the one you start with, who lets out the job to others whom he knows on the way. Shidzuoka, which, by the way, has the peculiar census of eleven thousand men and exactly the same number of women, was our resting-place over Sabbath. Here we met a most interesting band of native Christians, with their two preachers, all Japanese, though one could understand enough English to interpret Mr. B's sermon to the audience. On Monday morning we bargained for the day's journey, and started away from the little Methodist chapel in grand style. My jinrikisha was a work of art: gold lacquer, inlaid birds and flowers, and red

cushions, and the man who drew it was well-dressed and with a European hat. But pride must have a fall. At the edge of the city my "jinriky" man met a comrade, to whom he gave the hat to wear back to town. It was evidently a company affair, and intended for a city advertisement and use. After a few miles, the man bowed and dropped the shafts, pointing to another jinrikisha by the roadside, a much poorer-looking affair, and drawn by a man with quite a small amount of clothing on his back and none on his limbs. There was nothing to do but exchange. The owner of my stylish vehicle pointed to his knees, as much as to say they had suddenly given out. Again and again that day was I "swapped off," until at last I rode in a dilapidated old concern with squeaky wheels, and drawn by a one-eyed priest, "both shaven and shorn," whose only apparel was a narrow strip of cloth about the loins, and straw sandals on his feet. This sort of thing may seem disagreeable, but "variety is the spice of life," and it is pleasantly ludicrous, especially when another experience was added. We reached a swollen river where the bridge had been carried away. A rude boat was to take us all, with the jinrikishas, to the opposite shore, but the keel would not allow its coming to the spot of sand where we stood. Night was advancing rapidly, but the Japanese mind and body were equal to the emergency. It is often said that "a female is most lovely when of a clinging nature." For a few minutes we all had that lovely nature, and clung to the backs of those naked, sweaty fellows with might and main. It was too funny to be disgusting, just to

watch the little Japs in front splashing through the water with the tall American hanging on, and holding up his long ulster at the same time.

Thus across rivers, through villages and towns and cities, under the shade of venerable trees or along the water's edge, with views of Fuji Yama close at hand or more remote, passing pilgrims and merchants and beggars, men working in the muddy rice-fields or grouped about a tea-house, women at the loom, or tending baby in the open door — often greeting us with smiles, pleasant, save for the hideously blackened teeth — past children innumerable, each with a brother or sister strapped on to its back, entering a town when everybody was out for a holiday — streets hung with banners to the temple entrance — and again riding along behind some funeral procession, a stop now and then for the human horses to drink a cup of tea, or re-shoe themselves with coarse straw sandals to be bought at nearly every other house on the route, and so we travelled along the Tokaido — a moving panorama of Japanese life and scenery, three hundred miles in length. The steamer across the beautiful lake Biwa to Otsu was a pleasant change from jinrikisha riding, which we again took to Kioto, seven miles from this lake, as the railway was just being completed between these two important cities.

Before starting on this interior journey, our friends kindly furnished us with a vocabulary of Japanese words, which, with the aid of signs, we used to good advantage; but so limited a knowledge of the language could not meet every emergency. On reach-

ing Kioto, we asked our jinrikisha men to take us where we could brush up after our long ride, and thus be more respectable to the friends who expected us. We tried to say the right words, but, to make it very plain, went through the motions of washing our dusty faces. "Hai!" said the men, pleased at understanding us so readily, and cantered off through highways and by-ways, stopping at last on a side street. With our bag we entered the door-way, to find ourselves in a large wholesale crockery store. True, they would sell us a dozen wash-bowls, but the use of one was what we were after; and to get that, we had to go back to the main road, and finally found an inn.

At a village hotel, where a company of pilgrims had preceded us, we alighted for entertainment. The landlord bowed as usual, but informed us that he had not an empty room; was sorry, but he could not lodge us. Mr. B., supposing he was being welcomed in the usual way to the humble hospitalities of the inn, replied briskly, "All right! all right! take the baggage quick to a good room!" and began to take off his shoes. The perplexed landlord, with a look of dismay, gazed at us and then toward the crowd around the entrance, and then burst into loud laughter, the crowd joining in as heartily. Still laughing, the landlord took Mr. B. by the arm and led him to a friend's house across the way, and begged him, no doubt, to take charge of the irrepressible American; for we had the best room, and every courtesy of the mansion.

Kioto is the sacred city of Japan. In its more than one thousand temples are countless idols (in one alone there are thirty-three thousand three hundred

and thirty-three images, by actual count) and connected with the worship of these are thousands of priests, who are amply supported by the contributions of the zealous devotees, who flock thither from every part of the Empire to pay their vows and get merit. Buddhism and Shintoism and their various branches or off-shoots centre here. The Monto sect own one of the finest religious establishments in Japan here in Kioto. About six hundred years ago this party split off from Buddhism, with protests against penances and fasts and a celibate life. They would seem to have a large and wealthy following, for their temples, built in pairs, are very elegant and costly. Nowhere in Japan did we visit any more picturesque and elaborate buildings, with the most enchanting garden, than this cluster of the Monto sect of Kioto.

The Japanese may well take pride in their time-honored city, with its beautiful situation and well laid-out streets intersected in many parts by a river, and nearly surrounded by hills and wooded mountains. Many there are who believe that the power of idolatry is broken in Japan, and that comparatively few frequent the temples or join in the heathen ceremonies, and those with less zeal and earnestness than in former days. But, though the stronghold of paganism is weakening at many points, we had proof during our stay in Kioto that the enemy is by no means vanquished. Riding through the busy streets one day I noticed that the shops and houses were decorated with gay lanterns and banners and paper umbrellas. People were crowding to the corners, eagerly watching for something. On inquiry,

we learned that this was the day for the annual procession of airing the idols; so, taking a good position, we watched the coming show. Hundreds of citizens who knew enough of civilization to wear European clothes led the motley crowd. They made a most ridiculous appearance in black swallow-tail coats, vests so short-waisted that a quantity of their white shirt bulged out like a sash, bell-shaped stove-pipe hats which looked as though they had served as seats, white neck-ties with ends so long they floated in the breeze like a flag of distress, and collars worn midway between the shirt-binding and the face. A company of artisans in native costumes followed.

The heart of the long procession was the five idol-shrines, each of them borne on the shoulders of one hundred and sixty men; as many others pushed and clamored behind for a chance to help lift the heavy beams on which the idol was carried, or give the bells an extra jingle. Men, women and children crowded along at the side, leaping, dancing, praying, tossing coins toward the tinkling house of the shrine, and yelling in a frenzy of delight.

In contrast to this I must speak of the work being done by Colonel Davis in Kioto, in the training school for young men. He went into the Union army as a private during our civil war and came out at its close a colonel, having been in many a battle, and with Sherman on his march to the sea. He is now enlisted in the battle against heathenism, under the A. B. C. F. M., and is devoting his talent and time to the young men of the school, fifteen of whom will graduate next summer and go out to various parts of

the Empire to spread the influences of the Christianity they profess. These young men with twenty-five others met on a lonely mountain in southern Japan, a few years ago, and bound themselves by a written resolve to henceforth serve the only true God. Persecution burst upon them. Their mothers threatened suicide in their presence if they would not go back to the worship of their fathers; they were imprisoned and half starved in their own homes, but they stood firm, and in due time twenty-five of them came to this training school under the charge of Mr. Meesima, one of the purest, noblest men in the world, and for two years have been studying under Colonel Davis and his co-workers.

Our magic key, so useful in Tokio, was still good. A letter from the Secretary of the Home Department to his friend the Assistant Governor, and all places of interest were open for us in Kioto, and an English-speaking guide was sent from the Governor's office to show us the city. The closed doors of the Mikado's palace, one thousand years old, and occupied for hundreds of years by the royal family, were opened by means of this kind influence, and we had free access through the establishment. Next the street, on on all sides, is a high wall; just within are the servants' quarters, next the residence of the Daimio and retainers in charge of his majesty, and within all the rooms for the "son of the gods," opening upon a garden which is simply perfect. In whichever room the Emperor should sit, whether the spring parlor with blossom decorations and gilded panellings, or in the tea, or winter, or autumn, or study, or summer apartment,

each with ornamentation suitable to its name, he would find himself looking out upon the mossy trees and rustic bridges and quaint arbors of that quiet garden.

Osaka is the commercial metropolis of Japan. It has a population of at least half a million, and is the great rice and silk centre of the Empire. Its streets are so often crossed by the many windings of the river on which it is built, that it is often called the Venice of the East; but the likeness consists only in the number of its small bridges and boats. It is connected with Kioto on the one side, and its sea-port, Kobe, on the other, by rail. The mint of Osaka is the second largest of the world: that of our own at Philadelphia taking the lead. A few days here enabled us to see the old historic castle, fortified with immense stones, almost the size of those, so widely celebrated, at the ruins of Baalbec, Syria; the new university of Osaka; the shipping in the river, where new junks were almost completed, and many an old one being overhauled; and the mint.

Kobe is a city of about seventy thousand, including Hioga, the native town along side on the bay. Kobe lies between the mountains and the sea, and the view from the homes in the rear of the city, on the higher land, is exceedingly fine.

More of a privilege than any sight-seeing in this delightfully situated city, was the opportunity of knowing one who, with her companion, labored for fifty years in the cause of missions at the Sandwich Islands, and brought up seven children to call her and the work blessed, and enter upon it themselves in

various parts of the world, and now, in the home of one of her missionary sons (the editor of the only religious paper in Japan), she quietly waits her summons to join her husband in the better land. I shall never forget, nor fail to appreciate, the glimpses she gave us into the volume of her rich christian life. I am glad I came to Japan, if only to meet the mother of the Gulick family.

Through the incomparable Inland Sea, with its hundreds of picturesque islands, we have passed on the steam-ship *Nagoya Maru*, of the Mitsu Bishi Line, and are now waiting in the harbor of Nagasaki. The city is spread out along the water's edge and up the hill-sides, on the tops of which are the many graves. Once a year every tomb is decorated with lighted Japanese lanterns; then the hill-sides are brilliant indeed: to-night it is only in the abodes of the living that we can see any twinkling brightness. There are two things for which Nagasaki is specially remembered: the first, that near her thousands of Christians were cruelly put to death, and second, that she owns one of the finest harbors of the world.

Every one in Japan who can read the daily papers is talking of the coming of the great American general. A large school-building in Nagasaki is being arranged for his entertainment. The sum of thirty thousand dollars has been devoted to entertaining him in that city alone. Stories of elegant dishes and furnishings being bought for his use are told from one to another. The time of his coming is reported differently in each paper issued. By the last account

we shall probably be in Shanghai at the time of General Grant's arrival in that city.

As the darkness shuts out the view of bay and city and mountains, we must say good-by to the shores of Japan. Like an interesting novel in our girlhood days, we leave it reluctantly and with longing desire to know more of the characters which have so fascinated us The memory of our two months in Japan will never grow old.

VIII.

Welcome of General Grant in Shanghai — Dress of Chinese officials — Illuminations — Grand ball at the English Club-house — Mrs. Grundy — Local press on the event — A bit of "pidgin" — Miniature London — Some customs of this farther East — Chit-book — Servant brigade — Native city — Mr. B's interior journey — Going north — Tautoi of Chefoo — The Derby of hospitality; who wins?

"THERE'S a plenty of good times in this world, but I'm never in 'em," sighed Glory McQuirk. Unlike this heroine of Mrs. Whitney's story, on arriving at Shanghai we found that General Grant was expected in two days, and the city was all astir getting up "good times," and we had happened along just in season to be "in 'em." A large "go down" of corrugated iron on the French bund from being a dusty storehouse of merchandise became a hall of welcome for the ex-President and his party. The transformation was wonderful; the irons supporting the roof were hidden by evergreens, the bare sides draped and covered with bunting, and the place fragrant and beautiful with vines and flowers. Around three sides of this reception hall was a raised platform with seats for over eight hundred guests, the

floor covered with Chinese matting, and when filled with the fashion and beauty of the cosmopolitan population of Shanghai, it was a place well worth seeing. In that part of this "spacious shed" reserved for high Chinese officials, and decorated with dragons on yellow ground, and the Stars and Stripes, sat the Tautoi, or Governor of this district, with his suite.

There was Hai Fangting, commissioner of coasts, and Chew Fu-huin, judge of the mixed court, and a dozen lesser individuals in the peculiar style of Chinese full dress. Each of these wore a round straw hat just the shape of a small wash-bowl, and fastened under the chin by a string. On the summit of these hats glitters a round ball or button, by the color of which the exact rank of the wearer is known. The insignia of office is worn upon the breast.

The military officers were decorated with embroidery of animals, but the civil officers wore birds of gay plumage worked upon the delicate silk. The Tautoi or Governor is allowed an animal in his decorations, as he has the power of life and death over his subjects. The hat was ornamented with a fringe of red feathers below the button, and a string of amber beads and jade-stone served as necklace, and hung below the waist. The silk gowns these Chinese gentlemen wore were of the choicest quality and shades, blue, lavender and drab being the favorite colors. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinese never change their own peculiar style of dress. The consuls were all there, among whom was the representative of Japan in European evening suit of black broadcloth.

The band played "Hail Columbia," the cannons fired a royal salute, the committee in red, white and blue rosettes went toward the place of entrance, and the spectators were all excitement as the expected party landed and met the committee of reception.

Mrs. Grant in black walking dress and white tulle about her hat and neck looked as smiling and fresh as though she had just started out from home, and was the target for as many sharp glances as the hero himself. Poor man! he looked worn and weary as he stood there receiving the set speech of welcome.

He replied in a quiet voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you for the hearty welcome you have given me, and I must say that I have been a little surprised, and agreeably surprised; I have been now a short time in the country of which Shanghai forms so important a part in a commercial way, and I have seen much to interest and to instruct me. I wish I had known ten years ago what I have lately learned. I hope to carry back to my country a report of all I have seen in this part of the world; for it will be of interest, and possibly of great use. Thank you, again, for the hearty welcome you have given me."

At the conclusion of this the mandarins and Chinese officials elbowed up to be introduced, making their salutations in the style of their own peculiar chin-chin. Instead of grasping the hand of their guest in American fashion, or bowing to the floor as in Japanese etiquette, they put their own fists together and, extending the arms up and down, back and forth, shook their own hands with great warmth

of hospitality. They hovered about the General, talking to their interpreter, but it was all lost in the cheers of the gentlemen looking on. Outside waited an immense throng of coolies, jinrikisha men and small folks, impatient for a peep at the "American Mandarin." In Japan said the people: "The American Mikado is coming, but he is not like ours; for ours never gets through being a ruler and turns into a common person like ourselves, as this foreigner does." A long procession of marines from men-of-war in the harbor, volunteers dressed in white from head to foot, artillery men with two brass howitzers, a long line of the Tautoi's military guard and a few Chinese soldiers escorted the newly arrived guests along the bund to the American legation. The horses attached to the carriage in which the General and his lady were riding became very much excited — like the crowd along side — and, finding that a part of the harness was insecure, the horses were taken off, and amidst the cheers of lookers-on the volunteers drew the carriage to its destination, feeling amply paid by the pleasant little speech of thanks given them at the end of the ride.

After nine o'clock that evening (May 19th) came the second public demonstration of welcome. The bund was lit up with thousands of Chinese lanterns and innumerable gas-jets; gas stars and "Welcome, Grant!" were seen blazing from many of the larger buildings. In front of the club-house were the words in brilliant letters "Soldier, Statesman;" "U. S. G.;" "Welcome," and a ten-feet star. The shipping in the river made a glorious spectacle. The American men-

of-war and the English sloop, the mail steamers and French corvette were all lit up from stem to stern; from topmost mast to the water's edge. The whole ship was clearly defined, with every line of its rigging, on the dark background of the night by the brilliant, many-colored lanterns. Rockets were sent up continually from one or more of the ships, and blue lights burnt at the port-holes at intervals. The procession of engines and hose-carriages, torch-lights, transparencies, flags and flowers was very finely gotten up, but ended in so sad a manner as to cast a gloom over the evening's festivity. A case of some explosive compound, carried on one of the engines, took fire, causing the death of two foreigners, several Chinese, and badly wounding many others.

After a public reception and a Chinese dinner in the tea-garden of the Tautoi, the festivities closed with a grand banquet at the English club-house. Mrs. Grant and her son Colonel Fred had to take some severe words from Mrs. Grundy, for this notable woman is to be found even in the far East. The ex-President was acknowledged by all a gentleman. Some there were who said he must be ignorant of the fine rules of high society to take Mrs. X. instead of Mrs. Z. down to supper; but such intricacies of etiquette, quite necessary to understand in English social life, are not essential in an American. Though the honored guest of this banquet has shown marvellous tact on battle-fields, he failed to conquer the situation of a response to the speech at the supper-table at this English club ball. After speaking of the General's brilliant record, and thanking him for

doing so much in adjusting the Alabama claims and preserving kindly feeling between the two nations, England and America, with some hearty words of praise for the latter country, the chairman of the occasion called for three cheers for Grant, and three more for America. There was a moment's silence, broken by the noise of uncorking bottles and filling of glasses. Every man was on his feet, and the cheers were loud and hearty. In a quiet way General Grant replied, thanking them for the kind word said about himself and his country, and asked that the glasses be refilled. "Now!" whispered my English friend, by whose courtesy I was present, all aglow with excitement of the previous cheering, "Now we'll have one for the Queen!" but said the guest, "Will the gentlemen join me in three cheers for Colonel Little?" This individual is president of the Council, but a man of no great prominence. The disappointment of that company, standing with outstretched hands and brimming glasses waiting eagerly for their favorite toast, was quite evident. It was a matter of sincere regret to the Americans as well as English present that the sovereign of Great Britain was forgotten at such a time and place.

The *North China Herald*, in an editorial, thus sums up General Grant's visit in Shanghai: "No doubt we might have entertained more showy and conspicuous heroes; but the quiet, self-possessed citizen, who has done so much good work for the cause of civilization and liberty, commanded a respect and an esteem which bedizened field-marshals with breast ablaze with stars and medals would have looked for in vain

at the hands of the residents of this cosmopolitan settlement. The question has often been asked during the past week: Would any other living man have received a welcome comparable in warmth and brilliancy to that which has been accorded to General Grant? We are inclined to think that one man, and one only, would be received as the hero of Vicksburg has been received, and that man is the Prince of Wales. * * * * We see much to rejoice at in this tour of the ex-President of the United States. It is an immense advantage for one who may be again the ruler of a great nation to visit various countries, to form the acquaintance of prominent statesmen, to see the workings of different modes of government, to study the cities and characters of many men. Shanghai has contributed an episode to the New Odyssey."

The *Sin Pao*, the official organ of the Tautoi, says this: "The head man of America was expected in the course of his trip to arrive about the 29th day of the present moon. We now have heard that this head man came yesterday, and was received with the customary formalities by officials and gentry."

I overheard an interesting conversation between a Chinaman and a European in the peculiar dialect known as pigeon-English, and an old resident of Shanghai, quite familiar with it, who was also listening, wrote down the exact words. Said the foreigner to his Chinese acquaintance:

"Well, you have lookee see Melican man, my blong true talkee all a same that newspaper talkee?"

"Yes," grunted the native; "my have lookee see,

he no blong vely number one man. My thinkee he no blong vely largee man ; no blong too muchee fat, too muchee big. My thinkee he no blong much."

It is clearly seen by this that the Chinese have great respect for tall, large men.

The foreign part of Shanghai may be said to be a New York or London in miniature. The fashion and style to be seen on the bund, the elegant turnouts every pleasant afternoon on the Bubbling Well road, the parties, operas, and cultured society, are but repeated on a larger scale in more civilized lands. The lavish display of wealth of former days is no longer seen. The era of making immense fortunes in a few years in China has gone by, and the merchant amasses wealth by long-continued effort.

At one end of the bund the foreigners have fenced off a park, facing the water, and beautified it with flowers, grottoes, and rustic seats. Here the children roll hoops and run, enjoying the green lawns and smooth paths. "None but foreigners admitted," is the law of the gateway. Parsees, Hindoos, Japanese and Africans, people of every clime and color can enter, but the Chinaman must be content to look in through the gratings and wistfully hang about the outside of the gates.

The foreign population of Shanghai is about five thousand. People of different tastes and nationalities thrown together socially have united habits of life and formed customs peculiar to themselves and suited to the climate.

The merchant of Shanghai goes to his hong, or place of business, at nine or ten in the morning, without

having met his family at the breakfast-table. Coffee or tea with toast, boiled rice, or fruit, are placed upon the table in the dining-room, and each one comes as most convenient; more often the lady of the house takes this early lunch in her own room. At noon the family take breakfast together, and to this meal guests are often invited. It is a substantial bill of fare, with several courses. After a midday siesta, the ladies will be found in the parlor where, as they chat with callers, tea is served with cake, and bread and butter and jam. The Chinese waiter in white cotton trousers and long, loose sack, brings in a small table and places the tray of elegant china and silver before the hostess, who turns the tea for her lady guests, who may either have chanced in for a visit or been specially invited to "a four o'clock," as this parlor lunch is called. The fashionable hours for calls and driving are between four and seven. At half-past seven or eight dinner is served, and the entire evening is spent at the table. The real evening begins at nine and closes just before midnight. This is the life, day after day, in this city of the East. In the missionary homes of the city and its suburbs a very different programme is carried out. The work demands early rising, an early breakfast, with a noonday dinner, so that the life of the foreigner in mission service and that of the fashionable resident are totally unlike.

Among the peculiar little customs of the East is the constant use of the chit-book. Each family keeps its own, and in many cases it is handsomely bound. The most trivial message cannot be trusted to a servant of foreign tongue. One is never sure

he has taken the correct meaning or can return a correct reply. A chit or little note is written in every case, placed in the chit-book and carried by a servant, who waits the reply, and entry of acknowledgment on the proper page of the book.

The number of servants necessary to a moderate-sized family of medium style in Shanghai would terrify a New England housewife, who prefers to do her own work, rather than have one Irish girl to look after. First in the list is "the boy." He may be a married man, with a family in another part of the city, but is called "the boy." He would feel insulted to be called anything else. He is learned in "pigeon talk," and has a general charge of all that goes on. Next in position is the cook. He must have a scullion to wait on him and two table-boys who do the work of chamber-maids. Then there must be at least one inside coolie for the menial work about house, and one or more outside coolies who work a few hours each day in bringing water from the river. In addition to this force of men-servants there is a child's nurse or lady's maid, called an aymah. In wealthy families this number would be increased, and a man of still higher position than "a boy" added, a compradore, to deal with the Chinese in buying or selling, to go to bank or carry valuable parcels. He would receive a good salary and expect his squeeze out of every bargain or commission.

Now, would you know what native Shanghai or any Chinese city, indeed, is like? Then you must leave the broad, well-kept roads of the foreign part and turn your face toward yonder brick and stone wall with its

notched top. There is almost as much of a population living round about the walls as within; but the streets are wider, and we can go in jinrikishas to the city gate. Here we are at the entrance of this walled half-circle, five miles nearly in circumference, containing how many souls? Some say one hundred thousand, others four hundred thousand. I would not like to have to take a census. Dr. Yates, missionary of a Southern Board of Missions, who has lived here for nigh forty years, is our guide. It would be a hopeless undertaking to find our own way through the labyrinthian lanes of this city. The broadest avenue is not over eight feet in width. So continually does the crowd jostle and surge along that we must walk in single file; there is no fear that we shall lose sight of our leader: his stately, erect form and silvered head towers above the crowd. We are no sooner started than we have to thank our friend for his suggestion that we wear heavy boots and old garments. The houses and shops with their peaked tiled roofs are not over two stories, and low at that. Vertical signs are swinging from every building. The leprous, blind, sick; the pitted and small-pox convalescent are all jostled along with the rest of the unwashed crowd. The pavement is uneven and slippery with filth.

"Look out," says our guide, "for your footing; you would not care to fall down on such a street."

A sluggish little creek coated with green slime, its banks well lined with decaying vegetables and indescribable filth, slowly winds its way through the city to the river outside. We are passing a cluster of cook-shops and eating-houses. Eating, sleeping, buying

and selling and frying are all gone through with in the one smoky, open room. We stumble on a pile of garbage, and the air — what there is — has the additional flavor of hot goose-oil and frying pork-balls. There are many opium dens on our route ; there at that curtain door is one of the victims. His weird expression and pinched cheek show that the demon has a firm grip on him. He will go into yonder resort and lie upon the kang or bench and smoke himself off into dreams of Paradise very soon, and then curse himself for wakening. The men beating out copper make a deafening racket. We must take the city in at every sense, except taste. Conversation lags as we press our lips together in the effort not to breathe. But we have reached one of the three chapels right in the heart of this slimy, noisome place. It is a pleasant relief to dodge into the small yard, and enter the cool, more quiet room where the Gospel of the pure and living God is preached many times every week.

But we are in the heart of this walled city, and the way out must again be through the crowded lanes. Here is a prison ! That man in the cage with bamboo rods is a debtor : he must stay there, receiving food only by the kindness of friends who may remember his needs, until they raise money for his debt. Ankle deep in filth stands the prisoner in yonder cell. "He had been stealing," say the crowd as they glance in and pass on. Yonder is the Yamen or hall of justice, its gaudy paint and gilding covered with dust. Glancing in, we see three entrance ways — one within the other — but alas for the poor man who wants his cause to be heard ! At each portal the guard must

have his hand crossed with silver, and the judge is apt to see the troubles of a rich man when he is blind to the poor man's appeal. We enter a temple. Even the gods have smeared faces and grimy hands, and oh! the added smell of Chinese incense! In this one a former magistrate is deified and worshipped. In the Tauist temple yonder robbers and gamblers pay their devotions before going out to their avocations. After again crossing the creek we notice a bathing-house. The water from the creek, after heating, serves for the bath, and one tank lasts a day's patronage, the price decreasing in inverse proportion to the sediment. But we are weary holding our breath, and must get outside where the lungs may once more be filled with pure air; that is, pure, comparatively speaking. For when we think of the dense population all the way up the Yangtse river, as well as all over this Empire; of the lack of drainage; of the system of fertilization with the sewerage, it is not strange that the air lacks purity and is malarial, and the climate is noted for being a very trying one.

The only water to be had is that of the muddy river, thick with the constant drainage of such land until it is the color of pea-soup, and retains this appearance for miles after reaching the ocean. To render this water fit for drinking, the foreign resident sees to it that it is first settled, next strained, then very thoroughly boiled, and then well filtered. This work cannot be entrusted to "the boy," but the lady of the house has herself to overlook the preparation of all the water used in her home; for the life of her family depends upon such care.

Being brought to a realizing sense of the malaria of the climate, and intense heat of the sun at this season, very trying for new-comers especially, our party decided to divide — Mr. B. to take a two thousand miles' interior journey, by all sorts of conveyances, visiting Ningpo, Zao-hying, Hangchow, Suchow, Ching-kiang, Nankin, Wuhu, Nganking, Kiukiang, Hankow Hanyan, Wuchang— Whew! It is a marvel that he ever got out of so many crooked words, to say nothing of the vast tortuous cities themselves. Of his experiences and observations, upon this as well as other extensive inland journeys, the reader is referred to his volume on *Christian Missions*.

Willie and I decided to go north to purer, cooler air and water.

There are two lines of steamers to Chefoo and Tientsin; an English, and a China line. As the carrying of passengers is a secondary matter, the steamers leave whenever there is sufficient freight. Some days more than one steamer will start, and again several days will elapse without any leaving. The papers advertised the departure of the *Taku* at midnight, May 23rd. My baggage was all stowed upon Chinese wheelbarrows, and the landlady's bill receipted, and the friends bade good-by, but what more disagreeable experience than to go thus on board steamer and learn that, owing to a mistake in the cargo, the *Taku* would not leave for at least another twenty-four hours. Of course there was nothing to be done but to go back to the landlady, and, finding other guests installed in our old quarters, take the best accommodations her tender mercies could

arrange at so late an hour of the night. A two days' sea-voyage, with the most genial and thoughtful of Scotch captains, and the society of two Italian dukes who seemed to take it as a pleasure to relate the incidents of their extensive journeyings in India and a six months' camping in the vale of Cashmere, and we were anchored in the beautiful bay of Chefoo, and speedily welcomed by our cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Nevius, veteran missionaries of China.

I will close my letter with the same topic with which it was begun. Yesterday General Grant and party were received by the little company of Chefoo foreign residents. There was no small display of bunting and parade of Chinese soldiers and noise of cannon. The scene was as gay, if not so extensive, as that at Shanghai. The steps of the jetty were carpeted with red, white and blue; the pavilion of the top was decorated with flags and flowers; the Chinese soldiers in scarlet uniforms, and Tautoi's guard carrying twenty immense banners of gorgeous colors marched in front of the sedan-chair in which the General was carried to the consulate. "Human nature is the same the world over." The Tautoi at Chefoo, heaving heard that the Tautoi at Shanghai had spent a certain sum on the American guests, made up his mind not to be outdone, and if the party only stayed one day he was bound to spend more money than had his Shanghai rival. Accordingly the Commissioner of Customs, an English gentleman, whose elegant bungalow is situated on the summit of the hill overlooking the bay, and above all the other residences of the settlement, was told

to go ahead, and the Tautoi would pay the bills.

After a Chinese banquet with this Governor himself at his house next below the Commissioner's, the General and party met invited guests at the bungalow. It was one of the most bewitching scenes that can be imagined. From every tree and shrub, over the gateways, around the arbors, along the fences and terraces shone brilliant Chinese lanterns. The broad piazza, extending three sides of the bungalow, was lighted from the open windows of the brilliant drawing-rooms, and by a myriad of Chinese lights. On the grounds of the Tautoi, just below, was a continual display of the most elaborate fireworks. The Tautoi himself stood at one corner of the bungalow steps, midst the floating dresses, gay uniforms, and the music of the band, with his fists together, ready to "chin-chin" when necessary, his scarlet fringed hat pushed back, and his face wearing all the time "a smile both childlike and bland." Nothing but the champagne moved him from his post. He was ready to drink to the health of any one, and there seemed no lack of gentlemen to so help him.

Past midnight the officers of the men-of-war, with the honored guests, escorted by the same soldiers and banners as when they arrived in the morning, embarked for another sea-voyage; and thus ended General Grant's visit to China, and his last evening on shore until he reached Japan.

IX.

Chinese togeow — Grand Hotel de Gonyu — Eastern Shatnung — Tung-chau-fu — The loneliest corner of the globe — Picnic at Pebbly Beach — Leaving for the Capital — An enjoyable accident — Tientsin — Li-Hung-Chang — Up the Peiho — "Hard road to trabble I believe" — Arrested.

O give room for wandering is it, the world was made so wide?" Even Goethe could not have fully realized the wideness of it; no one can until he may reach this flowery kingdom, and try the wandering here. "Quiet life at Chefoo!" forsooth! that is very well while there is danger of malarial fever; but who could rest quietly with the fever of sight-seeing surging in the veins, and a missionary party of ladies ready for their last itinerating tour of the season to the women of the eastern Shantung villages, especially when one of that party was an old friend, the latch-string of whose home in Tung-chau-fu had been hung out for our party years before?

Therefore in a "togeow" we started for the village of Gonyu, where the party were waiting our coming. But do you ask "What is a togeow?" Some call it a mule-litter, but would that I had the

power of pen and pencil to describe it and its various motions so that you might fully realize this mode of travel, and your sympathies would ever be enlisted in behalf of those missionaries who have no other means of locomotion. It is simply a long, narrow box, the lower part board, the upper part canvas. The front end is uncovered, and there are two small openings — one on either side.

There is sufficient height for one to sit or lie on bedding placed on the floor and not touch the roof. This box is fastened to two long poles, and the poles are attached by means of a heavy wood — saw-horse sort of — harness to the backs of two vicious, obstinate, kicking, backing mules, one between the poles in front, and the other in the rear. The front mule wears a jingling bell which he rings at every step, and would not consent to budge without. The beast behind never steps with the one in front, and generally wishes to show his own independence of character by trying to take another path now and then. A muleteer walks along side all the way, talking, yelling, and whipping the half-starved animals. There is no smooth hard road. Up and down, over ditches and over stones, here and there and everywhere they find a path which is the highway between Chefoo and Tung-chau-fu, a distance of fifty-five miles. The togeow motions are numerous and peculiar. There is the rocking motion, very like in its effects to the swell of the sea ; there is the bottle-washing motion, at which time you are not sure but that your heart and stomach and lungs are having an "all hands around," and have decided to

change places. But last there is the churn motion; there is a good deal of this; the mules are fond of it — more so than you are, and — well! suffice it to say with every bone and muscle in a state of revolt, I was glad to ride in through the entrance-way to the court-yard of the Chinese inn, and spy the faces of my friends peering out of the doorway in their endeavor to see if the jingling of the mule-bells announced my coming.

Do you catch at the words court-yard and entrance-way, and imagine this missionary party ensconced in luxury and elegance *a la* "Palace Hotel?"

"Ah!" you say with a sigh, "that is the way my contribution of two whole cents a week is spent, is it?"

Yes! and I wish that every grumbler at missions was obliged to stay in this elegant Chinese inn an entire week. The parlor — for we were so extravagant as to occupy a suite of rooms — was ten by twelve feet, and furnished with a table, a narrow bench, and one carved chair — like the table, being more remarkable for filthiness than beauty. The floor was of hard beaten earth, and had been swept, probably, when the inn was first built many years ago; but never since. The walls were frescoed with smut and smoke. A heavy drapery was festooned from the cornstalk-rafters, and the weavers dropped down, now and then, to see what was going on. The sleeping apartment had two beds or kangs. They are built into the room; are of brick and mortar, and are really ovens; for in cold weather a fire is built underneath, and on the heated top the Chinese sleep rolled in a single blanket.

This kang in a native home serves as sitting-room by day and bed at night, and often is the dining-place for the whole family. The bedding which had made the mule-litter endurable, was placed on the kang. It was getting toward night, and a servant brought in a light: a saucer of oil in which floated a burning wick. It served to make the darkness more real. Tired men and hungry beasts are crowding into the yard; animals are feeding at the stalls; packs and litters are in the centre, and night has come. But what a night! There were forty-seven donkeys, by actual count, beside many mules in that court-yard. The plaintive wail of those much-abused animals, who were too hungry to sleep and too sleepy to eat, and who knew that this was their only time to do both; the heavy breathing of muleteers and the gay, sprightly actions of the small inhabitants between the kang and its matting cover, who came out for a night's revelry, all conspired to banish sleep. Of the visits to adjoining villages, and the preaching of women to other women; of the medicine given the sick; the kind ministry of that noble band of American sisters I will not speak here, but reserve such story for my *Glimpses into Mission Life*. I would that every christian woman in the home-land could have had, with me, this brief insight into woman's work for woman in China. The country through eastern Shantung is undulating, and there were glimpses along our journey through it of the blue water of the sea or gulf, and of distant mountains, some of which were lightly coated with green; but, as a whole, the landscape was barren and dreary. Even the river-beds were dry until the sum-

mer rains should fill them, and there was an utter lack of forests, and, when compared with Japan, there was nothing worthy the name of tree. No vine-covered farm-houses with pretty gardens, and clustered out-buildings are to be seen; the people hive together in walled villages, with tiny streets, and crumbling stony houses, and go out to till the soil.

Tung-chau-fu is a very old city, and its age may be known in a queer way. The streets, many of them, are paved with worn-out millstones; as it takes many years for a family to wear out the mill with which they grind their corn and millet, that place must be aged to be paved with so many of these smooth, round stones. Travellers do not go to Tung-chau-fu. There are few sights there of general interest, and the missionaries never see "globe-trotters." A visitor is a rarity, and hence is fully appreciated. Among the pleasanter recollections of our world tour, will ever be the days in the mission homes of that lonely place, the quiet tea-picnics on Pebbly Beach, where all gathered at the close of the hot day to take supper together under the shadow of the high cliffs close to the sea. Year after year those devoted men and women from their Southern and Northern homes in America work on with no other society, not even such as is had at the port-cities, and with nothing tangible binding them to their own native land but the coming of the mail every fortnight. On a rugged bluff overlooking the ocean which unites them by its ceaseless motion to their country, to which their hearts were ever turning, and overlooking, on the other side, the city of their life's work and sacrifice, lie nearly a

score of missionary men and women. Some of the stones which mark these graves are defaced and upset by malicious natives. Trees there are none; and but few shrubs grow in this lonely, unprotected cemetery. "Gone Home" are the fitting words on one of the stones. Yes! but not to that earthly company, that home beyond the restless waters, "where chance and change are busy ever," but to the home eternal, true, where "they shall go no more out forever."

When our journey was planned two years ago, it was found impossible to put Peking in at its best season, which is the last of September and all of October. To reach India at the right season and have time enough for its many sights, we must leave our cool harbor at Chefoo for the south by September first. Travellers who "do the world" in eighty days or even a year do not take Peking into their route. But having reached the flowery kingdom, *the* nation of all the world — all outside being barbarians — we felt we must visit the great capital where the Emperor, the son of Heaven, resides, even if we could not go in cool, pleasant weather. True the mercury was in the nineties, and the sun getting hotter every day. Friends warned and advised: "You may never come back alive," said they. "The rains are coming on, and the roads will be impassible; or, if the summer deluge holds off, you will be smothered by the terrible dust-storms. Everybody will be out of the city. There is more perspiration than inspiration in such a journey now." But in the face of all these warnings we went. Mr. B. having reached Chefoo June 22d, after the completion of his extensive interior journeying, we started

June 23d in the steamer *Hae Shin*, for Tientsin. In less than twenty-four hours of sea voyaging, beyond the Shantung cliffs, we were at the long line of sand, which makes the bar at the mouth of the Peiho river. We must wait all day for the flood-tide to enable us to cross. The steamer was luxurious in its accommodations, the American captain excellent company, and though the sun was hot, the day was soon passed, and at six P. M. we steamed over the bar and past the mud dwellings and the forts of Taku.

Sitting on the forward deck and chatting with the captain, we noticed that the bow of the steamer was sinking. Instantly the order was given to run her up on the muddy bank. The forward compartment was found to be full of water, the vessel in some unknown way having sprung aleak in crossing the bar. It was a very enjoyable accident, as far as we were concerned. We simply gathered up our traps and took a boat-ride in the darkness, lighted now and then by vivid flashes of heat lightning, to another steamer at anchor, waiting for the daylight. The muddy Peiho is narrow and tortuous. It is marvellous how any large vessel can be made to swing around the sharp bends of this river. "It often happens," said the captain, "that a steamer will run into the mud wall of a Chinaman's abode on the edge of the bank, and all at once he will find his earthly house crumbling into the mud, and no damage done to the prow." It is fifty-one miles from Taku to Tientsin by the river, and the captain must be on the alert every foot of the way.

Tientsin is the outer portal, as it were, for the great

capital. By direct line, Peking is little over eighty miles away; but by the winding, twisting river, it is one hundred and eighty. Prince Kung, the uncle of the present boy-Emperor, is the leading representative of the Mauchu race. Though the regency is nominally in the hands of the Empress dowager, Prince Kung holds the reins of Imperial power.

Li-Hung-Chang, viceroy of Chili, is the most influential Chinaman in the Empire. He represents the party who look more favorably on the coming of foreigners and foreign ways. He owns the largest share in the prosperous line of steamers along the coast, called the China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company. In one of these steamers, the *Hae Shin*, we came from Chefoo. He owns the only telegraph line in the Empire, extending from the Peiho forts to his home at Tientsin, and has startled even the most progressive of his native friends in arranging a dinner party where his wife presided and entertained Mrs. Grant and other foreign ladies.

At Tientsin we have reached the end of steam-navigation, save the one steam-yacht owned by this viceroy, and seen occasionally on these waters. Hence this is the end of civilized forms of travel. The river is crowded full with junks of all descriptions, mandarin and house-boats, one of which our missionary friends helped us to arrange for our up-stream journey. It was quite a different thing from going aboard a palace car with convenient lunch stations. A wooden kang and table, a small charcoal stove without fuel, with plenty of water-bugs, were all the boatmen furnished. We prepared to

set up housekeeping on a small scale. The outfit was in this wise: A basket of charcoal and kindlings made of dried corn-stalks, filtered water in bottles, a teakettle and saucepan, canned meats, fruits, bread, etc., bedding, camp-chairs, and a candlestick, and we were ready to start with our heathen crew, who knew not a word of our tongue, and we had mastered just two words of theirs.

By sculling and pushing, the boat was gotten past the long rows of junks, the bridges of boats; past the scene of the terrible Tientsin massacre. There was no wind, the tide and current against us, so the crew harnessed themselves into a long rope attached to the top of the mast, and walked along the edge of the muddy river or up on the bank: thus slowly we went along up the stream. It is a very monotonous journey. Everything is dirt color. Mud-water, mud villages, mud-colored men, nearly naked, and burned brown from constant work in the sun. They were trying hard to keep their fields of corn and millet, which were parched and dry, from dying before the summer rains come. It was slow, hard work to irrigate by dipping leaky buckets down to the river and pulling them up and emptying on to the thirsty soil.

The morning of the fifth day from Tientsin found us at Tung Chow. Here again we found most delightful friends, one of whom was a playmate and school friend in Cleveland many years ago. After a Sabbath's rest we exchanged boat-riding for donkeys. The distance to Peking from this city is nearly fifteen miles, and a stone road, once a wonderful highway, connects the two cities. The road was constructed

nearly two hundred years ago, and was made by throwing the dirt up from both sides to the centre, making the real roadway an embankment about five feet high and twenty-five feet wide. The stones, which are from six to eight feet long by two feet broad, were laid upon a surface of cement, and originally fitted close together. The almost ceaseless travel of heavy carts has worn down the stones, with deep ruts between. To jolt along as the Chinese do in a springless cart, would be simply torture. Along this way are many very costly private cemeteries and graves, surrounded by a horseshoe of earth — "to ward off the evil spirits which come down from the north." With a cool breeze and no mud or dust — as a light rain had fallen the night before, the heat was not intolerable.

Suddenly our donkeys were stopped. Alone on this highway, in broad daylight, we were confronted by a Chinaman who held before us a white envelope bearing our name. What did it mean? Was it an arrest? Were we to be quarantined? Had the Chinese government concluded to try its hand at annulling old treaties, and we heathen Americans not allowed to enter the Imperial city? Not a word said the Chinaman. We broke the seal to read our fate.

"*American Legation, Peking:* — Mr. Seward would be most happy to entertain us during our stay in the capital. If we had made other engagements, he should certainly expect us for part of our visit at least." But of where we went and what we saw I will write by next steamer.

X.

Praying for rain — Temple of Confucius — Hall of Classics — Temple of Shams — A Dagoba — Ceremonial of the Winter Solstice — No admittance — Temple of Heaven — The observatory — The sacred lotus — Triennial examinations — Illustration of "try, try again" — "The fourth" in Peking — Summer's deluge — Guest house at the Legation.

EFORE leaving Chefoo most hospitable invitations had been extended to us by Doctor and Mrs. Blodget of Peking, and cordially accepted. It was not only a great pleasure to spend a little time with such rare people as are these veteran missionaries—they have given more than twenty-five years of their valuable lives to the Chinese—but in their home was a lady missionary who had been a school friend and member of the same graduating class with myself at Ipswich, Mass. Minister Seward's very kind hospitality was therefore accepted, but for the latter part of our sojourn at the capital. Another circumstance added to the pleasure of our visit in Peking: the son of that beloved instructor in the Massachusetts school had long been a resident of China, and, in the spirit of "should auld acquaintance be forgot," put every available moment of his time at our disposal; and thus

we were well equipped for seeing the great city and its interesting vicinity.

Fiercely and steadily the rays of the July sun beat down. It was time for the summer's deluge. Every thing was parched and dry from the long months when no rain can be expected. It was announced that the Emperor was praying for rain in the temple adjoining his palace. The fifth prince had been ordered to beseech the gods at the temple of earth; Prince Kung was at the altar of the temple of heaven. Continual supplication was being made to the god of a propitious year. Prince Li was directed by His Majesty, the boy-Emperor, to continue for days in prayer at the temple of the black dragon's pool: as this dragon, from his subterranean home, spits out the clear, cold water of the spring, he must be induced to add his influence to the gods of winds and clouds to send down rain. The princes were all busy; one at one temple, and one at another: one praying to the black dragon, and others to the white dragon. Meanwhile, with the mercury from ninety to a hundred in the shade at midday, we saw the sights of Peking in the freshness of the very early morning and the cool of the evening.

It would be impossible, in the limits of ordinary letter-writing, to fully describe the many objects of interest in this great city and its vicinity. I can only indicate a few of the more prominent ones. First to the temple of Confucius, "built 550 B. C." The broad paved entrance to this hall or temple is shaded by rows of old cypress trees. By means of white marble steps divided into two parts by a sloping slab richly

ornamented with the Imperial dragon in bold relief, we reach the marble terrace in front of the building. The massive tile roof, peaked and curved, is supported by teak-pillars fifty feet high. A plain tablet to the memory of Confucius faces the entrance. Upon either side are ranged tablets to Mencius and other of the favorite disciples and sages since that time. Gold-letter inscriptions form a cornice about the large room. When translated, they are about as follows: "This man with heaven and earth make a trinity." "The teacher and example of ten thousand generations." Near this Confucian temple is the Kwotsze-keen, or Hall of Classics. It is a square building with two roofs, the upper one being supported by elaborate carvings, and the lower by pillars of wood. A moat surrounds it, whose walls and balustrades are of white marble. Four small but exquisitely carved bridges of the same rich material span the moat and connect the entrances to this hall with the shaded grounds around it. On the right and left of this main building are long, covered corridors, in which are about two hundred upright tablets of stone. On these slabs the entire text of the nine classics is engraved. Students come here and take impressions by means of India-ink, and can carry away a whole library of Chinese knowledge with little outlay of time or money. Facing the main entrance to the Hall of Classics, at a distance of several rods, is a triple arch of yellow porcelain and white marble.

Among the interesting sights in this part of the capital I must not leave out the Lama temple. It consists of a series of courts and buildings, richly

ornamented with wood carvings. It was once the residence of one of the princes. Four hundred Lama priests are said to reside within its bounds. Their peculiar chanting-service at twilight every day attracts many visitors, who are expected to pay well for the privilege of listening. This might be called the Temple of Shams. An immense wooden Buddha, ninety feet high, is painted to imitate bronze. The elaborate fresco work, on close inspection, is seen to be nothing but cheap paper. The large candles are not candles at all, but are painted wood. Offerings of rich coral and jewels are but a poor imitation in painted wood. Everything was sham except the lazy priests in their faded yellow gowns. They were just what they seemed to be. A mile outside of the city wall is the Yellow temple. Connected with this pile of buildings is an elaborate monument, or a dagoba, to the memory of a devoted Buddhist from Thibet, in whom Buddha is supposed to have been incarnated for a time. The base of this exquisite marble cenotaph is octagon in shape. Above a row of carved storks, and an occasional phœnix, and dragons winding in and out, is a series of scenes representing the life and remarkable death of this man, in whom Buddha had seen fit to dwell. Faces and forms, processions and the death-scene where the animals shed tears, are finely carved, and stand out in high relief. Four handsome turrets, inscribed with Sanscrit characters, finish the top of this monument. In front, and at a short distance below the dagoba, is an ornamental arch or portal called a "pailow." These arches are to be seen frequently in the city of Peking. They

are erected as an honor to some man, or to a widow who has refused for many years to marry again, and so by this firmness to the condition of widowhood brought honor and respect to her husband's name and family.

"Whatever you try to see in Peking," said our friends in Chefoo, "do not forget the temple of heaven. It is the place of greatest interest to all the millions of the Chinese people."

In the southeast corner of the Chinese city are five hundred acres enclosed within a high wall. This area is again divided by walls into four divisions, and, with the buildings and the open raised marble altar in the centre of all, is termed the Temple of Heaven. On the twentieth day of each December the Emperor rides forth from the seclusion of the inner city and his palace, accompanied by a great retinue of princes and officers, soldiers and musicians. The paved road has been prepared for the occasion. All buildings along the route are closed. No crowds are allowed to stare upon the "son of the gods" as his chariot proceeds to the entrance of park or temple. After burning incense to his ancestors and inspecting the sacrificial animals, he is conducted to a small building called the "halls of fasting," to spend the night. Before sunrise the next morning, the day of the winter solstice, the Emperor, in priestly robes, takes his place between the tablets of his ancestors, and facing the tablet to heaven. Below him on the marble steps of the three terraces are the princes and attendants, civil and military officers, each in his prescribed position. The service is said

to be one of great grandeur and magnificence. In the dim light of early morning, to which is added the brightness of innumerable lanterns, and the fierce glare from the immense furnaces where the animals of the sacrificial offerings are burned whole, accompanied by the weird music of the Chinese, the Emperor and his immense retinue of nearly two thousand, dressed in the richest silks and embroidery, kneel and worship, and present offerings of wine and silk to heaven, to the imperial dead, and to the sun, moon and stars.

Three other services are celebrated during the year in various buildings of this enclosure by princes who are so delegated by the Emperor. At the extreme northern part of the area is a building for the safe keeping of the various tablets. This is called Imperial Heaven's Temple. Next south is the most beautiful structure in the park. It is termed the Temple for a Propitious Year. It is circled by three marble terraces of three steps each, with carved balustrades. The building is dome-shaped, and its three roofs are covered with blue tiles. The quaintly carved wood-work is shaded on the inner side by blue glass rods, strung together into a sort of Venetian shade. The sunlight that pours into the temple is tinged with the color of the sky. The effect is just as they desired when it was so constructed; it suggests its name — Heaven: "Heaven's smile for a propitious year." Farther to the south still are the long rows of stalls, and the winding passages with solid masonry walls to the places where the animals are kept and made ready for the furnace. At

one side, and beyond this temple of Imperial expanse, is the hall of fasting. Passing through a double wall, covered with blue tiles, we reach the point of greatest interest in all this large area—the open Altar to Heaven. Three marble terraces surround the large circular stone where the ceremony of the twenty-first of December takes place, as I have described. Weeds are growing up through the crevices, the elegant bronze urns are full of dust; but it will all be in good order at the time of the great sacrifice in the winter. I must not leave this topic without giving you our experience in getting within the great gates guarded by night and day. Never have these grounds been officially thrown open to a foreigner until General Grant was permitted to enter. Mrs. Grant, however, must stay away. Such sacred ground must not be profaned by the foot of woman; and all the time the Chinese officials know, or certainly ought to know, that foreign gentlemen and ladies both find access by the use of "golden influence" upon the priests who guard the gates. "What has been done can be done," we said, and started before sunrise, a little party of us, to see the Temple of Heaven. The priest was utterly indifferent to our money. He never took bribes! he said in a lofty way. As we rode to the entrance in the cart belonging to Dr. Martin, president of the Imperial University, with all the style of a high mandarin, he evidently thought he had some rich victims, or that he might be reported to higher authority. He was perfectly stolid, and we left him at his post and walked leisurely along to find some other gate, when we suddenly spied a break in the

wall where, with perfect ease, we could walk into the park. Here we could roam about under the old trees, but still outside the inner walls which surround the various temples I have named. Through a crack of the heavy gateway we interviewed the guard. He affirmed positively that service was going on; that a mandarin was at prayer, and it was out of question to let us in, and fabricated various lies so easily that he showed he was a true Chinaman. We sat down in the shadow of the high wall—we members of the inferior sex — and patiently waited; for we were determined to get in some time that day. The gentleman wandered off in search of adventure; at last found a place where he could scale the walls, and was in without hurting himself or the bricks and mortar. When the priests saw that he was inside, they laughed heartily, and concluded that there was no mandarin at prayer, and negotiated for the waiting females at a dollar each. The rusty bars and bolts were not only withdrawn, but the guard conducted us through all the buildings, smilingly permitted us to gather leaves from the Altar of Heaven, and against our earnest entreaties to the contrary, climbed up to the blue glass blinds of the azure temple and broke off a handful of the tiny rods as a gift for us ladies to carry away.

The limits of this letter will not allow me minutely to describe other interesting temples and pagodas of the great capital. One of the special sights of Peking is the observatory, with its immense celestial globe studded with brass stars and the bronze instruments held up by immense bronze dragons. For two centuries they have been exposed to the open air, and

show but little evidence of age or rust. I would that you could stand on the great marble bridge which spans an artificial lake in the heart of the city, and gaze at the superb picture. The water is thickly covered with the leaves of the sacred lotus, out of which are springing the full blossoms in all the glory of their rich coloring. Ornamental marble-work on the terraces of the hills, miniature bridges, temples and pagodas mingle with the beauty of the summer foliage above the glory of the illuminated lake and underneath the blue and gold and crimson of the sunset-sky. Oh! Peking with all its filth and degradation has at midsummer a scene of almost unequalled picturesque beauty. There is much to say of the walks along the top of the great wall of this city, with distant views of the drum and bell-towers, and outlines of the yellow-tiled roofs of royalty in the inner or "forbidden city," within whose gates no foreigner has ever been; of the elegant buildings occupied by the British legation, and kept up in all the style of a real Chinese prince's establishment — as it once was; of the grounds and homes of the French and Russian ministers; but I must pass on to add a few words about the triennial examinations and Examination Hall.

In each of the Fu cities of the Empire aspiring students are tested yearly in their knowledge of the Chinese classics. A Fu corresponds with one of our counties, but is larger. Out of the throngs at these yearly contests, one in twenty-five succeeds in obtaining the first degree. These successful students continue their studies and attend the triennial examination, held in

the capital of each province. Only one in a hundred of these succeeds in passing this test and gaining the second degree. This honor makes them eligible to office; but in addition they must have considerable money to use in attaining even lower positions in the civil service. Many of these second-degree men, therefore, continue their study and attend the triennial examination held in Peking, the great capital of all the provinces. There are long rows of cells for the accommodation of ten thousand persons. Here they are watched, day and night, by guards pacing back and forth. The guards in turn are under the closest surveillance by sharp eyes in the tower above. At every examination held in Peking, a few of the ten thousand applicants are found dead in their damp pigeon-holes at the close of the three to nine days' siege. Of the ten thousand contestants, one in each thirty-three is successful in obtaining the third degree. This honor assures the Chinaman, whether he be rich or poor, a high position of trust under government. In the hall of judges at the time of giving the degree a drawn sword is suspended directly over the judge's head, reminding him of the necessity of impartial, faithful judgment. A fine illustration of the couplet, "If at once you don't succeed, try, try again!" is found in a man who obtained the second degree, twenty-three years ago, and immediately set about gaining the third. After diligent study he went to Peking at the time of the examination, but failed in passing the test. During the next three years he kept right on with his studies, and with hopeful heart took his place again in one of the cells; but failed again.

He then moved his family to Peking, and kept at work studying for the next triennial contest. He was again one of the unsuccessful. At all the seven examinations during the past twenty-one years he had been one of the contestants, and, after failing six times, at last at the seventh succeeded, and was immediately made prefect of one of the most important cities of the Empire.

The Fourth of July in Peking was not honored by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. There was no need of a procession of "horribles," such as we have seen in Providence on such days, for Peking streets are full of little else than such sights on every day of the year; but the day was remembered, even in the remote capital of China. Mr. Seward entertained the Americans of Peking at an evening dinner at the Legation. Dr. Ellner, the Peruvian minister, was also present. It was a very enjoyable occasion. There were no set speeches on political questions to report; the graver themes of statesmen and missionaries were laid aside, and the company interchanged thoughts both witty and wise as they strolled about the garden, or rested on the veranda with interludes of music and ice-cream.

The summer rains, so long delayed, came at last in a perfect deluge. It poured for two days: the roads were like rivers; the courts, around which are the various parts of the dwelling, became ponds. Chinese houses are of one-story in Peking, and, according to custom or law, of a certain size (lest a subject should live with greater magnificence than his Emperor); even a moderate-sized family of for-

eigners must cover over considerable space of ground by the several small buildings which compose the one abode. The guest-room, both at the Mission-Home and of the Legation, was a separate small building. It certainly has some advantages over our own best spare bedrooms. Nothing could be more delightful than the life in that single guest cottage at the Legation. We had our own little veranda with its straw chairs, a parlor furnished with lounge, a few books and photographs, writing material, etc., a bedroom with closets and bath-room. Even the deluge pouring into the paved court between our residence and that of the dining-room did not dampen our enjoyment of such style. Early morning lunch, as usual, was served in our own parlor; and when the noonday meal with its after-breakfast visiting was before us, and yet the floods had not in the least abated, as no lady's ordinary waterproof cloak was considered sufficient, I donned the American minister's boots and the Peruvian minister's coat, and, under a Gospel minister's umbrella, circumnavigated that pond.

Mr. Seward is a rare host. He has the art of making his guests feel so perfectly at home, that they read, or visit, or rest — just as the mood inclines.

But how it rained! The middle of the wide streets of the Tartar city of Peking is several feet above the sides, so that large pools form in the gulley on each side. I had been told that it was not infrequent for people to be drowned in the streets of this city in the summer. It seemed an absurd statement, but easily understood when watching these heavy two-wheeled carts clumsily drawn along the

muddy, uneven highway. A little carelessness and the cart would turn over the slippery bank into the ponds below, where a person shut into one of those Peking conveyances would be liable to drown before help could get to him.

While waiting for the waters to subside, we made ready for the jaunt to the Great Wall and summer palaces, of which I will write next.

XI.

Provoking deliberation — A John Gilpin ride — One of the largest bells in the world — Ruined Wan-sho-shan — Palaces of Yuen-ming-yuen — Temple of the Black Dragon's pool — Camping on the Great Wall — Song of the sand-flies — Nankow Pass — Valley of the tombs — Avenue of animals — Yung-lo — Cheap fruit — Kindliness of a Chinese crowd — Call of Chinese heads of government at the Legation — Salt hills — A boy's welcome.

THE tinkling of mule-bells, and the incessant jabbering of muleteers in the outer court of the American Legation at Peking were the early morning preface to our excursion toward the Great Wall of China. Our friend and guide was using his excellent knowledge of the Chinese tongue to expedite the start. But it is as impossible to hurry a Chinaman as to keep back the sun, which was fast rising from below the horizon. There must be so many thousands of words said, just so many efforts "to squeeze" a little more money after the bargain is arranged, just so long a time spent in standing about, and then, when they feel like it, they will start; but not one instant before. We were going in mule-litters. A mule-litter differs from the togeow

of Shantung province, of which I wrote in a previous letter, by being more nearly square, and having a board instead of sailcloth top. The motions of each vehicle are the same. During the delay our kind host was arranging an agreeable surprise for us. As we were saying good-by he remarked: "I will escort you on horseback to the city gate." Upon reaching a quiet spot just outside, we found that horses were waiting for us — one for each of the gentlemen, and one with side-saddle for myself — and Mr. Seward had arranged business so that he could also ride with us all day. The thirsty land, so long without water, had eagerly drank up the flood of rain, and the paths — there are no roads, as we understand the word —were in good condition. So away we went on our horses, like John Gilpin of great renown, jumping the puddles and low stone-walls, and leaving the mules in the dim distance to plod along in their swing-song way.

First in the day's programme was the bell-tower, where is suspended one of the largest bells in the world. It is struck externally by a large beam, and the rich, mellow sound may be heard for miles. It is covered with inscriptions from an ancient Buddhist work. When the allied forces of French and English were marching in 1860 through this part of the Imperial city's vicinity, devastating everything in their way, their cry was: "On to the summer palaces!" Their cry in time of war was ours in time of peace, and before midday our reeking horses were resting under the shade of the old trees of ruined Wan-sho-shan.

The grounds include several miles of winding paths, pavilions, open corridors, ornamented gate-ways, and bridges over the lotus-grown ponds, all in more or less a state of ruin and desolation. On the summit of a hill in the centre stands a lonely building of marble and illuminated porcelain in nearly perfect condition; below it, on the terraces of the hill, are the grand staircases and smaller buildings in heaps of ruins. Over many of the blackened and broken walls the ivy has grown luxuriantly. The summer foliage brightens up the otherwise lonely, desolate place. One of the most perfect remains of the former magnificence is a small but exquisitely wrought bronze temple, with base and steps of white marble. The view from the porch of the building on the summit takes in Peking in the distance, the ten miles of country lying between, the bold outline of the western hills, which in a semicircle partly surround the Imperial city, pagodas, the Emperor's deer-park, and many other points of interest.

The palaces of Yuen-ming-yuen, next to Wan-sho-shan, were built in the style of Italian villas, and contained the richest treasures of art, costly furs, and silks and crape, ornaments studded with precious stones, jade-stone, porcelain and ivory. Into all this luxurious splendor the half drunken soldiery rushed, determined to destroy everything before them. Such is war! The ruin was complete, and no effort has been made by the royal family to restore the former glory. Through fertile fields of Indian corn, millet and sorghum, over the mountain by a rocky defile to the plain, and we reach the Temple of the Black

Dragon's Pool. The Prince had finished his prayers and returned to Peking, else we should not have had lodgings here. But the priests were delighted to take us all in — people, and horses, and mules. There was place for all in the various rooms and courts of this strange old temple. The priests see a chance to add to their little income, and we are made very welcome; and the rambling old place is all open to us. It is composed of a series of paved courts and surrounding rooms, one above the other, on the side hill, with a wing-like corridor at one side, two stories high, surrounding the sacred water which the black dragon is ever sending up from his unseen abode under the rocks. One of the back courts served as kitchen, the next upper one was our supper-room, and the court at the summit of all, overlooking miles of country, was the smoking and conversation-room for that moonlight evening. But what a weird place in which to sleep, with those big, grim idols looking right in at us from the opposite side of the moonlit court.

The road from this point to the Great Wall is, most of the way, unfit for horses; for this reason, and because of a meeting of diplomats in Peking, Mr. Seward left us at early morning for the city. In mule-litters we pursued our way to Nankow, and up the rocky, stony, slippery Nankow Pass, reaching the Great Wall at nine o'clock in the evening.

It was two miles to the village beyond, where travellers usually pass the night. "We will sleep here!" was the united decision. "Take on the mules to the nearest inn, and leave the litters. Send to us hot tea, and we will lunch and camp on the Great Wall." So

the muleteers disappeared in the darkness. If ever there was a romantic place in which to be alone, it was this in the silence of that night. Oh! the lessons of history to be forcibly remembered on such a spot. It really will be a great thing to tell of, that we slept on the Great Wall. The renowned Dr. Johnson said that "it was an honor to any man to be able to say his grandfather had seen the great wall of China." Lord Macartney is said to have exclaimed on seeing it, "This is the most stupendous work of human hands." With all these reflections and the thought of the great honor I was bringing upon my grandchildren, I consoled myself and kept my courage through the long minutes of the long hours of that long night. I realized, as never before, the hardness of Pharaoh's heart. It must have been like the boulders of Nankow Pass, if the plague of flies were at all like the sand-flies of the great wall. They came by the dozens — rather by the thousands of dozen; "all their aunts and their cousins." Three races of them united in one grand banquet. In that romantic moonlight the Muse whispered in my ears a parody on one of Tennyson's well-known poems, which I entitle the *Song of the Sand-fly*. One verse will be considered sufficient.

> Mongol and Tartar and Chinese are we,
> But only Chinese in our welcome of thee,
> Yankees!

We wandered about drowsily, wrapped in blankets, but no sooner did we sit for an instant in some nook of the tower or wall, but swarms of these energetic creatures were instantly upon us. Yet morning dawned at last, even upon the Great Wall of China.

This twelve hundred miles long structure does not so much impress the traveller with the greatness of breadth and height, as by the marvellous way it climbs the steep sides of the mountains, and descends into the rugged valleys in zig-zag fashion. The wall is very nearly eighteen feet high, and wide enough on the top for six horsemen to ride abreast. At short distances apart are massive towers from thirty to forty feet high. The foundation of the wall is of granite, and the upper masonry of brick and mortar is filled in solidly with earth. The stones of this rugged Nankow Pass are worn smooth by the traffic of many generations. An unending procession of heavy-laden animals go through this narrow, stone-faced opening in the Great Wall, on their way to and from Kalgan, Mongolia and Russian Siberia. Donkeys and hogs, black and white sheep with immense fatty tails, make a part of this constant throng. Six thousand tons of tea go through to Russia every year. Camels heavily laden with coal, skins, hemp and soda, are returning to the markets of Peking. Having seen this wonderful monument to the skill and energy of a people and rulers past away, we returned toward the great capital by way of the Valley of the Tombs, where thirteen emperors of the once powerful Ming dynasty have their last resting-place. This royal cemetery is thirty miles from the Imperial city, in a valley six miles long by two and a half broad. The founder of this kingly burial-place was Yung-lo, the third of the dynasty, who beautified the valley and prepared his own mausoleum in the most magnificent style. At the entrance to the valley he erected a

cluster of arches — the finest pailow in China. It is ninety feet long by fifty feet high, and is built of pure white marble. The carving of flowers and fine tracery work is perfectly exquisite. Through fields of millet and corn we come to a small open building or monument to Yung-lo, containing a slab covered with a poem of praise to his memory. This slab or upright tablet is supported on the back of a huge stone tortoise. A few feet from each corner of the building are columns of stone around which dragons are twisting themselves toward the top, where sit animals the like of which only the most vivid imagination can ever have seen. Farther on toward the tomb are plain columns, and then we enter the avenue of animals. Here are two pairs of lions, two each of unicorns, camels, elephants, and horses. They are of colossal proportions, and each cut from a solid block of marble. One pair of each is represented as kneeling, and the other as standing. It was an uncanny place. One could sympathize with the mules, who refused at first to pass along by these weird creatures. After the animals we come to the civil and military mandarins — six on each side. The civil officers wear a smile on their ugly faces which the storms of all these years have not worn away. They are in full dress, with sash and drapery sleeves finely cut in the rough marble. The military men have on coats of mail, and a savage expression in keeping with their warlike attitude. But we are not yet at the tomb. Through persimmon orchards and under cypress trees we pass to the entrance-hall — a building of one room, seventy yards long, by thirty yards deep. Solid teak

pillars from the forests of Burmah and Yunnan support the yellow-tiled roof. In this hall imperial offerings are still made to the dead emperors of an extinct dynasty. Passing down the marble steps which extend the length of the building, and through a court shaded by cypress and oak trees, a stone passage-way is reached which extends forty yards through solid mason work. Through this tunnel we ascend to the top, where, in an open building, is a red-painted tablet bearing the name of the deceased Yung-lo. At last we have reached the place of burial. Behind this stone is an artificial hill covered with grass and cypresses, and in the earth is buried the remains of the once-powerful Emperor whose ambition and wealth caused all these various monuments to be erected.

Upon the return, as we reached the opening of the long, vaulted passage-way, our friend whispered a ghostlike message, which was instantly repeated back from the dark depths of that tunnel, as though the spirit of Yung-lo himself had risen up in wrath. The Chinese who do not understand the echo, are quite superstitious about this returning voice. A night at the walled city of Chang-ping-chow, and Saturday evening found us safely back to the entrance gate of the Legation, where our host was just looking out for our coming, and with the good message that a hearty dinner was in readiness for us. Much to the surprise of all who think they understand the mysteries of Peking weather, no rain had fallen, but the clouded sky betokened what was coming and did come that night and the next day — another deluge of rain.

All along the way to Nankow and return ripe, luscious fruit could be bought from wandering peddlers and women sitting on the road-side. Delicious apricots were sold at the rate of twenty-six for a cent. Peaches and melons were in abundance. The Chinaman thinks the foreigner must be very rich to throw so much of a melon away. He eats it rind and all, and the same with the large cucumbers, of which they are very fond. Nearly every man and boy we met was munching away at a long one. If they wish to season them, they eat a little salt afterward. Very frequently during this journey we passed large fields of them with a little arbor in the centre, where the owner was resting, or sleeping with one eye open for thieves, whose longings were Oh! for "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers!"

Returning to Peking after a day's journey by donkey I had, one evening, an opportunity to test the kindliness of a Chinese crowd.

My saddle gave way, and suddenly I was precipitated into the street dirt just outside the city gate. A crowd quickly gathered; a few small urchins laughed, but were reproved by a venerable man who sent for water saying, "She has fallen from too much heat." An old woman fanned me vigorously, and another person, a well-dressed man, brought a dose from a Buddhist priest, — a powder to counteract sun in the head. What more would a crowd of common people in America do for Chinamen who might fall by the roadside?

During our stay at the Legation, Prince Kung, accompanied by the grandees of the Yamen, made a for-

mal call upon the American minister. A servant in Chinese livery came the day previous with the announcement that the next day at a certain time Prince Kung and suite would be pleased to pay their respects to Minister Seward. An hour after the appointed time the outriders began to appear: the servant bearing the cards — which were pieces of red paper a foot long and half a foot wide, with the names in black letters — was at the door, and the sedan-chairs and bearers were waiting in the court before the Prince came. After some interchange of courtesy and very formal conversations, refreshments were served. An introduction to any one at such a call would be a violation of Chinese etiquette, and to have presented a woman — why, even the thought would have shocked Prince Kung. Pao-Chun, one of the party, is a member of the Privy Council, and of the Superior Board of civil office, and also of foreign affairs. Next came Shen-Kwei-Fun, also of the Privy Council, member of the Board of War, and of the foreign office. Next Tung Haun, Secretary of Treasury and member of foreign office. The fifth was Phing Linn, Chief Censor and member of the foreign office. The sixth grandee began life as a common stable-boy, but now he is at the head of the household office, military Governor of Peking, General of the blue banner, and in all, this Chung Linn has fifteen offices. Next comes Wang-Wun-Chao, ex-Governor of Hunan, vice-President of the Board of War, and member of the foreign office. Last, and eighth, was Hsia-Chia-Kao, president of the Board of Worship, and member of the foreign office,

And all this array of Chinese greatness was to be seen by simply looking through half-open shutters, arranged by our host previous to the grand entrée.

If I were writing up Peking thoroughly, I should tell you what you probably already know: that the Chinese city with its narrow streets, and the Tartar city with its broad streets, are like two parallelograms side by side. Within the Tartar city is the Imperial city, and again in the heart of that is the Forbidden city, where the Emperor resides. Nine-tenths of the women in the Chinese city are crippled with bound feet, the other one-tenth are servants or of disreputable character. In the Tartar limits the women are of the ruling race, and these Mauchus never bind their feet. It is said that no small-footed female ever crosses the threshold of the forbidden city or forms part of the household of the Emperor. I will not attempt any description of the sights of Peking streets with their varied processions, their pomp of grandly robed mandarins, and nakedness and poverty; of the legions of beggars who chase the foreigner and kotow (knock their heads in the dirt) for money; of its grandeur and gilding and dirt — the subject is inexhaustible.

A quick trip down the strong current of the Peiho and we are again at Tientsin, the saltopolis of China.

This place is the store-house for an immense amount of salt evaporated from sea-water. The banks of the river near the city are lined for a long distance with these hills of salt, which are guarded from thieves and protected from the weather by huge mats. The government holds the monopoly of the salt-trade, and the poor laborer must pay the large price asked or go without.

Two days again upon the smooth waters of the Yellow Sea, and we are once more in the beautiful bay of Chefoo, after our absence of five weeks. No sooner had the anchor dropped, than a small boy scrambled up to the deck in search of his absent parents. He was glad to see us; there was no mistaking that. His trials were many, and soon told. His donkey was lame, his bird dead, the dog ill, and he himself just getting through with the mumps. The patriotism of this young American on the Fourth of July had been sufficient to lead him to wear a bamboo sword on his side and the Stars and Stripes on his hat all day, and close up by a speech and fire-crackers in the evening. But his loyalty to his parents was true, even at such exciting times as the Fourth, and a whole pack of fire-crackers had been carefully hoarded up and were fired off in honor of our safe return.

XII.

A disastrous Typhoon — Harbor of Chefoo — Variegated fleet — A theatrical performance for the gods — Newport of China — Lawn tennis — A missionary wheelbarrow — Chinese milkmen — Market prices — A pongee shop — The currency of China — The travelling tinker — Native seamstresses — Signs of progress — Lady physicians at the front.

ON the first day of August the China coast from Shanghai to Chefoo was visited by one of the worst typhoons ever known here. Large trees were suddenly uprooted. Parts of houses were blown down. The mud hovels of the native town of Chefoo crumbled away, while the narrow streets near the sea became rivers. Many vessels in the harbor dragged their anchors and were blown on the rocks. One ship was wrecked and fifteen lives lost within sight of the city. For days and even weeks since the terrible storm, nearly every steamer coming into port has towed in some disabled, shattered brig or junk. A small Chinese village of mud houses on high land near the sea was washed into the angry waves by this typhoon, and forty persons are said to have perished. A vessel heavily laden with bean-cake for a southern port, started out a day or two

before the terrible hurricane. The captain took with him his only child, a little boy, leaving his wife, who had for years shared his voyaging, to recover from hemorrhage of the lungs in Chefoo. Day after day passes and no word comes from the absent husband. Weary, and with hopes deferred, the invalid wife watches and waits for news of the safety of those whom she loves. The general belief is that the news will never come: that the bark went down with all on board.

The steamer from Nagasaki to Shanghai was caught in the typhoon. The fires were put out; the upper part of the vessel washed away, and the steamer was rapidly drifting on to the rocks. With scarcely a hope for their lives, the passengers took the place of a portion of the terrified crew in bailing out water. When completely exhausted, and expecting death at any moment, the wind suddenly changed, and they were saved. A few hours after this terrible typhoon burst upon us, the sun was shining as brightly, the wind was as gentle and mild as though the morning had been fraught with blessings instead of so many calamities.

The rugged mountains of Shantung promontory sweep around the curve of Chefoo bay, encircling the city and its fertile plain, breaking away at the sea. A long narrow strip of beach bounds the bay on the west, and connects the main-land with the islands on the northern side, where the mountains again re-appear. Within the shelter of this beautiful bay, I can count from my window nearly four hundred vessels of various sizes and kinds. Of these, thirty-five are

foreign built, six are passenger steamers, and four are men-of-war. At the junction of the north and east sides of this plain juts out a small promontory known as the foreign settlement. The rocky sides are covered with elegant bungalows, pretty gardens and well-paved streets. Among the finest residences is that of the English Consulate on the one side, and the Minister of the Netherlands on the other. We have met many gentlemen of other nationalities in this long tour, but for courtesy and genial bearing to Americans, the honored representative of the Dutch stands foremost.

Upon the summit of this hill is a flag-staff, with a cross-beam attached, from which flags and balls are suspended, denoting the direction of the steamer or ship which may be sighted here several hours before it can reach the harbor. On the side of one of the western hills is a cluster of mission homes, with chapel and schools. Between them and the hovels of the native town are fields of millet and corn. The summit of the hill, above the homes of the missionaries, is crowned with a picturesque Buddhist temple. Along the narrow paths winding in and out of the waving grain, as I write, are crowds of Chinese on their way to the temple; but not to worship.

A theatrical performance is in progress for the amusement of the gods. Poor wooden idols, shut into their dingy corners — they need to have the doors thrown open, and a play acted out for their benefit once in a while; and the rich man who pays for such a performance gains for himself a great store of merit. For six days the play has been kept up without inter-

mission. This Chinese theatre — and the same is true of all — is a combination of pantomime with noise, with a predominance of the latter. The actors in gorgeous robes strut about with heels together and toes spread out to right and left — assume grotesque attitudes—to the great delight of the crowds of Chinese lounging about on the ground before the open stage. The grunts of applause are added to the incessant clanging of so-called musical instruments, the banging of drums and the occasional bursts of eloquence which the actors yell out over the heads of the orchestra. In a first-class city theatre the spectator upon being seated is handed a cloth wrung out of scalding water, with which he is expected to wipe his face and hands, and thus brighten up his ideas. Of course the same wash-cloth answers for a number of faces before it goes back into the pan of water; so there is a special advantage in China in being at a performance in good season. The audience chatter and laugh and smoke and sit about small tables sipping hot tea. As the performance lasts from eleven A. M. until eleven P. M., people are coming and going constantly.

But I have digressed from my purpose to tell you of this Newport of China. Along the east beach, between the mountains and the settlement, are several hotels filled to their utmost capacity. Every rentable place is occupied. The cholera-quarantine in Japan has increased the usual number of visitors to this place. While the mercury has been steadily holding itself high up in the nineties, or from five to ten degrees above in Shanghai, and the cases of sun-stroke and death were sadly increasing among the foreign

communities at various points from Tientsin to Ningpo, the people at Chefoo were enjoying a dry, bracing air, some rain, and sea-bathing. True, the little foreign cemetery on the side hill seems filling up fast of late, but all such deaths are of those who tarried too long in the malaria and heat of Hankow, Ningpo, Shanghai, or Tientsin, and came here after sun-stroke or fever. With no roads for carriage-driving, no operas or grand balls, and so many invalids, it may be a wonder to many how these summer-visitors and young folks amuse themselves. There is some boating, a good deal of bathing, and a little dancing. At sunset the older folks indulge in a friendly gossip as they "sit on the sands," — as the English people call going to the beach. Coolies carry them in willow chairs, which is the means of locomotion for ladies in Chefoo. But the fashionable, all-engrossing amusement is lawn-tennis. Ladies of the settlement owning larger grounds hold weekly receptions in their gardens. Ladies in short costume and garden-hats, and gentlemen in blouse suits go to Mrs. A, B or C's upon certain days to play tennis. In the shaded arbor, overlooking the sea, the hostess serves tea and sandwiches, wine and cake to the friends who have the entrée to her home. Servants in Chinese livery stand on each side of the lawn to gather up the balls for the players. The game is kept up from five o'clock until dark.

As I have said, ladies of the settlement visit the beach and make calls by means of willow-chairs, which are borne by coolies in more or less gay livery, according to the position of the family which thus

employs them. Donkeys, when good ones can be procured, are also ridden by the young folks. But I had the honor of going up and down through the streets of the settlement and along the beach before the gaze of the foreign population and the utter astonishment of natives, in a conveyance the like of which man never saw before — a peculiar wheelbarrow invented by Dr. Nevius for his country work. His parish consists of millions of people through Shantung Province, to thirty thousand of whom he has distributed bread for their starving bodies, and since the famine been gratefully welcomed as he brought to them the bread of eternal life. On such interior journeys bedding, medicine, food, etc., must be carried. There are no roads. In order to expedite such an overwhelming amount of labor, this missionary put his Yankee wits to contriving a better means of locomotion than had hitherto been at his disposal.

The common vehicle of the natives is a barrow consisting of one squeaky, shrieking wheel, around which is a seat. Two passengers, one on each side, may ride; but the seat was evidently constructed for the comfort of but one limb at a time, for the outside foot must either dangle or be tucked into a rude stirrup. The pusher steadies his vehicle by means of a strap over his shoulders. But woe to both pusher and passengers if one be fat and the other lean; the centre of gravity must be kept at all hazards. Now this missionary equipage has one wheel also, but larger and quieter than that of a native barrow; about it is fitted a box with movable seats, so that in case

of illness or lack of lodging-place the owner could make up a bed in it. The pilot coolie at the rear simply steers and cracks a long whip at the mule, which is attached by ropes in front, and is expected to do the pulling. There are brakes to let down when this animal gets excited or wishes to run down a steep path. In this barrow I had an interesting experience, especially when the mule turned too sharp a corner, and the vehicle capsized, and the inventor was spilled out; but I was so fortunate as to be on the top side.

Life everywhere is made up of little things. This is especially true with women; hence if I write of trivial matters, leaving to others of the opposite sex the broad, comprehensive opinions of peoples and politics, it must be remembered that the writer is looking at the world with a woman's eyes. After years of dealing with butcher, grocer, and the milkman, it is a matter of real interest to a housewife how these things are managed round on the other side of the world. A family comes to Chefoo for the summer, and needs to be supplied daily with good milk. There are no milk stores, no carts passing by full of shining, well-filled cans. Foreigners who own a cow have no milk to spare. Then how are they to manage it? A native will agree to bring them a cattie of milk in a bottle twice a day.—A cattie is one and one-third pounds, or less than a quart.— For this he expects to receive fifteen cents, or one hundred and fifty cash. But the new-comer soon finds that he is paying for a very diluted article, and falls in with the customs of those who have learned thoroughly the elasticity of a Chi-

nese milkman's conscience. He insists that the cow be driven to his door twice a day and milked before his eyes. Round from house to house the poor animal goes, and is milked at every place. The price is the same. A few years ago in Shanghai, before the Europeans had imported so many foreign cows, they were wholly supplied with buffalo milk. The animal would be driven to the door, John would hold up his bottle to prove to his lady customer that there was not a drop of water in it, and then proceed to milk. Just as he was ready to fill the bottle, he would slyly touch the flank of the animal, which had all the while been nervously eying the foreigner; the hind legs would fly up, the beast start, and the lady retreat a little. John, meanwhile, pours the milk into another bottle a third full of water, and hands to his customer, who congratulates herself upon being able to secure such pure milk.

> In ways that are dark and tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee *is* peculiar. — *Bret Harte.*

When reasoned with upon the adulteration of milk, for which so good a price is paid, he will reply in "pigeon English," "Allo that man must wanchee that milk; spose no got must catchee; spose no can catchee, maskee must makee." Which being translated is: "Every body must have milk; if I have not got it, I must get it, even if I must make it." A Chinese cow will give only about three catties a day. A buffalo at the best less than half what a foreign cow gives.

Fresh dairy butter in Shanghai is worth one dollar a pound. California butter put up in glass jars, of two pounds each, sells on an average at fifty cents a

pound. Butter from Denmark in hermetically sealed cans is worth sixty cents. The best beef for steaks and roasting can be bought from eight to twelve cents a pound. The best mutton is about thirteen cents. Sausage keeps at twenty-five the year through. Eggs are as low as eight cents a dozen part of the year in Shanghai. Turkeys are brought largely from Manilla, and range in price from four to eight dollars each, so that only the wealthy resident of China can afford a real Thanksgiving Day dinner.

The place to buy pongee is at Chefoo. Not in some large, elegant establishment with inviting show-windows on a broad and pleasant street, as in the home land, but through narrow winding alleys with hardly room for our chair-bearers to pass the line of donkeys and men, we sought out the finest pongee store. We crowded along past open sheds where naked blacksmiths were plying their craft; past rows of stores, the entire stock of which was ranged on narrow shelves facing the street, or laid out on the ground in front; past groups of men squatting on the ground around a huge bowl of food from which they were filling their own smaller dish as fast as it was emptied; past naked children playing in the dirt, whose only attire was an ear-ring or bracelet. The butcher and jeweller, the maker and mender, were all so wedged in together it was not easy to tell one shop from another. But my guide motioned the bearers to halt, and we entered a narrow doorway into a small room lined with shelves and filled with bundles of cotton goods. Through an adjoining court decorated with sunflowers, we reached another

small room filled with Suchow silks. Still on through another dirty court to a third building, where were bundles of pongee. There is no counter; only a small table and two carved chairs. A twenty-yard piece of the best quality is five and a half dollars. I hand the dealer six Mexican dollars, and tell him I do not want my change in Chinese cash. He shakes his head doubtfully, but returns with an old handkerchief, in the corner of which are tied up a few coins. There are a few francs bearing the face of Napoleon III, an English shilling, and several Japanese ten-cent pieces.

The currency of China is a mystery. People talk about an article being worth so many taels; but there is no such coin as a tael. It is simply the word to denote an ounce of silver Chinese weight; and such an ounce is a third heavier than our own. A solid chunk of silver, called a "shoe of silver," or "sycee," weighs from forty-eight to fifty-two Chinese ounces. There is a slight value added for the purest quality of silver and a corresponding depreciation for lower grades. About fourteen hundred and fifty copper cash equal a tael; and one thousand are reckoned as the value of a dollar. Of course this is constantly fluctuating. When receiving the change for a dollar, by actual count there will be only nine hundred and ninety odd cash, because these coppers are strung on strings of a hundred each, and the deficit represents the value of the tow cord. The cash of Peking will not pass in Shanghai, and vice versa. In many cities there are also tiaow notes, issued by bankers; these are worth a few cash each, but only pass in their own

immediate locality. Four or five dollars worth of this iron and copper coin is as much as a man can carry. When a countryman goes to market with produce, the poor donkey gets no rest on the return home, the weight of the cash being fully equal to that of the load taken to town.

One of the institutions of China, which would delight a housewife in America, is the travelling tinker. He works by the day and boards himself for forty cents; and this includes tools as well as skill. Shattered umbrellas, leaky tins, broken dishes and glass ware are marvellously made whole again by ingenious Chinese. Sewing women work for one quarter of the tinker's price. Their stitches are neat, but the work is handled in such back-handed fashion, and they are so slow, that a quick Yankee woman would be driven to desperation before a week was cut. Everything must be cut, planned and explained by European brains and hands. Another business in China is that of peddling Davis' Pain Killer. There are natives in Chefoo who lay in the immense stock of one whole bottle, and then go about the streets advertising their wonderful cure-all, giving their patrons one application and a "hard rub" for two cents. Of course the price of an internal dose depends on the quantity swallowed.

Many of those who are watching for the day of enlightment in China — a day when superstition shall no longer forbid railroads and telegraphs; a day when the immense resources of iron and coal, silver and gold shall be developed, are encouraged by the publication of a Chinese book, of which you may have heard. It

is written by a native who was sent from the custom's service to attend the Centennial in America. He has seen the world with less prejudice and narrowness than could be expected of such a visitor. Li-Hung-Chang has given the book prestige by writing the preface and using his influence against many who were opposed to its being published. It is bound in four volumes, which are all tied together into one stiff cover by imperial yellow strings. The first volume gives a brief account of United States history, and tells the story of the Boston tea. Then country by country he describes the Centennial. He is especially interested in machinery, and says that "the United States excels all nations in the amount, variety and excellence of machines." The Corliss engine overawed him, as it did many another spectator. "It was a great wonder that one man could manage it." The second volume treats of Philadelphia, its institutions, asylums and mint. He describes the process of coining, and advocates the establishment of a mint in China. Hartford and Washington are well spoken of, but "the great Capitol being beyond the power of his pen to portray." In writing of New York city, he speaks of the advantages of female education. He argues that if a mother knows how to read she can teach the boys at home, and thus, as in America, they can enter the schools with much already learned at seven years of age, and thus save expense of public funds. The third volume treats of London and Paris. The fourth is a diary of the journey from day to day.

An exceedingly hopeful circumstance, especially to mission work, has but very recently occurred in

Tientsin in the home of the viceroy. The wife of Li-Hung-Chang was taken very ill. Chinese doctors exhausted their skill upon her, but her case was to them a hopeless one. She must die. The viceroy was in great grief. A consul met him and inquired as to the cause of his sadness, and on learning of Lady Li's illness suggested the calling in of a European physician. He had more confidence in foreign medicines and skill than had other high Chinese, but could he so shock the nation's sentiment and prejudices as to call in a foreigner to his home? No! He refused the suggestion. But at night the sufferings of his wife moved him to desperation of sympathy. The English doctor was sent for, and came. On hearing the case, the physician felt that Lady Li could be helped, but Chinese proprieties would be too greatly shocked if he were to give her the necessary personal attentions. A Methodist young lady, who had thoroughly qualified herself to receive the title of M. D., was summoned from Peking. Mounting her horse, which had carried her on many a deed of mercy, she galloped down to Tientsin and took her place by the bedside of Lady Li as nurse and physician. Her patient is rapidly recovering. The viceroy shows his delight by giving money and the use of a building — an old temple — for a foreign dispensary and hospital.

Will not the single ladies who read this and often say "What shall I do for the world's good?" think of the vast opportunities opening up to minister to the souls and bodies of two hundred millions of

women in China? If you cannot go, help those who do go, and show the same spirit of consecration in the labor which is at hand. Let none say, "There is no work for *me* to do."

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You may find the heathen nearer,
You may help them at your door."

XIII.

Responsibility for death in China — A Mother-in-law's spite — Example of filial devotion — On the wing — Arsenal at Shanghai — Conjugal love — Remarkable display of phosphorescence — Free drinks for passengers — Effect on one who did his own drinking and ours too — Switzerland of China — Foochow — Brick tea — Enjoying Chinese hospitality — Bill of fare — Some Chinese finery.

IT is not an uncommon occurrence in China for a person to endeavor to spite another by committing suicide. There is a curious custom here of considering a householder responsible for the death of any one upon his premises. Hence a few weeks ago a mother-in-law whose son was dead, and who depended upon her son's wife for most of her support, being dissatisfied with the style of living her daughter-in-law gave her, concluded to spite her in the worst manner possible. The old lady went to that part of the court occupied by her son's wife, and putting her head down into the large stone water-jar at the corner of the house, held it there until she had drowned herself. The daughter-in-law has been arrested. It is clearly shown that the old woman committed suicide, but inquiry is being made into the grievances which led to the act; and if it can be

proved that the daughter-in-law was sufficiently unkind to have induced her relative to do the fatal deed, she will be treated as her murderer. Another instance of holding one person responsible for the death of another came to my notice very recently. A creditor who had been trying in various ways to induce his debtor to pay a large amount due, had worried the debtor until he resolved to commit suicide. He secretly obtained poison and took it, telling his creditor that now he had swallowed it, his death would be laid to him. The creditor in great alarm rushed to a Scotch physician whom he knew, and begged that he save him if possible. "I will be considered his murderer," exclaimed the man. The stomach-pump and emetics did the work, and the debtor's life was saved.

The system of ancestral worship so universal in China is kept up by the constant teachings and examples to the children in every home, high and low, throughout the vast Empire. An example of filial devotion so pleased the people of a certain province lately, that they sent in a numerously-signed petition to the Governor, asking that a pailow or arch should be erected to the memory of a young woman of their acquaintance, whose story is as follows: "The second daughter of an expectant Tautai in Kiangsu, who was left a widow at an early age, devoted herself to her mother-in-law, for whose sake alone she refrained from committing suicide on her husband's death. Her own mother having fallen sick, she went home to nurse her, and finding she grew worse instead of better, the daughter cut flesh from her own arm to mix with her mother's medicine.

The protracted illness of her mother so distressed her that she also took to her bed, from which she never rose."

The last days of the summer months found us again on the wing. Shanghai in its low fertile plain, with its crescent-shaped bund and brilliant gaslights, its paved streets and carriage driving and jinrikishas, seemed like a new world in contrast to the scenery and life at the north.

One of the largest arsenals of China is near Shanghai. About one thousand men, at a pay varying from three and a half dollars to fifty dollars a month, are employed in making the Remington rifle, and Armstrong gun. It is next to impossible for a Chinaman to pronounce an English R, so the word to designate this rifle is pronounced Leamington. Europeans were formerly in charge of these works, but Chinese workmen are now considered competent by the officials to attend to the whole business, though some Englishmen are still employed under the direction of the Chinese. The former look of order and cleanliness has disappeared under the new regime, and the machinery is dull and dirty. The Chinese are great utilitarians. They say, "Why, if a machine will do the same work when it is grimy and black as when it is clean and polished, what's the use of spending time in rubbing it up?" The whole establishment had an air of needing one of Aunt Chloe's "clarin'" up times.

While visiting a friend in Shanghai and learning of the customs of the people, an incident occurred which will show the spirit of conjugal love. My friend was sympathizing with her cook, whose wife was very ill.

A messenger came, saying the woman was dying. The poor cook groaned under his affliction, and instead of instantly hastening to her bedside, he sat down in the kitchen overcome with his grief, exclaiming: "Oh, dear! what bad luck this is! I paid twenty-four dollars to get her only two years ago, and however will I be able to afford another one!"

The sea from Ningpo to the mouth of the Min river was wonderfully brilliant with phosphorescent light on the night of September 9th. The waves sparkled and glowed with a weird greenish brightness. It seemed as though cities appeared and disappeared in the distance. The sky was utter blackness, but there was a milky way of diamonds upon the broad ocean. All night the steamer sailed through the dancing, foaming waves of an illuminated sea. From the mouth of the Min river to pagoda anchorage, where all ships and steamers lie, is thirty miles. It is nine and a half miles farther up the river to the city of Foochow.

A steam launch was awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and we passengers were soon enjoying the exceedingly picturesque scenery of the Min river, winding between the mountains.

These steamers which ply along the China coast are very comfortable; even luxurious. There is no opportunity for hunger on board. Coffee and toast are brought to the bedside early in the morning. Breakfast of several courses is served at nine o'clock. Tiffin of still larger variety is ready at one o'clock. Then there is the four o'clock tea, with biscuits or cake, and an elaborate dinner at seven in the evening.

A large assortment of liquors is freely placed upon the tables for the use of the passengers, and of course the price of travel by such steamers is guaged accordingly, so that the few who do not take liquor must pay the same as though they were drunkards. Some of our fellow voyagers made up for our deficiency and drank as though bound to get their own and other people's money's worth. One of these, a young man, was sitting near our party on the bow of the steam launch as we passed up the river. He was taken suddenly very ill. In a state of utter unconsciousness he fell from his seat on top of a pile of trunks, cutting fearful gashes in his head and neck. "Effect of this horrid sun," said his friend; but had there been no liquid fire raging within I doubt not he could have withstood the heat as well as our party equally exposed. It is said that there is no cemetery of equal size in the world where there are so many young men buried as in Shanghai; and it is also said by one who has lived in that city many years, that nine-tenths of these deaths are more or less caused by the excessive use of intoxicating drink. Oh! when will young men remember the truth proven over and over before their eyes: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Foochow is bounded upon all sides by mountains. The immediate region has been fittingly termed the Switzerland of China. Few travellers visit this place, because of the greater difficulty in reaching it. The regular line of steamers running from Shanghai to Hong Kong does not call at these coast cities. One may have to wait several days in Shanghai to get a

steamer along the coast, and must change steamers at Foochow for the south and pay considerable more than by the direct route to Hong Kong. But I can assure a tourist that the scenery amply repays one for the trouble and expense.

The city of Foochow numbers a million people, and ranks next to Canton and exceeds Peking or Shanghai. Within the walls of the city are three hills. The streets are paved with granite, and the various levels of the streets are reached by stone stairways. A very substantial bridge spans the river to an island two-thirds of the way across, which is covered completely with Chinese houses, and again the bridge unites the island to the bank on the south side of the river. It is called the bridge of ten thousand ages; not because it has been in existence that length of time, but because the Chinese think it is strong enough to last as long as that. It is one thousand years now since it was first built. Over this mass of granite — granite from foundation to balustrade and flooring — Chinese humanity was thronging while our own land was still an unbroken wilderness, unknown to the white man. Most of the foreigners live on the hill-sides on the south bank of the river. Their houses are built with large shaded verandas upon all sides, for the heat is the same here as in Florida of our own land. The bamboo, palms, and banyan trees grow luxuriantly. The latter, however, never reach their full development in this climate, and hence are called mock banyans.

One of the most flourishing missions of the American Methodists is in this city. It was with real

pride that we visited the various departments, all well equipped of their noble work. The woman's society have here one of the most talented lady physicians in their ranks, and have wisely furnished her with a most excellent hospital building and a skillful assistant.

The principal business of Foochow is exporting tea, and manufacturing from the refuse and dust of better qualities cakes of what is known here as brick tea, sold largely for Russia trade. The making of this brick tea is an interesting sight. At one end of a large building was a heap of tea-dust and broken leaves, and at the other side were six furnaces, on each of which was a large kettle of boiling water. After the tea was weighed, it was passed to the man at the fires, who spread it on a dirty, stained cloth laid over the boiling water, and quickly placed over a cover, to keep in the steam. When thoroughly heated in the vapor, the tea was gathered up into the cloth and thrown at a man some feet distant, who emptied the smoking contents into a wooden mould. Another workman placed this under a ponderous lever, moved by a gang of almost naked men. After the pressing and cooling, these cakes of tea, six by ten inches, and one inch thick, are wrapped in paper and ready for export.

There is in this "Banyan City" a wealthy Chinaman, who believes in America; has sent his son there to be educated, and enjoys meeting foreigners. He called upon us, very hospitably inviting us to tiffin at his house, giving us a choice of either Chinese or American food. We assured him that the former

style would please us very much, and I need not say I was delighted at the idea of visiting *a la* Chinese. Our chair-bearers left us just within the high walls and closed gateway which separated the elegant home of this Chinaman from the sights and smells of the narrow Chinese street. We passed through a series of courts, the open ones gay with growing plants in queer porcelain jars, and the covered ones decorated with blue tiles and paintings of Chinese scenes. At the end of these courts was a three-sided room, rich in carving and furnished with two rows of Chinese chairs, alternating with tiny tables, ranged the lengthwise of the room and facing each other. Our host conducted us into a side parlor, and to a large divan of marble and carved wood and soft cushions on a dais at the end of the room. We were seated facing the rest of the company. Tea in tiny covered bowls without sugar or milk, was served to all the guests.

It is a Chinese custom to select some motto for a business house as implying the spirit of the dealer. The store of this Chinaman had been known as the place of "fair" or "happy profits" for many years, until the motto of the business had been given to the proprietor himself, and he is called quite generally by two Chinese words, Ah Hok, which is in English "Mr. Happy Profits."

A few years ago he added on to his native home a suite of rooms in European style, where he might entertain foreign friends. Although our invitation was to a Chinese meal, we did not sit down four at a table and several tables in the room, as native custom is, but the entire company sat at one long table together.

The host, in lavender silk trousers, and long white grass-cloth tunic, and yellow satin shoes, escorted me to the dining-room. It was quite a walk through a series of other courts, and my escort used the best "pidgin" he could command and his partial knowledge of the English tongue to enliven our promenade.

"My wife no can walkee vely fast; she no have much good time; she have vely little foots." Mr. B. and the hostess, whose poor little bound feet were encased in a pair of embroidered shoes not three inches long, followed next, talking without words, for the lady had not even the accomplishment of "pidgin English."

Chinese fruits, the lengkeng, the worgtang, the guava, persimmons and pumelows ornamented the side-table, while a variety of sweetmeats and flowers were arranged on the dining-table. Before each guest was a pair of silver and pearl chopsticks, a tiny dish of two parts, containing in one half-dried watermelon seeds, and in the other dried almond seeds; these were for nibbling between the courses; also a tiny silver ladle and a three-cornered little cup of silver in a tray of the same shape, containing wine. Although our host did not profess Christianity himself, out of courtesy to the guests present, he asked one of the company to give thanks for the food. As the servants brought in the first course in little odd-shaped dishes, the host wished us to understand that if his guests could have remained in Foochow long enough, he would have taken pleasure in extending an invitation to dinner, but as he only had had time to have us to tiffin — just a simple tiffin — he would like the

company to excuse the small variety of nice dishes he had provided. Had Mr. Happy Profits given us a dinner of the style suggested, and expected me at his elbow to taste of everything, as at this "simple lunch," I should not be alive to tell the tale. But here is the

BILL OF FARE AT THIS TIFFIN PARTY.

First Course — Boiled prawns in oil.
Second Course — Bits of pork chops.
Third Course — Preserved eggs, with ducks' gizzards.
Fourth Course — Ducks' Livers. Boiled ham in wee bits.
Fifth Course — Boiled pork, kidneyed.
Sixth Course — Roast pork, tongues, and roast cuttle-fish.
Seventh Course — Boiled pigeon eggs, and bird nests soup.
Eighth Course — Boiled crabs, and shell fish.
Ninth Course — Boiled fish fins, and rice cakes.
Tenth Course — Fried mushrooms, and duck tongues.
Eleventh Course — Fried roofs of the mouths of pigs.
Twelfth Course — Boiled fairy rice.
Thirteenth Course — Cooked webbed feet of ducks.
Fourteenth Course — Fried wings of fowl.
Fifteenth Course — Lily seed soup.
Sixteenth Course — Almond tea and sweet cakes.
Seventeenth Course — Chicken soup, and salted cake.
Eighteenth Course — Sweetmeats and jellies.
Nineteenth Course — Mince-meat cakes.
Twentieth Course — Fruits, etc.
Tea. Watermelon and almond seeds, et cetera, in several additional courses.

It required a bravery that few can realize, to taste and eat of all these courses, and still smile on. When the eleventh dish was brought in, courage failed. The name was not suggestive to a good appetite, and it was arranged on the tiny dish to resemble a centipede. How could I swallow it? But my host was watching. "Ah! you no like this," he said; "try leetle; vely good!" There was no escape. I must

taste of this roof of the mouth of pig in centipede shape. My host clapped his hands with delight. "I know you like 'em; if you want more, I send for other dish."

According to Chinese etiquette, it is the proper thing to smack one's lips and sip everything quite noisily, and ask all the questions one feels inclined. The pretty hostess was pleased to show her attire, which was ornamented with rich embroidery done by herself. Her bridal finery was brought out: the shoulder cape, which has done good service for other brides beside herself — each son's wife having worn it in turn — cost one thousand dollars. It was a network of bits of embroidered silk, and finished with fringe and silk pendants, from the ends of which were fastened gold ornaments, jewels and jade-stones. I attempted to put this jingling, tinkling cape over my shoulder, but was quickly prevented by the mother of our host, who exclaimed with an air of fright: "It will bring you bad luck; none but a bride must ever wear it."

Our hostess was much delighted at our surprise and curiosity over her little feet. They were the smallest I had seen, and of the kind coveted by Chinese ladies, and known as the "golden lily foot." The shoe was not three inches in length. She was just finishing the elaborate embroidery upon a new pair and kindly offered to complete them as a gift, which she did the next day.

Our genial friend, "Mr. Happy Profits," presented us with a photograph of his family in a group taken in one of the rooms of his mansion.

XIV.

Condition of women in China — Glimpse into a house of the middle classes — Coffin in the dining-room — Making paper money for the dead — Lunch with Mrs. Gen. Pang — Mandarin calls in an American doctor — Amoy — Swatow Mission — Boat journey into interior of Kwangtung — Native chapel and service — Persecutions.

N my last, I gave you a peep into the house of one of the wealthy and more progressive Chinamen of Foochow. But it was not a fair type of the home life, even among the wealthy. Our host does not formally profess Christianity, yet he has by social intercourse with missionaries caught somewhat of the spirit they manifest, and his home is the purer and brighter for it. Woman's lot in China is dreary and unenviable in the palace or the mud hut. The iron bars of custom and superstition environ her upon every side. She enters the household an unwelcome guest and is taught, from childhood up, that

"Woman is but dust.
A soulless toy for tyrants' lust!"

At the age of six or eight, according to the fortune of the family, her feet must be bandaged and compressed, a terribly painful process to be endured for

years. Without this crippling she cannot expect to ever become the legal wife of any man of education or position; she can never be a lady; but upon her would fall the menial services, the carrying of the sewerage to the fields, or perchance the father or elder brother will raise money, for some time of need, by selling her to some one of the numerous houses of hell to be seen in every Chinese city. Man holds the power of life and death over the female members of his household in China.

That you may gain a more correct idea of the inner life of the middle classes, let me give you a glimpse into a house I visited, which, I am told, is a fair specimen of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of homes in China. A high wall shuts in the premises upon all sides. The brain of a Chinese woman has not even the sights of the street to feed upon. The house consists of a series of rooms and courts. The best apartment faces the large open court towards the entrance. It was decorated with roll pictures, and furnished with carved chairs and tables, every nook and cranny of which were covered with a thick film of dust. The family consisted of a widowed mother and nine sons, with their wives and children, the mother being at the head of the establishment, and holding almost unlimited power over the nine daughters-in-law and the grandchildren. Upon each side of the central rooms and courts were ten sleeping apartments, about eighteen feet square. One small window, near the ceiling, and the door were the only means of ventilation. Boxes and bureau, a god-shelf, dried herbs and trumpery of all sorts lined the sides

of the room, while the huge bedstead, with its framework covered with netting, took up a third of the space. Within it, across the back, was a shelf for bedding; thus the bed served a triple use: it was a clothes-press and sitting place by day, and sleeping place for one entire family by night. On the frame in front was pasted an ugly red paper picture, and hanging below it a sword made of cash (the Chinese iron and copper coin) strung together.

"What are those decorations for?" I asked.

"Tell her," said daughter-in-law number one to my friend who was interpreting, "tell her they are only the children's toys."

"No!" interrupted number four, "tell her the truth."

"Yes," chimed in numbers five and eight, "if you say it's only a toy we shall have bad luck; we put the sword and the ugly picture over our beds to frighten the evil spirits away."

Number six, being an invalid, begged that we would come to her room, that she too might see the foreign lady from the far-off country of the flowery flag. We found her in the small back room, without sunshine or society, without books or a knowledge to read if she had them, without the solace of the Christian's faith. Her emaciated form and hollow eyes showed that consumption had fastened its death-grip upon her. At one side of the dining-room was a huge box covered with a faded blanket. The chickens hopped about it, picking up the stray crumbs; an old hen was perched on top of it. The sides were well fastened to the walls by festoons of cobwebs.

"What a strange thing that is," I said; "it looks like a coffin!"

"Yes," replied my friend, "it is, and the deceased father of all these sons is within it. He died nearly four years ago, and has been here ever since. The family is waiting for a lucky day in which to bury him."

At a little table in the kitchen sat the old wife, busy making up money out of silver paper for the use of her lord in the world to which he has gone.

Paper money and bills of exchange, paper horses and carriages and clothing are made up and burned for the dead. The ashes remain on earth, but the spiritual part goes to the spirit world, they say, and is magnified a thousandfold, and becomes the property of the deceased. In Canton, the other day, I was invited to lunch with the family of General Pang, who has charge of the coast defences of this district. The house was of the same general sort as the one just described, with the addition of a garden of stiff plants in quaint jars, rather more carving and dirt and dust. There were five wives, elaborately gotten up with paint and powder, but only the wife number one and the mother-in-law sat at the table with us. The other wives and all the children with numerous servants looked on from the sides of the room, occasionally joining in the conversation.

While writing of these Chinese homes, let me tell you of the way in which one of these husbands in high position in Canton showed his affection in time of distress. He was not a progressive man like the viceroy at the north, yet being so far away from roy-

alty, and the great capital, and having been thrown into relations with foreigners for many years, he decided to call in an English physician for one of his household. It was not his better half, but "the fifth or sixth," that was beyond the power of Chinese quackery. The doctor told me that his experience was this: in the middle of the night the sedan-chair and outrunners in scarlet-fringed hats, boys with gongs carrying a red umbrella, the insignia of the owner's position, were sent to the house. Wife number two has been jealous of number four, and in a frenzy concluded not to live any longer, and had taken a dose of opium. Chinese skill having been exhausted, the doctor of the foreign settlement arrives and is met in the inner parlor by the smiling husband, who insists upon showing his courtesy with sweetmeats and a smoke. It would be the height of rudeness for the doctor to refer first to the sick woman. After half an hour of smoking and chatting the mandarin happens to remember that "one of the vile creatures of the inner apartment" is not well. Servants show the stranger to the room — the husband's dignity would not allow him to do this. During the delay the poor creature has died, and the doctor with his medicines retreated from the scene. Of course he does not receive pay for this visit. It is considered ample compensation to have thus been honored by a mandarin. What more could a miserable foreigner desire?

This is just a glimpse into the home life of China. Heathen households, not homes, they are. I thank God that the same Christianity which has elevated

woman and brightened and sweetened the home life of other lands, is at work here and there in China.

A journey of twenty-four hours on the China Sea and we are at Amoy.

The native city is built upon the main-land. Opposite it is a picturesque island, a mile long by nearly a mile wide, well covered by the fine dwellings and grounds of foreign residents. Among the veteran missionaries of China is a brother of the famed Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, who is laboring at Amoy. After another twenty-four hours on the boisterous waves we anchor in the bay of Swatow. Since the opening of this port to foreign trade, the little village of Swatow has grown into a large market town of over thirty thousand people. The scenery on the opposite shore is in perfect contrast to the low, flat, made land of the peninsula on which the city is built. Bold, rugged mountains form the background for the hills, and boulders and verdure of this south side of the bay. Among the rocks of the steep hillsides are the buildings of the American missionaries. At the head of this mission has been, for many years, one of whom not only the denomination may be proud, but America is honored in having a man of such intellect and heart, and common sense, in the far east, that the world may see of what stuff our best men are made. It is not to be wondered at that leading educational positions in America have been offered to him. But Dr. Ashmore cannot be tempted to leave the work to which he feels God has called him. Among the various helpers associated with him in this mission, of all of whom kindly words could be said, were it in

place, is one single lady who is known in many of the homes of the friends of missionaries as a woman of earnest zeal and wonderful executive ability. From this centre at Swatow the work radiates throughout the district. With this lady just mentioned, we took an interior journey of three days up the river, visiting the stations and seeing the native christians in their own homes and chapels. As our boat touched the bank of the river at Kek-oi, thirty-five miles from Swatow, we were greeted with a couple of smiling faces. A boy in the school at the mission had returned to his home the night before, and given the news that people from far-off America, a brother and sister in the faith, were coming to spend the Sabbath. The word was passed from one to another, and nearly sixty of the church were assembled in the little chapel to give us a formal welcome.

The room was dimly lighted. There were two metal saucers of peanut oil, and the pith of a few bulrushes burning in them. But we could see the welcome in the faces, and the words of greeting were hearty and full of gratitude that we had come so far to see them there.

"Tell the christians of America that our hearts are full of thankfulness to them for this Gospel of Jesus Christ."

I will not give all the messages here, but take you into their Sabbath services the next morning.

Leaving the boat, which is our home during the journey, let us climb the hill back of the chapel and get the view. In an area of a little over three miles radius we can count eighty-two towns and villages. Farm-

ers cluster together like bees in a hive. They work their small shares of the soil during the day, and return to the compact village for safety at night. The chapel owns no bell or clock, hence the time of service is uncertain; but the Bible woman comes to meet us, saying "Meeting is ready to begin when we shall get there." Groups of barefooted women, with short trousers of blue grass cloth and yellow tunics, with a plaid cotton cloth over their heads, trudge along through the fields, and, catching sight of our missionary guide, shout "Penge!"

Those are some of our sisters on their way to chapel, said our friend, "They are giving the Christian salutation; "May peace be with you!" Some of them have walked from seven to ten miles to attend service. The small-footed women cannot get over quite such distances, but even with their crippled, bound feet they come three or four miles. On the ends of that bamboo pole over their shoulders are baskets in which are rice and fuel for their noon-day meal. They stay to both services, and walk home in time to attend to feeding the pigs and chickens before dark.

The main part of the chapel was well-filled with the men, while the women, according to the Chinese ideas of propriety, occupied the side rooms, and through the barred window and open doorway they could see a little and hear almost everything.

Said a native Christian woman to our missionary guide on this excursion: "Teacher, when we get to heaven, are we to be very happy?" "Yes," was the reply. "And are we to have a beautiful house and everything we want there to make us enjoy it?"

"Yes!" "Well, then," said the native Christian, "up in heaven there'll be no *sisteren*, for we will all be brethren there." I am glad, with the poor custom-bound women, that the Bible does not intimate that the one sex shall sit in some favored spot in the heavenly temple, and the other sex peep through bars of gold to see and hear and join in the worship of eternity. But to return to the little chapel at Kek-oi. The pulpit was a small red table. Upon each side sat the deacon and church clerk. The deacon adjusted his glasses, the eyes of which were about the size of a small saucer, and proceeded to call the roll. "Li! Li!" answered the members present, and their names on the church book were stamped with a red India ink letter. The absent ones had a black mark. Contributions were next brought up and carefully strung on the tow cord, which held the cash of previous collections. The service of prayer and preaching and hymns then went on in the same order as at home. The audience paid good attention, and did not seem to lose the drift of the sermon in the clouds of lime smoke which now and then filled the rooms, from a lime kiln next door, whose owner did not observe a Christian Sabbath. A few present yawned, one or two actually nodded and drew up their bare feet under them on these seats without backs, and seemed to find it hard to keep awake. Disgraceful, wasn't it? So ungrateful to the people at home who give two cents every week to send them the Gospel! But people who come to church in carriages and sit on cushioned pews with backs to them have been known to sleep during

sermon-time in a land that is not called China.

Once every three months the native preachers, and the women studying to do Bible work, and those who have been doing such service and many church-members meet for a week of religious exercises in the chapel at Swatow.

It had been arranged that this quarterly gathering should take place during our visit. I will not weary you with a description of that week's enjoyment. It was of itself rich compensation for all the weariness and trouble of the journey thus far. One feature of the week I will refer to, however. As one and another from the various parts of the district came in to the meetings, they brought the story of threatened persecutions. Said one: "The little chapel at our place has been destroyed by four soldiers."

Another said he was stopped on his way by men who wanted the names of all Christians; that the military Governor, whose fierce measures to subdue the clan feuds resulted in the beheading of four thousand men, had resolved to break up the Christian worship. His name is a word of terror, but the christian man's simple reply was, "We are not a secret band; we are not ashamed of our religion; and we can all be found in our chapel on Sunday mornings." When the little company of over thirty came before the church asking to join their number in the service of the one only and true God, such questions as these were put by the Chinese preachers: "Are you willing to be beaten? Are you willing to be reviled? Do you know that you may be cheated out of your property because you are a Christian? Are you will-

ing to be seized by Pung-tai-jin rather than go back to idol worship?" Twenty-one of the number were received into the church after baptism, during which the hymn so well known in American churches was sung with an appropriateness that could not be felt in that land as it was in China this day:

"In all my Lord's appointed ways, my journey I'll pursue."
"Through floods and flames if Jesus lead, I'll follow where he goes."

Do you say this idea of persecution is impossible in this nineteenth century? But let me give you one instance, and there are many such. A woman came to these meetings whose story briefly is as follows:

A neighbor of hers had heard of the true God; she told her friend about this new religion. The woman became convinced that it was better than idols and ancestral worship. She was a widow with one son, and together they began to pray to the true God, and gave up the making of cakes for idol feast days, and the burning of paper money for the dead father and husband. When at prayer in their own home one Sunday morning, the woman's brother-in-law rushed in upon them. Holding her down upon her knees, he demanded that she promise to return to the worship of the ancestors, and never attend the Christian service again. She would not promise to give up prayer to the true God, but she would not go to the chapel while her brother was so opposed. "No!" that concession would not suffice, and he beat her, bound foot and limbs until she fainted. Then upon her recovery, finding that she was still firm, and yet so bruised she could not stand, he had her carried to the edge of the town and left to die.

The Christian friend came to her, and though unable to take her into her own home because of her own husband, she had her carried in a chair to the nearest chapel, where the Bible woman there shared with her her bed and food and brought her in a boat to Swatow weeks afterward. When I saw her in the Bible women's meeting, so crippled she could not stand, yet asking the sisters to pray for her and her boy, who is in the old home, that they may both be true to their God, I said the days of persecution for righteousness' sake are not ended, and if the life of many of these Chinese women was known, there would be found instances of heroic martyrdom equal to those of earlier days. After the Sabbath services, most of the company scattered to their homes and their work. Those that remained asked to escort the friends from America to the steamer in Chinese fashion. Two by two they marched behind us to the shore, and with the last glimpse of Swatow came their parting words: "Penge! Penge!"

A night journey, and before noon we are in Hong Kong. Taking the evening boat up the Pearl river ninety miles, we reach the great metropolis of Canton.

XV.

Canton a swarming million — Boat life — Moon festival — Honors paid the fire god — Native restaurants — "There's no disputing about tastes" — Recipe for thin hair — Advertising use of old plasters — The temple of five hundred gods — Sacred pigs — Howqua family — Canton streets — Po-Shang-pill — Excursion up Pearl river — Hong Kong.

HEN the statement is made that the population of Canton is over a million, the mind does not at first grasp its full meaning. That word "million" is so smooth, it seems the easiest thing in the world to say a "million of souls in Canton." But it takes on a new significance after one has been in this great whirlpool of humanity. The never-ending processions winding in and out of these narrow streets; the swarms of children peeping out of every house; people living as closely as sardines in a box; men and boys at night-fall asleep in every nook and corner; the land so crowded that between two and three hundred thousand people live on the water: this is Canton with its million of souls. The happiest-looking persons in this great metropolis of heathens are the inhabitants of the boats. Children are reared, married and die in these boat-houses, know-

ing no other life than that of their parents before them, and that life a continual struggle to gain from the water by fishing or rowing, enough to keep the appetite satisfied, and a scanty supply of clothing for the body. Most of these boats are manned by women, and though their life is a hard one, and they row and scull and push, and scrub their little homes, and cook the rice and look after the babies, and then have to hand over their hard earnings to their lord, who, in many instances spends the most of it in some opium den on shore, they are to be envied in comparison with the crippled, bound-footed woman "who lives in a palace and may fare like a queen," but never has any "outing."

On the rear end of these house-boats is a willow coop full of chickens, and on many a pot of growing vegetable or green stuff, which gives a garden look to the small deck. The baby is fastened by a cord to the mat roof above, while the older ones wear a gayly painted gourd, or piece of bamboo, on their backs, so that in case they should fall overboard they would float. Wee little ones are given an oar and learn the stroke by the time they can walk, so that while very young they are really of help to the mother in guiding and propelling the boat. There is very evident, among these people in the floating houses, a spirit of kindly give and take. When pushing along against the tide, through the crowds on the river, it often becomes necessary for the boat-woman to help herself along by hooking her bamboo pole into a neighbor's craft and ask for a friendly shove. In every instance the favors were kindly given, and though the boats

did sometimes knock into each other and the entire family have to stop their breakfast to get things right, there was very little scolding.

We reached Canton too late for the "moon festival," a time when much of the land city and all of the boat people illuminate their homes and spend the night feasting the moon. As the "Man in the Moon" did not come down so soon as he did in Mother Goose's day, the devout people were obliged to eat up all the good things they had spread out before him; but as he was pleased with the sight, it was just as well, they thought. "Moon cakes" were still in the market when we arrived, and the boats were decorated with gay papers and half-burned incense sticks.

When the monsoon changes from southwest to northeast, the Cantonese observe another religious festival, which lasts for several nights. With the north wind comes a great danger of extensive fires in their compact city, hence they wish to gain the favor of the god of fire by paying him special devotions in the early fall. These honors to the fire god were in progress during several nights of our stay in Canton. In front of every little shop in the middle of the street, for long distances, was suspended a chandelier with five to seven kerosene lamps in full blaze, and a myriad of paper lanterns hung along the sides of the way to add to the brightness. Chinese bands scraped and pounded upon their horrible instruments of discord, as though run by machinery of perpetual motion. Between each three or four of the chandeliers hung a case of clay and wooden figures grouped to repre-

sent some thrilling scene in history, and dressed in the most gorgeous satin and embroidery. Within these hollow images had been placed live mice, whose frantic efforts to escape made the springs work.

The heads bowed, the arms of the executioner moved, the satin dresses rustled in the most mysterious manner possible. The juvenile Cantonese near by did not appreciate our desire to see "the fire god show," and called us "Fan-kwai! Fan-kwai!" — "foreign devils! foreign devils!" — and as we turned into a dark street toward home, threw some banana roots after us. The word China is associated — to those who in childhood have read Peter Parley—with men carrying puppies and rats for sale. But, after nearly five months of constant travel in China, in this last city of the Empire, we have for the first time seen these animals used for food.

In Canton there are restaurants where stewed dog, dried or fresh fried rat, and a savory dish of cooked cat can be had at any time. Indeed, the head cook of one of these eating-houses assured me that his customers could rely upon having at his shop the best-fed rats in the market. There is no deception in his bill of fare; customers who wish a bit of nice fricassee puppy, need not fear that mutton or beef is being palmed off upon them. The head cook showed me the method by which his patrons could detect any such fraud. It is this: a part of the tail with the hair on it is left with the meat, and there lay the dog's tail and the appendage of the rat on the side of the sauce-pan, while the attached meat was cooking briskly in the boiling goose-oil. Yellow or gray

cats are not considered toothsome. A black cat is tenderly reared for the market. Dog meat is considered very strengthening, and is used by men who have hard manual labor to perform. Cat meat is given to those needing tonic, while I am told a diet of rat meat will cause the hair to grow. If any young man with a very downy moustache wishes to try this choice recipe, he is at perfect liberty to do so, without feeling it necessary to send me a testimonial of its efficacy.

When a Chinese doctor makes an application of a strengthening plaster of any sort, and it is successful in relieving the patient, the custom is to return it to the shop of the quack and paste it on his door-post. I passed the office of a Chinese physician, who must have a very large and successful practice, as his doorway was completely covered from three to five deep with old plasters. Imagine one of our leading M. D's at home adopting this style of advertisement, and having the front of his house covered with mustard poultices and belladonna plasters, which have been returned as successful.

Among the sights of Canton which the traveller is expected "to do," is the temple of the five hundred gods or five hundred incarnations of Buddha. The faces of no two of these images are alike. To keep up a variety, some of the heads are adorned with blue wool and blue moustaches. One wears a foreign hat, and is said to be the deified resemblance of Marco Polo.

Then there is the temple of the sacred pigs, where these animals are cared for by the priests, and are

allowed the privilege of a serene and fat old age, and natural death.

The foreign merchants of Canton have one of the most beautiful concessions for residence in China. It was formerly a sandy flat, but was filled in by the British and French and surrounded by a wall of stone masonry. It is well laid out and beautified, and, with elegant buildings of the merchants and consulates, it is a charming spot.

When one is as far away from home as this, to meet any other who knows any of your own kin in the native land makes a tie of acquaintance immediately. It was our privilege to meet in Canton a brother of one of the most earnest workers in the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Providence. We seemed to him like old friends, and through his courtesy we had the opportunity of visiting the extensive and elegant estate of a Chinese family, with whom he was well acquainted; a family whose wealth a few years ago was estimated at twenty millions of dollars. The grounds where this Howqua family resides cover about thirty acres of the island of Honan, opposite Canton, yet in reality a part of the metropolis. More than an acre of the place is devoted to a lotus-grown pond with arbors jutting out into it, and a

> "Marble pavilion, where a spring
> Of living water from the centre rose,
> Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
> And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,"

where sat the beauties of the harem idly smoking and gossiping together. There are a large ancestral hall,

buildings for residence for each branch of the family, a temple, and salaried priests, and a house for the unburied dead, where seven coffins had been waiting from two to eleven years for the lucky day and spot for burial. There is also a private chapel where the family portraits hang, and where Madame Howqua worships the dead ancestors. She is the widow of the oldest son of the old family, and hence is reigning queen over the entire household.

The streets of Canton are from six to fourteen feet in width, and are for the most part cleaner than in other Chinese cities. There is a marked spirit of enterprise and activity in the city. Certain kinds of trades and wares seem to fall naturally into line. There is a long street where, in every open shop, the men are beating copper. There is a looking-glass street, and jade-stone street, and a mile of shoe-shops, and silk-stores, and china ware by the acre.

The exquisite embroidery on silks and satins of the most delicate shades comes out pure and spotless from rooms dingy and black, and from the hands of workmen whose general look corresponds with the walls within which they work. The street of drug shops presents a showy appearance, especially the place where the noted Po-Shang pills are made and sold. The secret of this life-preserving pill has kept one family rich for the last hundred years. The Chinese have great faith in its virtue, which is shown by the price they pay: fifty cents a pill. Just how long one pill will lenghten out a man's mortal existence I have not learned.

Our sight-seeing in China was almost ended. We

had arranged to go to Hong Kong. But one of the successful business men of the foreign community very kindly urged that we remain one day, and that he be allowed to finish our Canton chapter with an excursion in his steam launch up the Pearl River to the Rocky Gates. It was a glorious ending to most enjoyable travel. The scenery above the city is no longer flat or monotonous. The tropical vegetation, the bountiful dinner on board, the gorgeous sunset, the delightful ride, all combined to make a very gratifying finale to the long series of pleasant excursions upon bays and rivers, through valleys and over mountain ranges, and along the tortuous coast of China during these last five months.

Hong Kong is an island of rock about twenty-five miles in circumference. The city is built on terraces cut out of the sides, so that the houses tower above each other row after row, and cross streets are immense stone stairways. There is a winding road to the top of Victoria peak, eighteen hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and coolies make a business of carrying travellers in sedan-chairs to the flag-staff on the summit.

The view of the sea, and the mouth of the river, and country toward Canton; of the city clinging to the side of the mountain below, and the myriad shipping of every nationality, well repays one for the time and expense of the ascent. There are fine gardens on the island, where the English band plays twice a week. The Governor's residence is surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, as are other of the more wealthy homes. This can be better appreciated when it is

borne in mind that almost all this soil has been brought here by the shipload.

The Governor of Hong Kong, who is, by the way, an Irishman, has brought upon himself the grumblings of most of the residents in his colony. He is pursuing a policy toward the Chinese of the city quite the opposite to that which men of his nationality in America would like to carry out toward the Chinese on the Pacific coast. Gov. Hennessey has done away with the scourging and torture upon prisoners, as is the custom still in Chinese courts of justice. He has made the prisons, it is claimed, so luxurious that the Chinese are coming over from their own land, and trying to steal, or burn down houses in Hong Kong, that they may become entitled to these accommodations and food, so much better than they can obtain by honest labor.

Hong Kong, notwithstanding its large Chinese population, wears a decidedly English air. The traveller realizes that he is out of a heathen country, when, going to the post-office, he reads engraven on the stone arch of the door-way these words from Holy Writ: "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country" — a truth appreciated away off here as it cannot be at home. I write this on the steamship *Khiva* of the Peninsular and Oriental line. Our six days' journey from Hong Kong to Singapore, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles, is almost accomplished. From here Mr. B. takes side excursions to Siam, and elsewhere, after which he rejoins us at Maulmain or Rangoon, Burmah, where, since I am a woman, and have a woman's tongue, I shall require

more time to do up the visiting with friends of "auld lang syne," whom I hope to reach by the close of the present month.

My letters to the *Journal* have heretofore gone via San Francisco; this one and any others will reach Providence by way of the Suez Canal and England.

XVI.

Days of most delightful sea-voyaging — Diving feats of Malay boys — Singapore the bazaar of the world — Tropical vegetation — British and India Steam-ship Co. — Off Malacca — Penang — Tobacco raising on Sumatra — Coolie labor — Up the Salwen — Sagacity of the elephants in lumber yards — Marks of a white elephant — Rice exports — Maulmain — Bungalow homes — Lizards — Tauktaw — Crows.

THE China Sea, usually so treacherous, presented to us her sunniest face, and the journey from Hong Kong to Singapore was in perfect contrast to the rain and mud of our embarking. Ladies and children appeared each day in the freshest and daintiest of toilets. The piano was brought on deck, and there were dancing and singing and games. On the morning of the sixth day, the *Khiva* lay alongside the wharf of the Peninsular and Oriental line of steamships, three miles from the city of Singapore. Around the vessel swarmed a score of boys in natural suits of seal brown, rowing their dug-out boats and gesticulating and yelling to the passengers above: "Me good diver! pick 'em up all time; throw once, ladies, you see; catch silver piece ebery time; try 'em once, try 'em!" A silver coin was held up for all to see. "Ready!" The coin glittered down into the

water. Instantly every boy disappeared. It was a moment of perfect quiet. Empty boats and scattered oars floated idly on the silent sea. Not a sound but the rippling waves against the sides of the huge steamship. "Would those boys ever come up?" But the thought was checked by the answer of uprising faces and dripping bodies, and grunts of dissatisfaction from the unlucky divers. The successful boy taking the coin from between his teeth, gave a grin of delight, saying: "Try um agin, lady; try um, hey?" These boys set up in the diving business at a very early age. They hire at first a place in an older boy's dug-out, and after a time own a boat for themselves. When too large for this trade, they set up as peddlers, and load their boats with sea shells and curios and birds of gay plumage, and frequent the vicinity of newly arrived steamers.

Singapore is the bazaar of the world. There is here a little of everything, and people from everywhere. This is the meeting-place of the coffee and spices from Java and the South, with the tobacco and fruits of Sumatra and Malacca; the silk and carved ivory from China, and the lacquer and fans of Japan, with the cottons and prints of England and France. Here are trinkets and beetle jewelry from Siam, rice from Burmah, opium from India, and the celebrated cloysenne work from Pekin, China. Singapore is a city of free trade. A cement-covered brick monument stands in the open square near the post-office, in honor of the man who caused this blessing to rest upon this city of the straits. Though nominally an English settlement, the number of white faces is very small in

comparison with those from Oriental lands. The streets are gay with all manner of bright costumes. The flowing drapery of the Hindoo, the dull, blue cotton of the Chinese, the brilliant plaid of the Burmese, Malays with nose and ears studded full of jewels, with anklets and armlets and bracelets and finger rings and toe rings and nose rings, Europeans in white the year through, travellers from the East and the West "going round" in linen and gray; all this and more help to form the picture of Singapore streets. There is no change of seasons at this part of the world. It is always summer, and yet always April. A heavy, pouring shower comes without notice, and in an instant after the sun will be blazing forth with all its midday strength. The heat rarely exceeds ninety degrees or falls below seventy-five degrees throughout the entire year. In such a climate of even heat and moisture, the vegetation reaches the fullness of tropical beauty. The island is richly clothed in brilliant greens. Nature throws out her covering of grass and trees, and the drapery of ferns and vines and feathery bamboo in bewildering abandonment of growth. Monkeys run wild and chatter and chipper in the tangled woods. Not many years ago elephants and tigers had a home in the jungle. The surface of the island is slightly undulating; each little hill near the city is occupied by one or more bungalow houses, and receives a fanciful name. At Fern hill, on Mount Pleasant, we met English missionaries, to whom we had letters of introduction, who are working professedly independent of all organizations, on the Muller plan of trust. I should, nevertheless, infer from what

they said, that there is a reliable understanding of a definite, though limited salary, and that thus there is not essentially any difference from the principles of support adopted by the other societies. It is simply a variation of method which these dear, good, pious people are unable too see.

The drives about Singapore through the palm-shaded avenues, past gardens of nutmegs and coffee, vanilla plants and cocoanuts, bananas and pine-apples, groves of betel-trees, and here and there the wide-spreading leaves of the traveller's palm, were most charming. There was one drawback, and that is the sympathy the rider has for the poor bony, abused little pony in front, drawing with its racket and rattle the four-wheeled covered conveyance called a gharry, in which four very thin people can find sitting room.

The population of the island of Singapore is one hundred and fifty thousand, more than half of whom are Chinese who emigrate to this "foreign part" to make a fortune, and marry a Hindoo or Malay wife and settle down in fine style.

It has been surprising sometimes in our travels to find how very little many people know of matters not directly concerning themselves. Passengers on the P. and O. steamer, who had been many times at Singapore, and the captain, who stops there coming and going on every trip, could not, or would not, tell a word about the times of the steamers of the British and India line, which has Singapore as one of its termini. One gentleman of quite extensive India travel declared that there could not be any such S. S.

Co. at all, as he had never heard of it. Yet it is the only line running steamers from Singapore to Calcutta via Rangoon, and on to the Red Sea, touching at all the coast cities of India, and from Bombay up the Persian Gulf. However, we learned at Singapore that the commodious steamer *Pemba*, one of the sixty steamers of this line, was in harbor and would sail at noon Saturday, Oct. 18th, and would expect to reach Maulmain Oct. 26th.

On the *Pemba* Willie and I sailed up the straits, having for many hours picturesque views of Malay villages and tropical vegetation. The next day we spent several hours anchored three miles off the shore of Malacca. The city could be seen with a glass, and as the difficulties of getting to it were far beyond the pleasure to be gained when there, the passengers contentedly stayed on board ship. The island of Penang, opposite Wellesley province, is three hundred miles from Singapore. It is appropriately called the "gem of the eastern seas." It is fifteen miles long by eight in width, and is covered with a rich growth of tropical vegetation, among which are the most luscious of East India fruits. The word means betel, as this island is favored with large groves of that tree, and its nuts are considered of special delicacy to those, and the number is legion, who chew the betel nut.

A mountain towers nearly twenty-eight hundred feet high upon this small island, and on it the heat-stricken foreigners build bungalows, and gain refreshing breezes from the sea, and views of land and water-fall and ocean. It is the sanitarium for

this region of country. I would that the feverish, overworked missionaries of Burmah, so near by, had a free home and passage to some airy cottage on this mountain at Penang. In Dr. Prime's excellent book of his journey *Around the World*, he refers to the kindly welcome from certain English missionaries working at Penang. As the *Pemba* was to lay at anchor all day in the busy harbor, and load up with cocoanuts, we concluded to present our letter of introduction to these same people. It was not necessary to follow out Dr. Prime's directions to find the place; the words Piggy-greyja-kitchee to the gharry-driver brought us safely to the house, where the same welcome good years ago to the talented editor referred to above, was equally cordial to the lone woman and her small boy. There was an insight into missionary work, visits to schools, church, and bazaar, a dinner party at the home of a christian lawyer, and a ride. The christian traveller ought by all means to spend a day at this lovely island, and hunt up these same large-hearted folks.

While Penang is known as the home for the choicest betel nuts, Sumatra, on the other side, is the place most favorable for the production of tobacco. Many Englishmen have emigrated to this possession of the Dutch, and are cultivating large tracts of land. It is considered a profitable business, notwithstanding the high rate of taxation which the Dutch government levies upon the crop, the incomes and personal belongings. A planter first gets a lease of land — two thousand yards being the usual grant. After the jungle-growth has been cleared, buildings

erected, and a piece twenty by two hundred yards planted, which will yield from six to seven picle (one hundred and thirty-three pounds in a picle), the income will not quite pay for the start. The second year's planting will more than equal the outlay, and the third year will be clear gain. The tobacco so soon exhausts the soil, that after a few crops land is left to go back to jungle, and the planter pushes on to a new field. Tropical vegetation is better for fertilizing than Peruvian guano beds.

The coolie labor on these plantations is largely Chinese, and the manner of obtaining these workmen reminds one of the days of the slave-trade. A benevolent trader in some Chinese city tells the men about him of a place in a foreign land where work is easy and wages high; a place where gambling and opium-smoking are allowed to all, and one is sure to get rich. With this glowing picture before them, they go on board ship. When Sumatra is reached, they are marched into a prison-like shed, and kept under lock and key until their services are required. The tobacco-raiser visits the place and pays over to this kind, benevolent (?) trader the price of the passage-money and a large bonus for his trouble, and a certain number of field-hands are marched off under guard. Then each coolie needs tools to work with, and these sums are charged to the new workman. He begins his efforts to make a fortune hopelessly in debt, and obliged to accept such pay as the employer thinks right, without taking the coolie's ideas on the subject into consideration at all. Men who are economical and industrious manage after a few years to

be rid of the debt, but many work on in a sort of hopeless way, make ineffectual attempts to run away, and finally spite their employer by committing suicide.

From Singapore to Maulmain it is one thousand miles. After leaving Penang, we had glimpses of the Malayan peninsula and the Mergui islands, and on the eighth day entered the mouth of the Salwen river.

Maulmain city is situated on the right bank of the river, twenty-five miles from its mouth. The channel is exceedingly tortuous. The steamer would be in the middle of the broad stream, and a few moments after pass the jungle-grown bank so closely as to be within a few feet of the shore. Amherst village and the grave of the first Mrs. Judson, close by, can be seen in the distance as we round the point into the river. As we approach the city, the most conspicuous objects are the pagodas on the top of the long, low line of hills, a mile back from the river, the space between being occupied by the city for several miles. These pagodas resemble huge cologne bottles of gilt or burnished silver or mossy green. Facing us as we steam up towards the city, are broken lines of mountains at right angles with it. One cluster of hills is so fashioned and grouped, that its upper surface represents the profile of a man's face. There is the broad forehead, the large, straight nose, and clearly defined chin, upturned to the blue sky. It is said to bear so strong a resemblance to the face of this personage that it is called "the Duke of York's nose." Near the city the banks are lined with lumber yards and saw-mills, with their tall chimneys, and sheds for the storing of rice, and rice-mills.

Everything was quiet. No smoke, no noise of busy industry. Elephants were eating lazily in the shade; men in the cargo boats were smoking or sleeping; and the fierce sun poured down on empty, silent mills and piles of logs. "This must be a very dull place for business," was a hasty thought. It was Sunday, Oct. 26th, and this land is one of the dominions of Christian England.

Owing to tide and lack of water in the river the *Pemba* could not go up to the main wharf of the city, but lay at anchor a mile down stream. Of course we did not wait for sun or tide, but were ashore as speedily as a small boat could carry us. A gharry, or native carriage, whirled us along rapidly toward a quaint, brown bungalow under the trees, and — well! I will not speak of the welcome and the meeting with the dear friend of years gone by; hearts are the same now as when Solomon wrote "a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

The first important duty that the boy of our party had to attend to in Maulmain, was to inspect the working of the elephants in one of the lumber yards.

Through the courtesy of an English gentleman at the head of the largest business of this kind in the city, we were invited to a thorough investigation. Wonderful as the stories are which are told of these huge elephants in the timber business, we were not disappointed in their sagacity and power when seeing them at work. Their instinct seems little short of reason. There were nine of these mammoth creatures employed in this yard; several of the number had been

at it for twenty-five years. Each one can lift a log weighing a ton, and drag logs weighing three times that. The logs are dragged to the pile, lifted and laid with the ends all even, fitted on to each other one after another; small pieces picked up and laid by themselves. Two elephants will work together in placing the timber, the one lifting while the other pushes into position; and all this is done quietly, slowly, without a word of direction from any one. A native is perched on the animal's neck with his bare feet braced behind the great ears, and with his toes and feet manages this huge living machine. When an elephant is warm he fans himself with his own ears, and when some insect bothers him he picks up a chip and scratches his own leg as handily as though he were a tenth the size.

A native near by owns an elephant only a few months old, which is considered a fortune to its possessor. It looked to me just like any other infant of the elephant tribe; but experts had detected signs of a white elephant in it. It has a twist in its tail. It has a pinky look in its eyes. It is not so very black as its mother. The owner's heart is rejoiced over these signs of royalty, and hopes to sell it to some one desiring to add another white beast to the stalls already full at the palace of the King of Burmah. "For," said this lumber merchant, "a white elephant is never white; there is no such creature in the world: but a white elephant, so-called, has certain marks, and is not so black as the blackest." It is a curious fact about these elephants that they can be their own physicians. When one of them is over-

worked or ill, he is sent out with a keeper to the jungle, where he selects for himself such eating here and there among the herbs and leaves as he feels he needs, and in a short time he is ready again for work.

The teak wood of Burmah is a principal export. From sixty to seventy thousand tons were shipped last year, at a value of sixty lacs of rupees. A lac is a hundred thousand, and one rupee is equivalent to about forty-five cents of our money.

The rice export from Maulmain district alone was last year ninety thousand tons, and from the Bassein district one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons, and Rangoon can show still larger figures. The rice mills, where the paddy is brought and the rice cleaned and shipped for Europe, Singapore, and Penang, are interesting places to visit.

Maulmain has a population of nearly sixty thousand, half of which are Burmese, and the rest Eurasians, Europeans and a class of emigrants from the opposite coast called Kalahs. There is an increasing proportion of Chinese. They, as well as the Burmese, look down upon these Madras people, or Kalahs. The menial work is left to this latter kind to do. Burmese will not be servants or do anything which they feel might be coolie work. The washing is done by Madras men called dhobies. The cooks are from the other coast. Should a Burmese do any such work, it would be absolutely necessary to keep a boy to wash all the dishes, and chatties, or kettles, and a coolie must follow him to the market to bring home purchases (for the cooks always do the marketing in these lands). These Kalahs herd together in streets

by themselves, and their homes are lower — nearer the ground — and easily distinguishable from all others. The Burmese houses of the better class consist of two stories. The upper one is the living place; is ornamented with carved wood-work and veranda, over which the roof slopes quite low. The ground story is used for storing or as a stable, or simply is open for ventilation and coolness.

The manner of building, the intense sun on this November day, the wilting and steady heat, the lack of push and vigor in the natives, show that we are in the tropics. To make life endurable for Europeans, it becomes necessary that their houses should be placed in large, open yards, or compounds, and built after native style. Would that I could describe for the readers of this who are bound to Maulmain by ties of kinship and love — and there are many such — the homes in which they have so much interest. Such effort must wait for the time when tongue, instead of pen, can portray the picture. A few dashes, however, of such sketching may be of general interest. Imagine, then, a large compound of two acres or more, separated from the streets on all sides by a low fence. Large trees here and there shade the grounds by their midsummer foliage. These trees are always green and tipped here and there with red, the color of the new-coming leaves. Dried leaves are ever falling, new ones ever coming, and yet the tree is ever rich in wide-spreading, luxuriant growth. There is a clump of bamboos, waving in every passing breeze, a small garden of tropical plants, and, winding in from side to side, a carriage road of the same color as the outside streets —

a brick red. It is a singular contrast, these red roads all through the city, to the green foliage upon each side.

Now to one of the houses in this compound. First take into the picture the lower ten feet of the building — a cluster of wood posts, reminding one of the water side of a dock. On these posts rests the one-story rambling building, with a veranda along the front and side. Wide-open windows and doors which are only closed at night, lattice-work above in all the wood partitions, cracks in the carpetless floors, curtains instead of doors from room to room, all tell the story of the effort to keep cool in a land where coolness is unknown, save at day-dawn and night-fall a few months in the year. The house is brown from ridge-pole to foundation posts. There are no chimneys to break the monotony of the long, sloping brown roof which covers the house and veranda, and extends beyond on all sides for still greater shade. There are no rich draperies, plate-glass or marble. But a few pictures, vines, ferns and flowers, and chintz and muslin in the hands of an ingenious woman, make a very pretty, home-like place out of the little brown cottage on posts.

I will not write of the details of the compound, or say anything here of school buildings, or cook house, or other houses within the area, but before closing I must refer to one ornament to be found in all Burmese homes, rich or poor, natives or foreigners: they all have lizards gliding about the walls. "Pretty creatures," said one; "they are much nicer than American flies." While they keep their hold on the

boards of the ceiling, the new-comer would say yes; but when the cold creatures slip and fall suddenly upon one's back or head, it is not to be expected that the response will be very hearty. The tauk-taw is a species of large lizard, which assists the smaller lizards to eat up the flies and insects, and when such provisions become scarce, devour the junior members of the firm. "Harmless creatures!" say these veterans in tropical lands; "perfectly harmless, unless they lose their hold when rushing quickly across the ceiling after some prey, then, if they should fall on your head, they would take a bit of skin and flesh with them."

It was with some apprehension that I watched their gambols overhead. I much preferred to see them go to some knot-hole for their pastime in singing. Their voice is as loud as a parrot's. They call out, "Tauk-taw!" "tauk-taw!" "Ugh! ugh! aw!" which sound to a new-comer like a human voice in distress. I do not wonder that a physician was once deceived by the sound, and, thinking some one was calling who needed his services, hastened out of bed to the supposed patient. Then in this country there are rats. They dance at midnight, play hide-and-seek, and rap with their tails on the floors so that the tauk-taws and lizards cannot rest, and the toad which has come up through the slatted floor of the bath-room to have a quiet sleep in the bath-tub is greatly disturbed.

Oh! the noises of the tropics! What words can describe them! The ceaseless buzzing, chirping, whirring and cawing must be heard to be appreciated. The crows hover about the house in crowds, ready to

fly in upon the dining-table as soon as the servant's back is turned, and keep up a steady concert of caw, caw, cawing.

It was very funny to hear Mr. B. preach a race with five hundred of these crows one Sunday in the chapel at Rangoon. He gave out the text, but no one could hear it. He repeated it louder, but still it was a question. And at one point, when he was relating a very pathetic incident, and it was very inappropriate for him to speak except in a low, tender voice, some evil spirit put it into that great hovering crowd of crows to caw, caw, caw, so vociferously that he had fairly to yell in a most ludicrous fashion.

Of jungle trips and other sight-seeing in and near Maulmain and Rangoon, I will write in my next.

XVII.

Pagoda 'htees — Expensive offerings — Various efforts to gain merit — The new pagoda weaving contest — Chewing the betel — Annual illumination of the river — August full moon festival — A gold corpse — A jungle trip to Seejaw and Dougyan — Visit to Amherst — Tbe grave of Mrs. Ann H. Judson.

HE traveller who gives more than a passing call to Burmah, and is at all inquisitive with regard to the sights and sounds upon every hand, will have forced upon him the study of the Buddish religion — the darkness of Asia.

The Burmese people and Buddhism are intermixed at every point. There are evidences upon all sides of the great fundamental principle of this false religion: the laying up of merit by various kinds of good deeds. The yellow cloths about pagodas, or wrapped around the idols; the tinsel papers, and flowers placed in front; the daily offering of rice at the foot of these piles of brick and mortar, are given for the sake of merit gained thereby. Each pagoda top is crowned with a "htee," or umbrella, of gilded iron work, consisting of a series of rings united together and shaped to fit the pagoda to which it is offered. From the rings are suspended golden and silver bells,

which swing easily as the wind plays about them, and the tinkling of these many sweet-toned bells is, indeed, very musical. Each sound brings merit to the one who gave the "htee." A wealthy man in Maulmain has lately sent to one of the pagodas surrounding the great Shway Dagong, in Rangoon, an elaborate top-ornament, which cost him one hundred thousand rupees. It is not long since you read of the great "htee," jeweled and ornamented, the gift of the King of Upper Burmah, to the great pagoda at Rangoon, and which was said to cost the royal seeker-after-merit twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling. He was not permitted by the English officers to bring the offering down himself, but at last consented to entrust it to others to place on the sacred pinnacle. Other devotees gave bells and jewels, and thus added brilliancy to the glittering top and increased their own stock of merit. Every morning early the priests, in yellow robes, attended by small boys bearing large lacquer bowls and trays, walk through the streets seeking their daily food. They say not a word, but the devoted parishioner beckons them to halt, and the priest receives the gift of hot boiled rice, fruit, etc., and passes over to the boys to carry for him. It is given and received in silence. There is no "thank you" in the Burmese vocabulary. It is a great privilege to the man to have his gift accepted by the holy phoongyee, for that very fact insures him merit. At intervals along the streets of all of these Burmese cities are covered stands, on which are placed every day stone jars or chatties of fresh drinking water for the use of all the passing travellers. No thought of

kindness to weary, warm people in need of refreshing water prompted the erection of these stands and the filling of the jars. No! But this is one way to gain merit. It was said by a strong Buddhist a few weeks since: "Why, I would not pull my own brother out of the river to keep him from drowning if it were not for the merit it would bring me."

The strangest part of this religious principle is that none of these devotees form an idea of how much merit is gained by this or that thing done, or the sum total necessary to obtain what they desire, or of a Being who keeps the tally, or indeed of anything except a blind zeal that they may attain to future nothingness, "Nigban," or annihilation.

A new pagoda erected in the heart of Maulmain city, by a man who expected to gain great merit for so large an outlay of money, was nearly completed when I reached Burmah, and a few nights after occurred a grand festival and the annual weaving contest in the grounds of the pagoda. A dozen looms, decorated with candles and flowers, and worked by girls in gala costume with faces powdered and hair dressed for the occasion, were the centre of attraction to the crowds of Burmese standing and lounging about. How the shuttles flew and the creaky looms moved, as inch by inch the cloth was made. The amount to be finished before ten o'clock was twelve yards. Great admiration was given to the one who was the nearest through with the self-imposed task. One old woman, in her longing after merit for the dim and uncertain future which stretches before her tottering feet, was trying to gain some little store

of good by weaving at one of the looms. But her anxiety was too great; the old hands trembled, and the thread kept breaking. She gave way to a bright-faced girl, who made the old loom to hum, as the crowd cheered her on.

The ground about the weavers was thickly covered by groups sitting on straw mats. In the centre of each cluster was the usual accompaniment of all Burmese festivity, an indispensable luxury in every home, the "coon box." It is made of bamboo, and covered with lacquer, and consists of several inner boxes or trays. These were all spread out on a mat near by, and a black-eyed maiden politely asked me to take a seat beside her and "have a chew," at the same time taking from one of the boxes a leaf from the betel shrub, a pinch of tobacco from another, then a clove and bit of spice, and a pinch of pink slaked lime from a silver box, and, lastly, a piece of a split betel nut. All was now ready. The corners of the leaf were snugly tucked in, and the dainty morsel rolled up carefully to keep the contents in position. The generous fair one extended it to me to try. I declined the privilege, and it was immediately tucked into her own mouth. Her jaws began to grind; a look of blissful content stole over her face, as we turned away. Near by was another group preparing their "yui do" in the same way. The father, however, was rather fastidious, and the box of leaves was not up to the mark. He examined one after another, and finally chose out one, which he proceeded to rub on his bare limb, one side then the other, until it was smooth and polished enough to be filled for chewing.

The muscles of the older faces have become contorted by the ceaseless motion they have been subjected to during the years since childhood. The teeth and lips are red, and the betel juice runs out the sides of the mouth and is smeared to the chin. The habit is certainly a most disgusting one, and it is said to be very injurious to health. The few who are not busy with the betel nut are smoking large Burmese cigars, six inches long by an inch broad at one end. Little children, girls and boys, smoke or chew "coon" as they feel inclined. A spittoon is a prominent part of a respectable Burmese room. The poorer class use the cracks in the floor for that purpose. Everywhere, in the street, on doorsteps and in houses, the stranger would conclude upon first sight that the whole nation were consumptive, and had hemorrhages from the lungs daily. Who the successful weaver was that night I did not remain to see. The festivities lasted until early morning. The following day the cloth was carried to the priests, and crowds of people in holiday attire proceeded to the holy places to witness the dressing of the pagodas with the strips of yellow goods woven the night before.

On the evening of the full moon in October occurs the annual illumination of the river. It is regarded as a propitiatory offering to the gods, and at the same time those contributing to the general lighting-up of the river gain great merit. They say that a holy man, in one of the stages of his innumerable existences, is living in a brazen palace under the water. That person who can meet him with an offering of cooked rice, etc., at daybreak, as he lands

with "dripping yellow garments, leaning on an iron staff," is sure to become the possessor of all the good things this life affords. Preparations for the annual illumination are made several weeks before the time. Wicks and wadding are put into teel-seed and gaw-gaw-seed oil to soak, and then dried in the sun repeatedly, and then are twisted or firmly wound round sticks, and upon the night of the illumination fastened into rafts of the plantain bark. Others are arranged on these rafts in vessels of oil, the gawgaw-seed oil being considered especially sacred. Candles are also used upon these bark boats to float down upon this brilliant water. The current of the river for miles was one mass of floating lights. As they moved along with the water, it seemed like a procession of stately water-fairies, in yellow robes—tall sprites, with long bodies and small diamond heads, moving majestically into some vast grotto of golden stalactites in the distance. Here and there a rocket, or lighted paper balloon added to the brilliancy, and over all shone down the weird light of the moon. It was a most bewitching scene.

At the time of the full moon in August there is a festival which gives more merit than almost any other. It is the Day of the Thousand Offering. Early in the morning the priests come out from their monasteries in procession to receive a gift of honey. The rest of the day is spent by the crowds of people in feasting on the hills and about the pagodas. Models of boats in bamboo work are gayly decorated with colored paper and loaded with fruit, flowers and food of all sorts for the visitors. The people who

contribute towards these boats take them about the city, with song and dance and sounding gong, before carrying them up the hills to the different Kyoungs. Not infrequently the rivalry and emulation end in faction fights, and the police are called to separate the crowds and send them to their homes.

Soon after reaching Maulmain and before the close of the full-moon festivities, the head priest of the city, an old man who had worn the yellow robes for over half a century, died: Died, we should say, but the Burmese said: "No! a man dies, but a Phoungee (priest) has flown away." The poor old body, literally skin and bones, was thickly gilded from head to foot: a gold corpse on a gay mat and covered with a yellow mantle; there it lay in state in the Kyoung. An umbrella, paper flowers, tinsel and bright tarlatan decorated the old frame-work which had formerly held his mosquito curtain. Several dishes of food were within reach of the dead man's hand. "Why do you put it there?" I asked; "he cannot take it." "It's our custom," was the only reply, and every question as to the significance, the history, the reason of the practice brought only this answer: "It is our custom."

A company of priests smoking and gossiping over these inquisitive foreigners lay about on mats near the head of the dead man. Women in gayest silk and jewels, girls powdered and dressed in their showiest style, came thronging up the stairs with presents to the priests and offerings for the gold corpse. There were huge brass platters filled with fruits and flowers, cakes and rice and paper ornaments tastefully

arranged. Boys crowded in and out; everybody was smoking or chewing, and laughing as though they had come to the greatest festival day of the year. The women seated themselves on the floor and prepared the coon box, and evidently intended to spend the day. They had brought gifts and gained great merit, why should they not have a good time, and smoke and chat and gossip? One old woman in a defiant tone said to me, "Why do you come here? you are not one of us." But instantly a dozen voices remonstrated with her, and, as if to make amends, another brought to us several of her choicest oranges, urging us to eat them, and pointing to the large quantity still left as her offering. More than twenty American clocks ornamented the sides of the room, all of them gifts from pious people, who believe that each time one of them ticks there is merit laid up somewhere and somehow for him. But this subject of merit is inexhaustible, and I have already given too much space to it. The funeral festivities of this old priest lasted more than a week. After lying in state for seven days, he was placed under a glass dome and carried to a temporary resting-place in the cemetery, with gongs and lights, rioting and feasting, and great uproar generally. After some months the final burial or burning will take place.

It was too early for a country trip. The six months' rains had held on unusually late, and the elephants could not carry people when it was next to impossible for them to lift their ponderous feet through the mire. The paddy fields (paddy is rice in the husk), which later in the season become dry and

hard, and are the hillocky roads for elephants to draw people over in sledges, were now under water. The hot sun was drying up the stagnant pools from field and swamp, and the air was full of malaria.

But if missionaries at the call of duty can take a boat and push through the creeks and over the marshes and paddy fields, why could not a traveller endure the journey for the sake of a glimpse of jungle life? The boat was a hollowed log about thirty feet long, one-third of the length being covered by a thatched roof and plank sides. Into this house, too low to stand erect, a company of us packed ourselves like sardines in a box. The Kalah rowers occupied all the space in front, and the steersman and baggage all of it behind. It was necessary under such arrangement of travel to be "in harmony with one's environment." If any body imagines that a missionary feels it necessary to wear a solemn and dignified countenance at all times, he needs only to have been on that jungle trip to have had all such illusions dispelled. It has been my experience, that a company of ministers and missionaries off duty are the very jolliest people in the world. I am aware that some of the friends, who are reading these hasty notes of around-the-world journey, are following our course by a careful study of the map. This tour cannot be traced. Seejaw, a christian village of Karens, was the first stopping place, and Doug-yan, at the foot of the hills, whose profile toward the sky is named for the Duke of York, was the terminus. On the end of the nose is a pagoda, which, from the plain below, looks like a mole on the otherwise

smooth visage. These hills are surrounded with a large agricultural population of Burmese and Karens. The paddy fields on higher land were at that stage of growth most tempting to the birds. Morning and evening the whole force of women and children turned out from the villages to the adjoining paddy to act as scarecrows, and keep away the little thieves, who would, if unmolested, take half the valuable crop. The houses in the jungle are built on posts, as in the city, from eight to ten feet high. But the floor is made of split bamboos tied together, and the thatched rooms have sides of closely-woven bamboos and mat partitions. Usually these living-places consist of two parts, the upper one for the family sleeping-place, and the lower part for sitting during the day, and guest-room when strangers come along. The front is open, and shaded by the long grass and leaves of the thatched roof which slopes down over it.

There is no privacy in one of these homes. They sit, sleep and work in their open houses. The only mode of entrance is by a ladder from the ground to the bamboo platform on which the house stands, and this is carefully pulled up at dusk to keep out intruders. There are more trees than houses in Doug-yan. The paths from home to home wind in and about the palms and mango and banana and dorian and banyan trees. It is a village of shade. "There is nothing new under the sun," yet a traveller, who has been far and seen much, can find in such a place as Doug-yan old ways and old things so new as to be exceedingly interesting. We had an insight into life

and work in such homes, saw the return of men with the elephants and buffaloes from more distant fields, on Saturday night; received a missionary welcome when they saw the white faces in the chapel, which we had improvised into a hotel; attended Sabbath services with this rural congregation in all their own way of doing; had an escort of the entire population to our boat the next day, where we embarked laden with bananas, and hearty words of invitation to come again and stay longer.

When the steamer from Singapore rounded Amherst Point, at the mouth of the Salwen river, a distant view of the village and the grave of the first Mrs. Judson was gained through the captain's glass. For the sake of another jungle trip, to the Burmese village of K'mawet, ten miles from Amherst, and more especially to visit the last resting-place of this one of the most heroic of America's noblest women, we accompanied a party of old-time friends down the river in a small boat to Amherst. When the burial place was selected and the body of their beloved teacher laid away by the natives, who alone then had the privilege of caring for this lonely woman in this heathen land, they had no thought that the current and tides would soon wear away the land so as to bring the restless waters close up to the grave. The hopia tree has long since died. Many efforts have been made by missionaries, who now have passed on also, to plant another where the first one grew, but all such efforts have been unsuccessful. The grave is covered with coarse grass and weeds. A stone marks the head, and with the mound is enclosed by a

single white fence. There was formerly nothing there but the stone; dogs ran over the spot; people could walk upon it. No care seemed given to the grave of one whose name is highly honored in America, until two sea captains kindly built this simple fence, which guards the precious dust from all but the encroaching sea. On the head-stone are the following words:

"ERECTED
to the memory of
ANN H. JUDSON,
wife of
Adoniram Judson, Missionary
of the
Baptist General Convention
in the United States to the
Burman Empire.
She was born at Bradford,
In the State of Massachusetts, North America,
Dec. 22, 1789.
She arrived with her husband at Rangoon in July,
1815, and there commenced those
Missionary Toils,
which she sustained with such Christian Fortitude, Decision and Perseverance, amid scenes of Civil Commotion and Personal Affliction, as won for her Universal Respect and Affection.
She died at Amherst, Oct. 24, 1826."

XVIII.

Amusing efforts to acquire English — American oil in heathen lands — "P'aing K'lah" — A visit to all the christian homes of Maulmain — Burmese Social Union — A young lady's toilet — Court dress of upper Burmah — The costumes of the young men — Shway-dagong — Bits of its history — Rangoon city — Its business activity — Many beautiful drives — The trying climate — Irrawaddy Valley Railroad —Prome — King Theebaw's method of recalling his wandering subjects — River steamers — A boat trip in the jungle — Providence news in a Lucknow paper.

THE ambition of many intelligent youths in the far East is to learn English. The best business opportunities and official and social positions are open to those who can speak and read the English language. But it is not an easy acquirement, and the efforts of some of these students are certainly amusing. In a Japanese school for young men, last spring, one of the boys became sufficiently accomplished in the foreign tongue to write the following treatise upon a domestic animal.

THE CAT.

"The cat is a small cattle. When he see a rat he luminate his eye."

Another youth in this same school, desiring to congratulate his teacher upon her wedding day, finished

his note to her by saying: "May the Lord bless you and be happy." Connected with the principal pagoda of Maulmain is a large bell which the devotees at this shrine wish to guard from the profane hands of English visitors. Their threats are thus inscribed upon the surface of the bell: "No one body designe to destroy this bell, 1855. He who destroyed to this bell, they must be in the great Heell and unable to coming out."

It is hardly fair, however, to present only one side. There are quite as many laughable attempts of the Europeans to master these tongues with many tones. Imagine the feelings of a lady, who, priding herself upon her ability to learn a foreign tongue, ordered her cook, as she supposed, to buy at the market a fowl for breakfast. After waiting all day for the servant's return, she saw him at night-fall with a disconsolate face come into the kitchen with one sheep's tail in his hand. It was all he could find, he said; he had hunted the whole day for the dozen she had told him to get, but they were very scarce — sheep's tails were — and one was all he could buy.

A gentleman was discoursing with great animation to a class upon the wonderful bravery of King David of old in killing the lion. Unwittingly he used the term or tone for one of those small creatures of the hair, very familiar to each of his audience. An incredulous expression stole over his listeners' faces. Wishing to stir them up to a spirit of animation in the story, he said: "Do you not think David a very strong and brave man?" "Umph!" was the reply, "no; we kill 'em every day."

While the British sword may be said to cut away the ancient barriers into these eastern countries, and make an opening for the onward march of civilization, America follows close after as the torch-bearer of the world. Every port is supplied with American oil. In the interior hamlets of Japan, where a white face was a wonderful novelty, the kerosene oil from the United States was lighting up almost every home. Everywhere in Japan and China, from the Peiho River and Peking on the north, to Canton on the south, were to be seen boxes marked American oil. In front of one of the most sacred idols of British Burmah, I saw, a few days ago, an elaborate offering of tinsel and flowers in a vase, placed on the top of one of these oil boxes marked with the full name of the manufacturer, and set upon the sacred platform. What a grand place for advertisements! The worshippers counted their beads, and mumbled their praises of Gaudama, while their eyes rested upon the oil box, with the fascinating English letters.

Preceding the English language in this onward march of western ideas, and ranking ahead of the American oil, are the world-renowned Pain Killer and Jayne's medicines. The Burmese cannot roll off our consonants as we do. In jungle villages one of the household words is *P'aing K'lah.* In conversation, through an interpreter, with a man in a jungle home the other day, I asked: "You have heard about America, and have seen pictures of some of our large cities, and fine buildings; if you could go to my country, which of all these would you like to see the most?" Without hesitation, the man's

reply was, "Oh! I would first like to see the place where the *P'aing K'lah* is made." Would not Perry Davis have enjoyed this?

It is a woman's nature to delight seeing inside of other people's homes. There's nothing wrong in it, any more than for merchant X. or Y. to peer into the depths of his neighbor's store to see how trade is going on. Carrying out this woman's curiosity during our stay in Maulmain, every Christian home was visited. From the poorest to the richest, in every house, Dr. Judson's face was to be seen. He is the *penates* of Maulmain. His photograph greets the eyes of the baby swinging in a cradle of cloth, the ends fastened to the rafters by cords, or to the one in a box of carved wood, swinging by ropes from overhead. The first and most prominent object upon the dull, brown wall for the eyes of all to rest upon is the dignified missionary, Bible in hand. In homes where to eke out a living the women and girls are busy making cigars, Dr. Judson in a wreath of cobwebs and dust bears them company. In two houses he had to share the honors of the wall with Abraham Lincoln, and in one he had close by the Virgin Mary, and a horse-race scene in England, with a rough sketch of a Zulu battle.

As it is quite the thing in America to report social unions, and the paper which contains some gratifying notice of the speakers, the fair ones in attendance, and the skill of the caterer is eagerly read by, at least, those who can claim any share of the compliments, it may not be amiss to give some account of a social union in Maulmain.

The Burmese are naturally very social. When the worship of idols is given up by them, their "pways," or night festivals to the spirits, where dancing and pantomime and drunken revelry last for several nights, are also abandoned, and their sports and social life are considerably changed. There was no caterer or special committee of arrangements for this Social Union in Burmah. All the women were in charge. They buzzed and talked over the front verandas and on the steps; the paddy was unhusked, and the rice not cleaned: the looms were all still that morning. Down at the house of Paulo, the lumber dealer, the young folks who had studied English were puzzling themselves with large evergreen letters — W-e-l-c-o-m-e — for the doorway. The end of the long room was decorated with a choice heirloom of Burmese tapestry from Mandelay. A few chairs were borrowed for the use of the American guests. Mats, betel boxes, spittoons and water-jars adorned the floor on all sides. A small table, spread with cakes and fruit, was intended for the foreigners, but the natives must eat on the floor with their hands as usual. It was a more brilliant assembly that evening than any Social Union in America. The young ladies were gotten up in the highest style. Their long black hair, well-rubbed with cocoanut oil, was combed straight back without crimping or part, and knotted prettily on the back of the head, and trimmed over the top with flowers. A Burmese belle does not go about for twenty-four hours before a party with her head in curl-papers or pins, but her toilet requires that the night previous she rub a piece

of sandal-wood on a stone, kept for the purpose by every family where there are young ladies, until a sufficient amount of yellowish powder is ground off to be wet into a paste, with which she anoints her face and neck. After sleeping in this white-washed condition, a delicate powder is rubbed on, and the dark-skinned beauty thinks herself ready for full dress. The young ladies at this Social Union had on a good supply of "thanaka," as this adornment is called. Their skirts, or loongyees, were of purple velvet or gay plaid silk, and worn in the style of Burmah, i. e., brought tightly around the person, without plait or gather, the extra fullness being tucked into the waist in front, thus making their pull-back the reverse of American fashions.

The court-dress of upper Burmah is called the temaing, and is worn in the same way, but is open. An old writer is quoted as follows, by Forbes, in his recent book on Burmah, and the description, though given many years ago, is perfectly true at the present time, of all those, and there are many who still wear the open temaing instead of the closed loongyee: "It was also ordayned that the women should not have past three cubites of cloth in their nether clothes, which they bind about them, which are so straight that when they goe in the streets they shew one side of the legge bare above the knee."

A pointed neck jacket of white or light goods, with sleeves so tight to the fore-arm that a young lady cannot get it off without turning them wrong side out, and the dress of these young ladies is described. No! there must be a silk scarf; really, it is two hand-

kerchiefs not cut apart, thrown jauntily over the shoulders, and to the brilliant hue of this ornament must be added any amount of jewelry and the flashing of costly gems.

There were bracelets and finger-rings, ear cylinders, and necklaces of all sorts. Sometimes a Burman girl wears an ear ornament like a large jewelled sleeve-button, but generally the ear-ring is a hollow tube of imitation or real amber. Boys and girls both have the ears pierced in childhood, and the hole is gradually enlarged by an increasing number of tiny rolls of cloth, until the lobe of the ear is stretched out to make room for an ornament more than half an inch in diameter. It serves as a flower vase on festive occasions, and is used as a receptacle by both sexes for a half-burned cigar. It is a common sight to see a half-used cheroot sticking through the lower part of the ear. Do you say, "What do they wear on their feet?" Old and young are barefooted. Perhaps they have walked in a sort of sandal or slip-shod shoe, with a toe but no heel; yet that was left on the veranda when they came in.

The words of welcome, the set speeches over, the hand-shaking done, this company of over a hundred, like social companies in America, turned eagerly from the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" to the refreshments for the inner man. Such a chattering as there was, while the jewelled hands took up the delicious pickled tea, a mixture of the soaked leaves of a shrub of upper Burmah, with chopped onions, sliced ginger and sesamum oil and seeds. There were no plates and spoons. Each group had a bowl of this

delicacy, and all helped themselves with their hands. A dish of glutinous rice, cocoanut-milk cakes, and bananas, made up the rest of the bill of fare. It was the same old story. The young men sat nearest the door and pretended not to see the bewitching glances of the pretty girls, who, though they kept their backs toward the sterner sex, had their faces turned with many a toss toward them. There were no kissing games that evening. Indeed, the European way of showing affection is not practiced by these people. A Burmese lover instead of putting his lips to the fair one's face, presses his nose against her cheek or hand and takes a long sniff.

Has the imagination of the reader clothed the male portion of this Social Union in swallow-tail coats and stand-up collars, with pants after the latest Paris cut? Instead of spotless broadcloth, fancy a Burman "put-soe" of gay plaid silk, nine or ten yard long and a yard and a half wide. One end is sewed up for a bag, or purse, and is tossed over the shoulder. After being bound tightly around the body and upper part of the limbs, it is looped and tucked into the waist, and hangs in a mass of drapery in front. A white cotton jacket serves as coat, shirt and vest. The men all wear long hair, which is twisted into a gorgeous silk handkerchief, and wound round the head. This "goung-boung" is the delight of a young man's heart. The older and more dignified men wear their hair in a knot on the top of the head, and bind around the forehead a roll of white muslin with stiff ends an inch or two long, standing circumspectly in an upright position at the back. There were tableaux

and more speeches, but this gay Social Union ended literally in smoke. When the foreign guests retired, most of the company, young and old, gave up the betel-chewing for a friendly smoke together with their native cheroots.

Above all surrounding objects as one approaches Rangoon, is the golden spire of Shway-Dagon pagoda, crowned with its glittering filagree work, or "'htee." Its base rests upon the top of a terraced hill, the last spur of the Pegu range. Since the rebuilding, in 1768, the pagoda has been three hundred and twenty-five feet in height. Surrounding it, upon the same platform, are smaller pagodas, temples, gilded ornaments and trees, bearing every manner of tinsel and paper fruit and flower, huge griffins resembling neither man or beast, sacred bells and idols and banners and mosaic work of colored glass, and before each shrine the various offerings, and wrapped about the idols gold-bordered yellow cloth — the gift of a seeker after merit — while even the base of the great pagoda itself is draped with the same material. Shway-Dagon is the most celebrated shrine both in Burmah and Siam, and peculiarly sacred, as containing in the innermost recesses of its solid masonry eight hairs from the head of Gaudama. Its history, both real and imaginary, would fill a volume. On this sacred pavement, sixty years ago, stood two American missionaries, bound and fettered, ready for the executioner, but before the fatal deed was accomplished, the British soldiers burst in upon them. The grandson of one of the two is now in charge of one of the most important districts in British Burmah.

During the last war between England and this country, the spaces about the golden pagoda were filled with English soldiers.

One of the idol houses was used by General Havelock as a prayer-meeting room for himself and a little company of his men. Since that war the English have spent two lacs of rupees, or more than a hundred thousand dollars, in fitting up the west side of the hill as an arsenal, and much to the disgust of the more earnest devotees, the red-coats of the foreign soldiers may always be seen pacing back and forth on the upper terrace, and at a moment's notice the great gates could be closed, and the sacred place become instantly transformed into a most formidable fort, commanding the city with its cannon. The sacred platform is approached by a staircase of broken, irregular stone steps covered by a series of tiny roofs with grotesquely-carved gables and frequent turrets. This sombre passage-way is the favorite resort of beggars, blind, leprous and deformed. At the top are the stalls where offerings are sold. Those having gold-leaf for sale to worshippers, who wish to gild over a bit of the pagoda, are well patronized.

Up and down surge the crowds. Men are to be seen at any time prostrated on the platform, mumbling their Pali liturgy, turning out water upon the head of the great Nat below, who in some future time will bear witness by his wet locks to their devotion; sounding a gong or striking a bell, that all the spirits in the four worlds may know they have worshipped, while the snarling dogs and a cloud of screaming crows hover about to eat up the offering of food.

"What matters it?" the devout will say. "I give a plate of rice daily to Shway-Dagon; the pagoda gets the essence; what do I care if the dogs eat the rest?"

The city of Rangoon stretches for ten miles along the river-bank, and has a depth of three miles back. The population is mixed, and is estimated to be about one hundred thousand, with an increasing proportion of the Chinese. John Chinaman, with pig-tail crowned by a European hat, may be seen everywhere. He is the best carpenter, the best blacksmith and shoemaker of the place. It is said here "that John Chinaman is fast getting to be more than a match for John Bull in the way of trade."

Rangoon is the business centre of British Burmah. Its position naturally fits it to take no second place in that part of the Queen's dominions. It has outdistanced all rival cities in exports of rice, and can show large figures in the amounts of money received for teak, hides, ivory and various dye stuffs which have left her port, and in her harbor may be seen vessels from all parts of the world. It is evidently a city of growth and business enterprise, but I doubt very much the fulfillment of General Grant's prophecy, that "in ten years Rangoon would be ahead of Calcutta." Calcutta has a long start in advance, and an immense Empire of inexhaustible wealth behind her.

Every building in Rangoon has been erected since the British took possession in 1851. The streets and avenues are well laid out, and from sixty to a hundred feet wide, and bordered with trees which for long distances reach out green arms overhead and form a beautiful canopy with welcome shade. There is a

great variety of pleasant drives in and about Rangoon. There are "the ladies' mile," which boasts of the only sidewalk in Burmah, and the walks and drives in the People's Gardens, and the more elegant park of the Cantonments or English garrison, where the band plays the home music once a week, and the longer drive around the lakes. But these well-kept roads, fine villas and gardens have come from and are a part of English rule. The Cantonment park, with its arbor of roses and miniature lake where Shway-Dagon is mirrored on its clear surface, was, a few years ago, so noxious a swamp, that people avoided it as they would a pestilence.

But take it at its best, Rangoon must be a wearisome city in which to spend life. The intense heat in March, April and May, and the long months of the rains when pictures, ornaments and clothing mould and rot before the eyes, are again followed by intense heat and a short winter, when the sun is too hot to allow one to go about except at morning and evening, and, as at present, in the city and country there is fever in almost every home. Full one-half of the regiment in camp are ill with more or less of jungle fever. This climate, so enervating to human beings, effects the animal creation as well. There are few horses here. These skin-and-bone, puny creatures are all called ponies. The pony taken down to the place of business in the morning will manage to bring his master home at night; but a fresh one is needed for the evening drive on the avenue. Still another must be used for the long drive in the early morning, for the custom is, after a cup of tea and slice of

toast at day-dawn, called "chowta hazzarie," or little breakfast, for Europeans to ride or walk until eight or nine, when the sun is too hot for out-door work. In such a city of distances and heat, riding becomes a necessity, and gharry hire is a large item in the expenses of life in Rangoon, a city which outrivals even Shanghai in expensive living. An English officer, who had lived for several years in India, said that it cost him full one-third more to live in Rangoon, and with less variety and poorer quality of food.

Two years ago the first railway in Burmah was completed from Rangoon to Prome, a distance of one hundred and sixty-three miles. To one unaccustomed to the sights of paddy fields and Burmese villages, the monotonous ride is not uninteresting. As a list of odd-sounding words, the names of the stations along the route can hardly be excelled:

Rangoon, Kemendine, Engtsein, Hlangau, Hmanbhee, Teikgyee, Okkan, Thonghsai, Tharrawaddy, Leppadan, Tsitquinn, Menghla, Otjsho, Konnityua, Zeegong, Nathalin, Poungday, Bhuddeegong, Thaigon, Simmisway, Prome.

At Thonghsai and Zeegong we broke the ride, making a detour into jungle villages. Prome has a population of thirty thousand, and might well be called the city of pagodas. A large force of English troops were formerly stationed here, but the malarial fever was an enemy from which they had to retreat. At Thetmyao, farther up the river, they find a healthier camp. Prome is on the bank of the Irrawaddy, the fourth river in size in the world, the great artery of

Burmah connecting the land of the peacock flag with the sea. Since the well-known atrocities of King Theebaw and the leaving of English residents from Mandelay, various rumors from upper Burmah and the uncertainties of peace have stopped general travel into the King's dominions, and we were advised to give up seeing Mandelay.

After the massacre by the King of all his near relatives, crowds of his subjects emigrated to the British part of Burmah, leaving their families in upper Burmah. After awhile Theebaw heard of this stampede and concluded to call his wandering subjects home. The plan he adopted was certainly very effectual, but one that more civilized countries would scarcely care to imitate. All through the streets of Rangoon went a man sounding a gong. As soon as there was a little company of the curious together, the gong stopped, and the man called out the King's command: "All subjects of his golden-footed Majesty, the Lord of the White Umbrella, are hereby notified that if they are not back in their houses in upper Burmah by next full moon, their wives and children will all be slaughtered." What was the result? Every steamer for Mandelay after that was black with Burmese deck passengers hastening to their homes.

Taking a steamer down the river with a stop at Henthada, where a lady, a former resident of Providence, is living and doing mission work without the present companionship of a single white face, we connected at Maooben with the steamer which plies through the twistings and turnings of the creeks and rivers between Rangoon and Bassein, for the latter city.

The prices on these river steamers are in keeping with everything else in Burmah. Beside a large price for passage, four rupees a day extra is charged for table board. No extra charge is made for bedding, towels, soap, etc., because they haven't them on board to be charged for. The traveller must know by his own or somebody else's experience that blankets, etc., should be carried with him. But it would be ungrateful in this connection not to mention that there was one pillow-case in the ladies' cabin, and although it had never been contaminated with soap and water, and had evidently been used since the steamer was launched, it was ruffled, and as our æsthetic taste was gratified, we could bear up with fortitude all other privations.

The steamers on the Irrawaddy have fastened at each side a flat-boat for cargo. Coming down the river, in the distance, the steamer reminds one of a spruce young man, with a large and weighty lady holding tightly to each arm. On each of the flats stands a man throwing the lead, and all day long the sing-song, nasal cry is kept up:

"Teen bom millah, ney," which means, literally, "three fathoms and haven't got."

Through the kindness of Bassein friends we had a four-days' excursion through the winding creeks of that district, visiting a dozen villages of the Christian Sgau Karens. The banks were for the most part an impenetrable mass of verdure. Trees were draped with clinging vines and ornamented with orchids and festooned to each other by long, creeping rattans, with tall plumed elephant grass and tangled beds of

ferns to fill up every intervening space. What could be more romantic than the sound of the dipping oars as one glides along under such a leafy archway, myriads of fire-flies flashing like diamonds upon the trees, and the moonlight over all.

But such a jungle tour was not all moonshine and glittering fire-flies. There were bridges to cross over muddy ravines where one must creep over the rolling bamboo logs, or walk *a la* Blondin; there was the experience of getting lost, and after the roots of a banyan tree had been chopped off to let the little boat through, to find the end of the creek was just beyond; there was the elephant-ride where the mud was too deep for the huge beast to lie down, in order that the traveller should mount; but first, one must climb a tree and then step out on to the creature's head and drop down into a wooden howdah, and ride with a native in front, dah (a Burman knife) in hand, cutting and knocking the elephant's head to keep him obedient, and trimming away the jungle-vines to make a way; there were notched poles to climb, if one would enter the homes of the people and see the inside life; and lastly, there was the experience of having for one's self a touch of this broken bone jungle fever, for which these marshy districts are so dreaded, especially by foreigners.

This great world is not so large as it used to be. The telegraph and printing-press and the power of steam make all the world our next neighbor. In the jungle I took up a paper which had been sent from Lucknow, India, and the first thing my eye rested upon was the following article: "The problem is

how to help the poor without doing them an injury, and especially without encouraging vagrancy, drunkenness, lying and general laziness and shiftlessness.

"The city of Providence, in America, solved this problem last winter very satisfactorily. * * * Begging has become almost unknown there, and families who had for years unnecessarily relied on the city for charity have become self-supporting. Station-house lodgers have decreased from nine thousand four hundred and twenty-five to two thousand four hundred and seventy-nine. The city wood-yard pays well. Would that there was something of this sort in Lucknow and other Indian centres, where there are so many white beggars. * * * As has been well said, 'enforced industry is the key to the discouragement of voluntary pauperism.'" — *Lucknow Witness, Nov.* 28, 1879.

XIX.

Canned codfish balls — What natives eat — Strange superstitions — Burmese New Year's day — Woman's position in Burmah — Some native names — Journeyings in Southern India — Up the Hooghly — Palace of the ex-King of Oude — Courtesy of Consul General of United States at Calcutta — His work for the English midshipmen — Unwise economy.

TO begin where my last letter closed, which was with the compliment an India paper had paid the Providence wood-yard plan for relieving the poor, let me give another illustration of the thought that even in a Burmese jungle one is not so far from home as might be imagined. In these days of telephones and telegraphs, of steam power and electric lights, it will not surprise you to know that in the depths of this land we breakfasted on canned codfish balls, with the genuine Yankee flavor, and dined on Boston baked beans. Will not some enterprising American invent the process, or discover it from among the lost arts, whereby these people — at least those who can afford it — may just cut open a can and take out a whole roast turkey dinner with all the fixings? Then these Americans on the other side of the world will be enabled to observe Thanksgiving Day and Christmas in a

proper manner, even if the icicles do not hang over the windows, and the snow beat against the pane and cover the garden grass. Roast duck or a chicken serves here as the turkey; stewed pumpkin for squash; and some ingenious missionaries stew the bud of the roselle tree and get a fair substitute for cranberry sauce. A few cook the shoots of the bamboo and call it cabbage or turnip, and cut up certain kinds of plantains and add sugar and milk, and play it is a dish of peaches and cream. But does some one say: "Oh! that's the way missionaries live! There's no sacrifice in that. Why don't they eat as the natives do? It would *cost less.*" Well, my Bible says not a word about going into all the world and preaching the Gospel, and being at the same time very careful to leave all the good things for the stay-at-home people to enjoy. But what do the natives eat? Rice and curry, curry and rice, seasoned well with chillies and sometimes mango pickle, and a little of their favorite condiment, ngapee, or rotten fish. This latter is the delicacy — the butter as it were — for the other food. A jar of it is in every house. It is simply fish in a state akin to decomposition, packed down with layers of salt, and allowed to stand; for, I believe, like cheese, it is said to improve with age. And this reminds me of a curious notion these people have, that certain fatty or meat smells make them sick. One of our boatmen in the jungle, accustomed to his curry and ngapee, was so overcome with the smell of our breakfast of fried meat and eggs that he insisted upon leaving us then and there. He said the smell of that frying fat

had taken all his strength, and he was sure that another meal would bring on such a complication of internal disorders as to perhaps end his mortal career.

The superstitions of a heathen people are a story without beginning or end. We passed a native lying in front of his house in the sunlight chattering and shaking with the ague. His children were astride of him, holding him down with might and main. The superstitious belief is that an evil spirit within causes this shaking, and to keep him from breaking all the bones to pieces, the children were holding on.

During our stay in Thoughsai, Captain Forbes, commissioner of that district, and author of one of the most popular books on Burmah, died very suddenly of heart disease. He had just finished the laying out of the new city of Tharrawaddy. The court-house and his own home were completed, and the cemetery for the new city staked out the day before. Without an hour's illness, his body was the first to lie in it. The superstitions of the Burmans came to the surface at the time of such a sudden death, and Mrs. Forbes, who is a Burman lady, referred to many strange predictions which her friends had been fearing, she said, for some time. "Once upon a time," so the story goes, whenever a city was laid out in Burmah, the life of one or more persons must be sacrificed. Each corner of the new territory should be marked by a post, under which the body of a man must be buried. The unfortunate victims of this ancient practice, it is said, were chosen from among the strangers passing through on the day decided upon by the most astute astrologer. After much ciphering and study of the

mystic signs of the heavens, the astrologer would privately communicate the intelligence that on such and such a day a man would pass through the village wearing an iron hat or carrying a bundle; as it was a frequent sight to see men with their brass kettles on their heads, it was not difficult to find the proper victim with the iron hat, who must die for the city's good. Still another custom was to place a large jar of oil under each corner post, and as long as the oil lasted so long would the city endure. As Captain Forbes buried no jars of oil, the natives predict a short history for the present Tharrawaddy. This is the second city of that name. The ancient Tharrawaddy has passed away. When it was founded, say the people, one of the victims cursed the place and prophesied that whoever should found another city of that name in the future would himself fall a sacrifice.

The Buddhist belief in the transmigration of souls keeps alive all sorts of weird and silly superstitions. The thought that perhaps a deceased grandfather or uncle, or some relative, is residing in the cat and dog, or the chickens about the door, would naturally lead one to observe closely any peculiar ways or expressions. It makes the family cat an animal too sacred to allow any small boys to hoot at or to decorate with old tins. She may contain the soul of one's mother-in-law, and must be treated with respect. Still these Burmans would not go as far in their affection for a cat as, it is said, the ancient Egyptians, who would rush into a burning house and rescue the family cat at all hazards. Absurd as these

heathen notions are, they are no more so than many which cling to people of some culture in more enlightened lands. The Burmans say if the bees swarm under the house, good luck will follow; if over head, adversity will surely come. But there are people in America who are very careful to see the new moon over the right shoulder for the luck's sake, and feel troubled to sit down with thirteen at a dinner party. If an undomesticated bird makes a nest in a Burman's house, the family will move out immediately and abandon the place; and if a hawk fly over the house with food in his bill, it is a good omen. These are but a few of the innumerable superstitions of a heathen race: compare them with those familiar to children and servants in America, and while we laugh at these from over the sea, let us talk no more of unlucky Friday, and the death which followed the breaking of the looking-glass, and the stranger who came after the carving-knife was found sticking up in the kitchen floor.

Among the peculiar customs of the Burmese is that of observing their New Year's day, which occurs in April, by throwing water upon all their friends and neighbors. Bamboo squirt guns, as well as cups, do service on this day. Woe to the young man who goes forth in a jungle village on such a day dressed in his best, and still worse for him if he does not take the "April showers" good-naturedly, for he will get all the more if angry, and be deluged until cool in spirit as well as body. But this water play cannot annoy them very greatly, when at any time, in a jungle village, one may see a Burmese woman,

with her loongyee tucked about her, standing on the bamboo platform of her house in full view of any passers-by, dousing herself with cold water from one of the stone chatties common to all households, and wetting the loongyee as well, thus taking bath and washing her skirt at the same time. The water runs off through the cracks of the bamboo floor, and the wet garment is adroitly dropped as the fresh one is adjusted.

Woman's position in Burmah is far in advance of that of her sisters in China and India. Although she is not educated, and is considered lower in the scale of humanity, she does hold the purse, and has control of her own property and earnings. A wife does not go into her mother-in-law's house, but the husband must marry on to the wife's family, and give his services to her parents for a time, and then when the young couple are ready for housekeeping, the old folks are expected to set them up with a pair of bullocks or a buffalo and help them put up a house. The women are free to go and come as they please; they work in the paddy fields and get good pay, and appear to have an equal share of the work, rights and privileges of the home. The old idea that a woman must never be up stairs when the man is down, lest she should be above him, is not rigidly observed even among the most heathenish. An English officer told me that when in charge of court matters, he noticed that if there was a simple case at hand the man looked after it, but when it was complicated, the woman was sent to represent the family.

While writing of these domestic affairs, I am

reminded of some of the peculiar names that I met. One baby in a jungle village was called by a Burmese word, which means "the day the white teacher came." Miss Pretty, and Miss Gold or Miss Silver, are as common as Mary and Jane with us. An old man whom we met had been known for several years by an expression which literally was, "Mr. had the small-pox and didn't die."

Our little party some weeks ago had again separated. Mr. B., with carpet-bag in hand, had taken steamer from Rangoon to Madras, stopping at Coconada to attend a Missionary Convention, and after it to visit—two hundred miles to the south — the Teleegoo mission-field, of which the whole Christian world has heard. Of his glimpse into the methods, and glorious results of the earnest toil in that region; of his wearisome journey in the interior by bandy, or two-wheeled carts, drawn by coolies, with relays every ten miles; of the sudden awakening on one night's trip to a realization of the transitoriness of all earthly things, when he was spilled out with all his "kit" into a deep mud hole, and of his gladness in reaching Madras, after these four hundred miles of inland roughing-it, those most interested in our world tour will doubtless have read in Boston and Philadelphia papers.

Before Mr. B. should reach Calcutta on the completion of this South India visit, with bag and baggage and boy, I embarked on the *S. S. Malda* from Rangoon direct to Calcutta. The steamer left Rangoon soon after daylight, and waited at the mouth of the river several hours for the overland mail from Maulmain,

While watching the transfer of mail-bags, we saw a young man and his trunk brought over to our steamer. He proved to be an enterprising young American, a globe trotter of the "around-the-world-in-eighty-days" sort; "did not care to visit Rangoon; been two days in Maulmain and that was enough of Burmah; he must hurry on."

After three days on the bay of Bengal, with water smooth as glass under the glare of an unclouded sun, we entered the wide mouth of the Hoogly river, one of the outlets of the sacred Ganges.

It was with interest, and I must confess, some anxiety that I watched for that point in the river called the "James and Mary," so called because a ship of that name, with ports open, turned in the shifting, treacherous quicksands, and went down with all on board.

The *Agamemnon* and the *Ethel* not many years ago were both drawn down into the deadly whirlpool, which was then of fearful power from the heavy rains.

No travel is allowed on the river after the sunset, and the *Malda* anchored for the night close to a large cotton mill, run nights as well as days. This spirit of hurry and push and work was in decided contrast with the Oriental scene about it. Sleepy-looking, squalid children and women lounged about their mud houses with grass roofs, and sat under the tall palms with their lofty drooping crown of foliage, strange birds flitted around, while in the distance an occasional minaret or white-washed tomb could be seen.

Near the city is the elegant and spacious palace of the ex-King of Oude. Although he is called a prisoner of state, and cannot leave his luxurious home on the bank of the river without permission, and is no longer ruler, but one of the subjects of the Empress of India, he ought to keep tolerably comfortable, and make both ends meet, with his income of fifty thousand dollars a month. From the steamer, as we passed, the cages of his pet wild beasts could be clearly seen, and the Bengal tiger, referred to by other travellers, glared out from behind his prison bars as he paced to and fro.

The Hoogly, near Calcutta, presents an animated scene. Ships and steamers and smaller craft were coming and going. Just before reaching the city anchorage, we passed a large ship, ocean bound, flying the Stars and Stripes. The pent-up patriotism of the boy had to give vent in cheers and an enthusiastic waving for the flag of his home land.

Across the cabin-table there had been a good deal of pleasant warfare between the American and English gentlemen on board. The failings in etiquette of General Grant and party had been met and matched by stories of the Duke of Edinburg and suite when travelling in the far east. At the close of the voyage, one of the gentlemen, late representative of the British at Theebaw's court, and, of course, an Englishman of that sort who,

"In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations,"

could not do else than

"remain an Englishman,"

jocosely declared that Americans were always too

busy to be polite, etc., and as he was confident no American gentleman would meet me, most kindly offered to escort the lone woman and her boy to the shore and to a hotel. The offer was accepted, provided some one of my own flag did not appear. No sooner was this agreement made than General Litchfield, Consul-General for the United States, stepped on board, and with a hearty welcome to the east, took the lone woman and her baggage and son safely on shore and to the American Zenana Mission Home, under the able superintendency of Miss Hook, where a real "home greeting" was awaiting us. The remark of the aforesaid boy will not be out of place to complete this topic: "When I get to be a man, mother, I'll vote for General Litchfield for President, won't you?"

It is certainly very pleasant to find America's representative a man of culture and mind and heart equal to the highest official from any other nation on the face of the globe. I would that our land was represented in every port and nation by such christian gentlemen as is General Litchfield. He is doing more in the city of Calcutta every week for the apprentice boys on the English ships than any Englishman in the realm.

Every Wednesday night from eighty to a hundred of these future ships' officers assemble in his rooms for tea and a helpful talk. Young lads they are, far from the mother and home in England, exposed to every snare and temptation which such a cosmopolitan city can offer to homeless, ignorant boys. Every Saturday evening General Litchfield again opens his little parlor for a Bible reading, and the tea, hot and

tempting, is free to all of them. The English people thoroughly respect him, and wonder, as well they may, why so large and rich a country as the United States of America should pay one of her best men and ablest representatives a salary no larger than their petty officials receive. When such men are willing to leave their country and serve us in a distant port, surely the pay should enable them to live as other representatives from smaller and poorer governments do. I can fully appreciate the disinclination of our honored Van Zandt and General Burnside to represent America in the kingdom of the Czar, upon a salary which would not permit them to return the social honors, and live in a style fitting the high and honored position.

Economy is a good thing, but there's a good deal of "save at the spigot and let out at the bung-hole" in our country. But the mail closes.

More from Calcutta next time.

XX.

Necessary additions to one's vocabulary — Visiting the Zenanas — Calcutta "the city of palaces" — Fashionable driving on the Maidan — Bazaar men on the rampage — Worship of Kali — Bishop Heber's monument — Burning Ghaut — Nautch party — A pensive prima donna — Led behind the scenes — Visit to Serampore — Successful coffee rooms for the sailors.

OME years ago a gentleman, living in a Western city, accumulated a fortune rapidly, and concluded to spend a part of it in acquiring the grace and polish of manner which he felt could be obtained only by a life with French people, in the society of Paris. He remained a year in the capital of Napoleon's empire, and returned to his native town in America utterly unable to pronounce the word Paris so that his friends could understand him. He frankly remarked to his colored barber, that his life in *Pahree* had unfitted him for the coarser pursuits and harsh language of American society.

The globe trotter does not receive such refining and overpowering influences. There is no danger of losing one's hold of the good old mother tongue, with all its r's and s's. English is spoken everywhere, but in every country there are some new words to be added to one's vocabulary: for instance, on arriving

at Calcutta, you hear the words *Pucka* and *Cutcha*. You are evidently supposed to know what people mean, and you search the dim recesses of your memory, back to the school days, to think of the possible definitions. Webster is not at hand, even if he ever heard of such words. When a friend remarks that Mr. X. lives in a cutcha house, you think, perchance, it must be a white, or a large, or a flat-roofed house, or the very opposite. But when, in the next breath, the statement is made that the price of such an article is "a cutcha value" or a certain man is a "pucka heathen," and that there are sixteen thousand pucka houses in the city of Calcutta, hope dies within you. Pride vanishes, and you meekly confess you do not understand what they are talking about. Now for the lesson: Pucka houses are made of burned bricks, are firm and solid structures in contrast with cutcha houses, which are composed of sun-dried or unbaked bricks, and are of a more temporary or yielding character. An article which can be beaten down to a lower price has a cutcha, or yielding value; and a pucka heathen is one who is firmly established in the old ways of thinking—"Set as a stone."

Another word is "bus," not the short for omnibus. The derivation I do not know. But pedlers and servants and coachmen all understand its import. When you have offered your price for a certain article of cutcha value, and are in a state of mind which might be called pucka, you say to the dealer Bus, and he knows you will pay no more. If you wish to stop your coachman, you call out of the window, that is

if your knowledge of Hindoo or Bengali does not permit of a well rounded sentence, "gharry wallah, Bus — Stop here!" It is all that is necessary. A word which might lead to some misapprehension unless the spelling were clearly understood is one much used by the Zenana workers. Said one of the young ladies at the American Mission Home, "I will take you to-day with me to see my bo, one of the sweetest creatures in the whole city." A bo is the madam or the principal wife in a Bengali home.

I had the rare privilege, while waiting for my husband's arrival from Southern India, of visiting day after day, with missionary ladies of the Union Society of America, many of these secluded apartments of Indian houses, a privilege which could not be given to a gentleman.

I could realize, as never before, the toil, the sacrifice, the patience it requires to keep up, week after week, and month after month, through sun and dust and smells, a round of visiting and teaching, among women and girls who are shut away from all that helps the mind to brighten and to grow. Among the poor and the rich, the stupid and the interesting, these cultured ladies from America work day after day, with no great result to show, no large church membership list to point to as success, no thrilling stories to narrate, no high scholarship attained. Some in the Zenanas learn to read well, and prize the Bible study; others listen, and make but little progress. Girls in the schools must complete their education by the time they are ten or twelve years

of age, and go to the secluded home and authority of the mother-in-law. Only in the spirit of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many," can we understand the patience and zeal of these ladies who are willing, yes, glad to be separated from home, land, and friends, to live among these people.

Calcutta has long been known as the "City of Palaces." Why this name should be thus applied I cannot imagine. To the traveller, who has seen some of the palaces of Europe and the palatial homes of America, these piles of brick, without the least claim to architectural beauty, are not worthy the name of palace. Government House, the residence of the viceroy, is a large and imposing edifice. It stands in a well-kept park, whose four large entrance gates are defended, or ornamented, by soldiers in gay uniforms. Between the Government House and the river, is the Eden Garden; and stretching for a mile or two along the bank of the Hoogly is "the Maidan," the lungs of Calcutta, as it is called. At one side of "the Maidan" is Chowringee road, the fashionable quarter of the city for English residents. The streets are well laid out, and lighted with gas. Upon Chowringee road, and along the strand, between "the Maidan" and the river, for an hour or more before sunset, the beauty and fashion and style of this capital may be seen out for the fresh evening air. Later in the year, when the viceroy sets up his court at Simla in the mountains, and the fashionable satellites have followed on, the avenues in Calcutta will lack much of their present display. Such a mixture of European

and Oriental style on that drive could not be seen anywhere else in the world. The elegant European carriages, the Oriental dress of the drivers, and strange fantastic livery of the footmen and outriders, the scarlet and gold of the viceroy's equipage, the footmen ornamented with long white brushes, the fair English ladies, the dignified Parsees, the wealthy baboos in embroidered turbans and costly India shawls,—formed a procession which moved rapidly around and around "the Maidan" to Eden Garden, where the English band plays for an hour at the close of the day. Carriages were soon deserted, and the garden, brilliant with gas jets, received added brilliancy from the gay costumes and the jewels, and the laugh and talk of the throng of promenaders, who paced back and forth over the lawn in front of the band pavilion.

Calcutta is not all Eden park and Maidan, with marble and stone sculptured memorials to departed Englishmen who have ruled India. A large part of the five thousand acres the city of Calcutta is said to cover, is made of narrow, tortuous streets or lanes, and a large proportion of the six or seven hundred thousand people it contains live on these by-ways. There are scores and scores of such streets as Nemoo Khansamas lane, and Bysacke lane, and Choonagully and Shankibhanga and Hoogulkooria, and other names as unpronounceable.

There is one part of Calcutta every traveller should visit. It is called the China Bazaar.

Why that appellation has been given I know not.

Certainly John Chinaman does not form any part of the place.

In a gharry, with a friend who understood the ways of China Bazaar, we entered the street of that name. Immediately runners from native shops jumped on to the carriage steps on each side, while another hung on behind, and all shouting the merits of their respective firms, and each claiming that his shop contained all that the female mind could desire. Advertising cards were showered in upon us. Wares of all sorts were thrust in at the open windows by the dealers, who breathlessly talked of their wonderful cheapness and beauty, as they ran along to keep pace with our driving. A hasty inventory of the goods put into the carriage window, on that single street, was as follows: Small mirrors, tea-pots, perfumery, feathers, toys, willow ware, iron spoons, glass tumblers, fans, lacquer trays, candy, table mats, jewelry, live turtles to amuse the small boy, and soap. Unfortunately, I had asked the price of a cake of carbolic soap, and the strife of all the soap venders on that street was at the highest possible pitch. Common and scented, fancy and plain balls, and cakes and bars, soap by the dozen or the box, were brought to those carriage windows in but a little longer space of time than it takes to tell of it. The gharry halted in front of a store where my friend expected to find some India muslin. "What you want get, mem-sab? me hab eberyting," screamed the rival runners on the steps, and each, fearing the other would entice these foreign victims to his shop, from words fell to blows,

and they were actually trying to pummel each other across us in the inside of the carriage.

"Want muslin, India muslin?" said the enterprising youth, hanging on behind, "with me you come; my shop hab eberyting; berry nice goods, fine muslin, eberyting nice ladies wants; berry cheap, mem-sab. You come?" We followed on after this impromptu guide through a narrow passage-way, three feet wide, perhaps, lined with small cupboards, where people and goods were stowed away, up a winding, broken stairway, past men asleep in corners or drunk, past eating saloons and dingy warerooms, to a street paved and lined with small shops. "What you want see, mem-sab?" said our guide. "Why, we have come because you said you had India muslin. Where is it?" "You like nice blue stuff, mem-sab? Serge, berry nice dress; show plenty kinds." There was everything dark and heavy and warm, but the article we were in search of was lacking. I mentioned to my friend in a low voice, on that upper floor, that I would like to see some tiger-claw necklaces of native workmanship. That whispered desire had in some unaccountable manner been telegraphed to the crowd of greedy runners on the street. At any rate, when we reached the outer air again a dozen voices sang out, "O, mem-sab, me show you tiger-claw jewelry. Berry nice, berry cheap; what you want give, mem-sab? Dis way, mem-sab." Following the decentest looking fellow in the crowd, we went through another labyrinth of crumbly stairs and dirty halls, to a third street, toward the sky, and seating ourselves in a small room, prepared to see the fine stock of tiger-claw

necklaces the dealer had expatiated upon all the way up.

Unrolling a series of cloth wrappings and soft papers, he laid out before us silver work, rings, bracelets, etc. "But," I said, "bring out the tiger-claw necklaces; I have not time to look at all that stuff." "But what you give, mem-sab, how much you want pay?" "For that silver work?" I said, getting more indignant, "not a penny. I don't want it at all." "You wants to see fine gold brooches? dis berry nice," continued the dealer. "No!" was the decided reply; "show me your tiger-claw jewelry, or we will go." "Oh! mem-sab, tiger-claw berry bad stuff; crack in hot time, and no good, mem-sab; silver alway good, neber get bad; you not believe me, mem-sab? I show you:" whereupon this enterprising dealer in tiger-claw necklaces brought out his entire stock, which amounted to just one cracked old breastpin. As we turned away in disgust, we were coolly informed, "Best ladies nebber buy tiger-claw jewelry; fine lady likes silber work best. I sells much, mem-sab."

There are other shops in China Bazaar and other dealers, but the general character is alike. We had at last found the India muslin, but the dealer would not deign to sell less than an entire piece. We turned away, still followed by soap men, and the last I saw of China Bazaar was with a native in the foreground gesticulating and shouting, "Dis berry nice carbolic soap; what you give, mem-sab?"

The special deity of Calcutta is the goddess Kali, from whom the city derives its name. A drive of

several miles along the Chowringee road brought us to the old temple and village of Kali-Khutta, where the worship was then going on. According to Hindoo belief, life must never be taken, hence the people cannot eat meat. But a goat or fowl, whose blood has been offered to the insatiable Kali, becomes sacred. After the priest has severed the animal's head and received a good sum for his work, and the blood and prayers have been given to Kali, the worshipper can take the animal home and eat it without losing caste. Hence hungry devotees are glad to offer their homage to Kali, and the priest makes no small amount for his own pocket.

There was blood everywhere: in pools on the pavement, on the steps and platform, and in front of the doorway opening into the dark room where Kali, in the midst of blood, sat in all her diabolical finery. Her black face and open mouth expressed nothing but murder; the long red tongue hung out over the chin, the three livid eyes glared out from the darkness, and the necklace of skulls she is represented as wearing could be seen, while in one hand she grasps a sword and the other holds a skull filled with blood, and still another has in it a bleeding human heart. The platform was too holy for our feet, but the priest pushed the crowds of praying ones away so that we might look within, and he get a backsheesh. He was a well-educated young man, could read and speak English perfectly, but "times were hard, and he could not get a good position, and as long as people would come here and worship, he might as well make his living here as any one else; and these people were

sincere in their worship; he didn't see as it mattered much; at any rate, it wasn't his business what they did. Of course, we would give him a liberal sum of money; we ought to help the poor in such a land." Of all the worship connected with this place I cannot write. In the heathen countries we have visited, in our journey thus far, we have seen nothing so shocking, so vile, as the idolatry of India.

Buddhism and Shintoism of Japan, Buddhism and Tauism and Confucianism and Ancestral worship of China, and the Nat worship and Buddhist faith of Burmah are not so terribly degrading and repulsive in appearance as the worship of the gods of India.

Sick at heart we turned away from Kali and Siva, and drove down toward the Maidan, visiting on the way the fine cathedral of the English Church. Pure white it was, save as the sunlight, through the stained glass windows, sent some tinted rays across the marble floor or monumental stones. In the centre is a marble statue of Heber in a kneeling position. The face is wonderfully expressive of peace and spiritual thought. One cannot but say, when looking upon this marble representation of him whose name is known all over the Christian world, "Yes, such a spirit as his could indite that hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.'" The worship of Kali and Siva, of Brahma and Gunesh and Krishna, inspires no such spirit in men as had Heber from communion with the Eternal God.

Another place in Calcutta, which our good friend General Litchfield kindly arranged that we should visit at the most favorable time, was the Burning Ghaut,

or place where the dead are burned. The building, if it may be called a building at all, is open toward the sky, and partly open toward the river, and so close that it is but a moment's work, after the burning is completed, to drop the bones into the sacred stream. We went early in the morning. One body was nearly consumed, and the men who had been in attendance were now beguiling the time away with a game of cards and a little gambling. The body of an old man was brought in just in front of us. The logs were piled up, and a few pieces of sandal-wood laid on top. The old man could not have been very rich, or else the brother, who was attending to this last rite for the deceased, was careful of expense, for but little sandal-wood went on to this burning pile. The wealth of a man can generally be told by the amount of this precious wood used at his burning.

The body of the old man, wrapped in a cloth, was taken off the bamboo litter, and laid upon the pile of logs. He must have been a tall man among his fellows, for the poor withered feet hung limp over the end. Other kindling and heavy logs were piled on, water from the sacred river was poured over the body, a cup of oil turned upon the head, and the dead hand filled with grain. All was now ready. A bunch of straw was thrust under the logs, and the brother lit it. The fire crackled and licked about the mass, and wrapped the whole in a sheet of flame. As we came away, the brother was watching, with intent interest, — the burning body of this near of kin? No! but the gambling of the young men with the cards.

The dull routine of life at a Baboo's house is broken, when such an interesting event as the boring of a child's ears takes place. This important day had arrived in a certain large and well-to-do family in Calcutta, and the grandfather, the head man of the household, was preparing a Nautch party in honor of the occasion. The little maid must soon take her place in the secluded rooms of the zenana, and get such glimpses of Nautch parties and like festivities, as could be gained from the upper balcony, through the closely-woven screens, with all the other women of the house. But now she is to be the queen of the evening. She is to wear the choicest of the family jewels, and sit in the most conspicuous part of the room. Her mother, the Bo, could not put her mind upon the reading-lesson that week, and the missionary teacher turned away from the inner court, with its gossip and talk, and meeting the Baboo at the men's room, near the entrance, begged the privilege of bringing to the Nautch party her American guests. The invitation was most cordially extended, and you may be sure, was as heartily accepted by our party upon the following evening. A crowd of the curious and uninvited hovered about the door, near which the band played a medley of discords, until the arrival of the Nautch girls, when for a little time the noise ceased. Passing through this narrow entrance, we entered the main court of the house, on the front of which are usually the drawing-rooms of the Baboos, elegantly-furnished apartments and used only for the lords of the family. During the day these luxurious parlors are darkened and closed. The

large court opens to the sky, and surrounded by corridors upon three sides, and an open room for idol worship on the fourth, was completely changed. The pavement was covered with bright carpets. A temporary ceiling of white cloth was stretched over the whole. Rows of brilliantly-lighted chandeliers and gas jets from the balconies made the place as light as day. Strings of yellow marigolds were festooned on every side. Facing the entrance, in front of the idol alcove, was built up a throne, with a canopy of red silk and lace curtains and gold trimmings, the whole crowned with gilded cupids, holding at the corners an American and an English flag.

The Baboo smilingly invited us up the central aisle, between the rows of divans and sofas, and seated us next a member of the family who spoke English exceedingly well. It was past nine o'clock, and yet the richly-dressed guests, in the gold embroidery, India shawls, and white drapery, had only begun to come in.

Remember, these were all men; not a female was to be seen except ourselves and the Nautch girls, who stood near the door waiting to begin, when the little queen of the evening should be brought in and seated on the throne. We had not long to wait; a servant appeared from behind, carrying the dark-eyed little girl in his arms, and placed her on the red silk covering of the throne seat, tucking her feet snugly under her. The Baboos salaamed very pleasantly to her majesty, and very sweetly little Nihrodah, putting her hand to her lips and then to her forehead, with a little nod of the head, returned the saluta-

tions. Her dress was of green tissue and gold work. A necklace of pearls and another of flowers, strung together, reached to her waist. Her nose-ring was so large that she had to tuck it one side, putting the large pearl which ornamented it upon her ear while she munched cardamom seeds. A fringe of gold and pearls hung over the forehead, while the face was crowned with a towering aigrette of gold and feathers, each dancing swaying tip being finished with a diamond. Armlets and bracelets and earrings finished the little queen's toilet.

The guests, as they entered, walked to the foot of the throne, threw upon a gold plate, on the step, a gift for the maiden,—a gold piece worth sixteen rupees (or nearly nine dollars). A secretary and treasurer for the evening was at her majesty's right hand, and whose duty it was to take up each piece as thus presented, look it carefully over to make sure it was genuine metal, and then to write down the donor's name and value of the gift in a large book. Some of the younger children, in finery and gilt crowns, sat at the left of Nihrodah, the queen. Rose-water from silver sprinklers had been showered over us several times. Cardamom seeds and rolls of betel had been passed, and now the Nautch girls, in green and pink, and gold trimmings and jewelry, came slowly up the aisle, moving their bare feet so that the tinkling anklets kept perfect time to the music which followed closely behind them. With courtesies and smiles toward the host, the dancing began. Fingers, hands, wrists, arms, were brought, one after another, into exercise, until the whole body swayed

to the time of the musicians. It was an exercise which I could imagine as part of a "Movement Cure Infirmary," but could hardly call dancing. The two violins and a tom-tom and brass cymbals were played with perfect time, but to our ears without tune. Said our English-speaking Baboo, "You Europeans can excel us in many ways, but in the art of music you must acknowledge your country is far behind India." "These girls," he continued, "are not the most cultivated. They are too fat and jolly to please such an audience of high-caste gentlemen as there are present this evening. A little later a great singer and dancer will come; a sad, melancholy lady, who is the head of her profession, and can earn two hundred rupees (one hundred dollars) an evening. O, her singing is something wonderful."

The Nautch girls smiled, and sang and danced, ate cardamom seeds, but gained little applause, and retreated from the scene as the pensive prima donna entered. Every guest was on the alert now. Salaams greeted the new dancer upon every hand. A sickly smile stole over her thin, sallow face, as she turned to see them with her one good eye, one eye being blurred and turned in. "Her jewels," said our neighbor, "are very good, not so many, you see; she does not depend upon dress; but just notice her superior manners." The long bony arms began to move, the silvery anklets chimed an accompaniment, as she slowly advanced toward us. Every Baboo who could get in the vicinity of that central aisle, was eagerly listening. She began. Said our neighbor, "That is

only the prelude; she is trying the scale, and getting her voice ready. Finally, she plunged into the song, faster and faster; the men with the violins and tom-toms had hard work to keep up. The Baboos nodded approval and tried to keep time with their heads and feet. The greatest beauty or achievement seemed to be in getting upon this galloping speed, over and over a few notes, and then suddenly coming to a dead stop, just in the midst of a chord. The time was perfect, and the weird tune, half minor, was really very fascinating even to our American ears.

The host had kindly given us permission to go behind the corridors, and visit the women of the family peering through the lattice screens above. Through dark halls and dirty stairways we found our way to the women. With them we looked through the chinks of the curtain upon the gay scene below. Wishing to see for a moment more perfectly, I thoughtlessly lifted a corner of the screen. A cry of horror burst from the women as they rushed backward, and the Baboo, who at that moment joined us, tucked the screen all back, assuring me that no harm had been done, but had any of the women been seen it would have been a *dreadful thing.* After a chat with the Baboo we returned to the court below. The lights were as brilliant as before. The prima donna was still singing, though she had sank upon the voluminous folds of her pink tarlatan petticoat and green and gold overdress, and was sitting on the floor of the aisle and refreshing herself occasionally with a roll of betel. One of the tiny maids of honor had

nodded her crown over on to her nose, and was ingloriously carried off to bed by one of the servants.

The eight-year-old queen had lost her taste for cardamom seeds, yet tried to keep up the dignity of her position by making her heavy eye-lids stay open; but they would droop. The diamonds flashed and glistened as the little head nodded and nodded into dreamland. We waited until one o'clock, when her majesty was carried off sound asleep to the Zenana. Her glory over. Her reign ended. Her ears bored.

The prima donna sang or danced until two o'clock, and then the Nautch party was finished.

With General Litchfield as host and guide, we paid a visit to Serampore, nearly fifteen miles from Calcutta by rail, and saw the college founded by those pioneers in missions, who here spent their lives in translating the Word of God into the languages of the eastern world. At a time when the East India Company ruled India, and ruled out missionary efforts, Serampore, under the Danish flag, became the refuge of Carey, Marshman and Ward; who freely gave their all of time and money in order that the heathen should have the Bible in their own tongue. Dr. Marshman's chair is preserved, and shown to the visitor,—a chair made especially for his work, so that he could easily turn from one native helper to another. He translated and dictated to one at his right hand in one tongue, and immediately turned to the other with a dictation in another language. I do not wonder that such a man

became overzealous in his work, and, as an old woman told me in her reminiscences of olden times, "Why, he used to preach sometimes until midnight, and once, until the lights were all burned out; yet he kept right on, and did not seem to notice the darkness."

A visit to the cemetery where these good men are buried; a look at the pagoda called by the name of him who came to the deserted place to study and pray, the well-known Henry Martyn of the English Church; a drive through the park of the government house, a summer home of the viceroy on the opposite side of the river; a look at the old Car of Juggernaut; and a short steam-car ride brought us back to the city, where the ladies of the American Mission Home had arranged a most agreeable surprise for us; namely, an evening company made up of nearly every missionary and Christian worker in the city.

In my last letter I referred to the kindly work done for the English midshipmen in Calcutta port by our honored Consul-General to India. The common sailors, who come ashore at Calcutta, are not forgotten. Some American missionaries have opened pleasant rooms in a part of the city most convenient to this class of people, and from six to ten o'clock every day, there is a cordial welcome for the sailor, a good cup of coffee and lunch at low price, and Bible meetings and Gospel singing nearly every evening. The American Methodists are helped in this work by the English Baptists. A Mrs. Rouse, of England, goes about among them, visits the sailor

homes, and exerts a marvelous power for good over these men. Such has been the effect upon that quarter of the city, and upon that class of people, that the chief of police in Calcutta, in a published report, states that the very small number of arrests of drunken sailors, since the establishment of that coffee room, must be owing to the good done by it.

XXI.

"Some pumpkins" — Night travel in India — Benares, "the sacred city" — One home in India — Birthplace of Buddhism — Well of knowledge — Monkey temple — Worshipping the sacred river — Garden of delights — School for high caste girls — Illustrations of the caste system — Servants necessary for India life — Lucknow — The ruined Residency — Grave of General Havelock — Kaiser Bagh, the palace of three hundred wives — Jugglery — Bareilly — One woman's work in temperance — A Dak bungalow — Meeting old acquaintances.

ARK Twain, when giving advice upon agricultural subjects, wrote that "the pumpkin does not make a good shade tree." But it does — in India. Many of the mud houses of the natives are covered with pumpkin and squash-vines, growing thriftily upon the sloping roof. The leaves beautify and shade the dwelling, while a golden pumpkin or a bouncing squash ornaments the top and matures finely in the sunlight which falls across the ridge-pole.

Save for oddities like this, and the sight of opium fields, as in the vicinity of Patna, the glimpse of wild monkeys farther north, the beauty thrown about railway stations by English taste, vines, roses and fences draped with morning-glories, there is very

little in the landscape or village life to interest the traveller passing through India by rail. There is the stamp of poverty and laziness upon the whole scene.

The mail trains leave the leading stations at evening, and all through travel must be largely at night. There are no Pullman cars and sleeping arrangements on India trains. There are stuffed seats in each compartment long enough to lie upon, but all other accessories for sleeping upon a cold night must be carried along. The traveller usually purchases a *resai*, or, as we would say, a thickly wadded comforter. Carrying one's bedding is the proper thing in India. Hotels and private families depend largely upon the guest for the extra furnishings of the bed he occupies. This is easily managed, too, for at every station a crowd of coolies watch eagerly for the opportunity to carry such bundles, expecting a small coin in return. With a midday sun so warm as to render it uncomfortable and also unsafe for a European to be out in it long without the protection of a pith hat and white umbrella, it seems strange that the night should be so cold as to make it necessary to carry all the wraps one has and a thick *resai* in addition. But though strange, it is true, and in ulster and shawl and comforter one is not any too warm on a moving train in India at this season of the year.

Leaving Calcutta at nine P. M. we reached Mogul-Serai the next afternoon. Here a change is made to the road and cars for Benares, ten miles distant. Mogul-Serai is the point of attack for hotel runners, guides, etc. One of these scouts had taken a seat in our compartment, that he might have all the time

possible to show us the various testimonials to his own virtue and that of the hotel he represented, declaring with much emphasis, between each statement, "Me neber tell lies; all odder guides dey tell bery bad lies; me all true." The train leaves the passenger for Benares on the opposite bank of the Ganges, which is crossed by a bridge of boats. Notwithstanding the slanders which the guide who "neber told lies" had been casting upon Clark's hotel, we decided to go there, when a kindly face appeared at our car window: "Is this Rev. Mr. B——?" said a voice as pleasant as the face. "I heard from Calcutta friends that you were coming to-day, and we claim you at our house during your stay in Benares." That home was the finest sample of comfort, of hospitality, of refined enjoyment to be found in India. It combined the luxury of Eastern life with the coziness and comfort of an English home. This English gentleman is wealthy enough to furnish his drawing-room with elegant satin furniture wrapped up in linen covers, and choice carpets and drapery which need a tomb-like room, darkened and closed, to keep them from fading; but he does not thus lay out money. The parlor was not too good for any or all of the half-dozen or more children. The dolls kept a tidy house in one corner. The boys played miniature billiards in another. There were two pianos for quartettes and an American organ for hymns. Books, pictures, papers and games abounded. Parents and children and guests were equally at home. The family life was not ruffled by our coming. The lady of that home would make a good general, so quietly did all

the forces move into line and prove themselves equal to every emergency.

More than Rome has been to the Catholic world, and what Mecca is to the Mohammedans, Benares, the sacred city of India, is to the Hindoos. It is the gate-way of Paradise. Those who die within ten miles of its centre have a passport to the regions of the blest. Wealthy natives, rajahs and maharajahs of other cities and provinces, build elegant residences in Benares, near the holy river, where they hope to spend the last days of life.

From the tops of the tall minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe, a fine view of this strange old city is obtained, with its three hundred mosques, temples and domes and palaces, its stone buildings of every shape and style, and the river winding along below. What a volume of histories clusters about the ancient city and this Ganges river! "Twenty-five centuries ago, at the least, it was famous. When Babylon was struggling with Nineveh for supremacy; when Tyre was planting her colonies; when Athens was growing in strength; before Rome had become known, or Greece had contended with Persia, or Cyrus had added lustre to the Persian monarchy, or Nebuchadnezzar had captured Jerusalem, and the inhabitants of Judea had been carried into captivity, Benares had already risen to greatness, if not to glory. She may have heard of the fame of Solomon, and have sent her ivory, her apes and peacocks to adorn his palaces." Hindooism claims Benares as its birthplace, and at Sarnath, a few miles from the city's centre, are the ruins of an old monastery, where

it is believed Sakya Muni, the founder of Buddhism, first proclaimed himself a divine being, and taught the peculiar doctrines of the worship of Gaudama, which have spread over the Eastern world. A Buddhist pilgrim from China visited Benares in the seventh century of our Christian era, and describes the city and its vicinity as a kingdom where "there are families of great wealth, whose houses are filled with precious things, the greater portion of whom believe in the heretical doctrines of Hindooism, and few have respect for the laws of Buddha," though the writer admits that there were thirty Buddhist monasteries with three thousand monks.

It would be a wearisome and disagreeable task to minutely describe the temples and temple worship of this vile centre of the vilest forms of idolatry. A few words will suffice. The temples are small; not one of them is possessed of an element of beauty. The pavements are filthy and crowded with filthier devotees. Sacred bulls roam about at pleasure, and are ornamented with yellow garlands and fed with dainties; and so holy are these beasts that men and women as they pass will rub the end of the tail to their forehead with a prayer. The Well of Knowledge, covered with flowers tossed in by those who have received a cup of the precious water (and paid well for it), is but the cess-pool for the adjoining pavements.

The Monkey Temple swarmed with hundreds of these mischievous, dirty little creatures, who are not kept within the temple area, but are to be seen for a quarter of a mile before reaching the temple, munching away on the tops of walls and houses and along

the road-side. Early morning, as near day-break as possible, is the time to witness the bathing in, and worship of, the sacred waters of the river.

Taking a boat at the foot of the long flight of steps or ghauts leading down to the water, we were rowed slowly back and forth in front of the bathing-places, having a panoramic view of the whole scene. Men, women and children were engrossed in their devotions. The water was taken up in the hands, touched to the forehead and lips as a prayer was said, and slowly allowed to trickle back to the river. This ceremony was repeated several times before the worshipper plunged in all over. An after rite was that of putting on the forehead streaks of the holy mud, or plastering the hair full of it.

Men under umbrellas sold paints, with which various holy or caste marks could be put on the face after the bath. We rowed past burning places on the bank of the river — piles of wood ready for a corpse, and others nearly consumed — past idols and idol houses, on the steps where people were bowing and presenting money and flowers. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

Among the sights of Benares is the palace of "His Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram, K. C. S. I.;" and not only his palace, but his finest garden, in another part of the city, called "the garden of delights," with a summer house for grand dinners. If it had been Oriental elegance it would be worth while to describe it; but it was just such finery as you would see in the home of an oil prince. There were a showy carpet, and gay satin furniture, French mirrors

and any number of music boxes and birds which sang when they were wound up, and girls who danced under glass cases after the key had been turned.

The garden had been laid out by European brains, and the Oriental part was all gone. This house and its furnishings remind me of a story which illustrates the way these wealthy rajahs spend money. In Calcutta there is one of the finest glass stores in the world. At the time that the Prince of Wales was in India, this china shop was resplendent with crystal and mirrors and delicate porcelain. One of the wealthiest of India's native princes went in to this establishment at that time, and after enjoying the dazzling display a few moments, pointed to one side of the store, and with a wave of his hand said: "I'll take that." And it took the clerks weeks to pack up this one purchase—the entire stock on one side of the long room.

This Maharajah of Vizianagram has been a leader among the Hindoos in the encouragement of female education. Eight years ago the father of the present Maharajah started a school in Benares for the education of poor high-caste girls. During these years eight thousand girls have been under instruction.

But it would not be wise to conclude from these figures that high-caste girls appreciate schools; on the contrary, there are other figures to give. Each of these girls is paid from a few annas (an anna is three cents) to a rupee (half a dollar) a month for coming, and old women who gather the pupils and escort them to and from the school receive one rupee a month for every eight girls they have in charge.

Added to these amounts, the Maharajah pays rent, teachers' wages, furnishes worsteds and canvas, etc., and then the product of their sewing hours he gives to his friends. He gives liberally to several colleges, built the city hall, and is esteemed one of the most generous and broad-minded of the native princes.

As the traveller never leaves Benares without seeing the Kin-cob work, the gold and silver embroidery on lace, I will not leave the city without saying that we visited the celebrated shop of Lâla Debi Pershah, and saw the costly array of shawls and scarfs and piece goods, fit in price, at least, for a king. Benares brass work is another specialty of the place.

When in Calcutta we had an experience in the prejudices of caste, which we had read about but never appreciated fully. My boy walked through the stable belonging to "the Home" at the hour when some of the men were preparing for their noonday meal. Standing a moment in an open door, his shadow fell across the brass dish containing a servant's dinner. The man was in a rage, and declared he must throw all the food away and the dish itself, or lose caste.

A durgee came to the door seeking work, and I asked what kind of sewing he could do. "Was he able to make a cover for a pith hat?" "Oh, yes!" He would sit right down and begin upon it. But it was first necessary to find the materials; as he was to be paid for a day's work, would he mend stockings for an hour? With a tone of lofty contempt, that tailor said: "I solah toppee man!" and cast one withering glance upon the basket of hose.

In Benares a poor, homeless boy, who had sought in vain for work for some time, was taken into a printing-office to fold papers. He was next to the lowest caste; but in a few days he came to his employer, saying he could not stay, for hog's grease was used about the press, and he should lose caste if he remained where he was. This caste system is the explanation why so many servants have to be employed by even a small family in India. A lady told me, by way of illustration, of an incident in her own housekeeping. It was necessary to have a sofa lifted from one side of the room to another. The man who was dusting took hold of one end and she called to the sweeper to lift at the other side. But the "dusting man" could not lower himself to take hold with a "sweeping man," and she was forced to lift it herself or wait for another of the same grade to come. The durwan keeps the gate. The bharer dusts, fills the lamps and does errands. The beestie brings water to the house and fills the stone chatties in the bath-rooms. The mehter sweeps, rubs the stairs, washes up the marble floor of the lower hall, and other work of similar kind.

Where there are children there must be a child's nurse or ayah; one for each child. Then there is the ayah, or lady's maid, and the lower ayah, who can be called upon for the more menial work in the nursery. The khansama is a sort of butler, and goes to bazaar, and is grand master of ceremonies when there is company. The kitmutgar waits on the table and washes the best dishes. The bowashi is the cook, and has under him one or more of the

masalchi class or scullions, who clean the pots and kettles and do the lowest work in the house. Now this is not all; for eight months of the year people cannot live in India without the punka going day and night. None of these men above numerated can be put at this work. Each family must have several punka wallahs. A gentleman of business needs a Pardah who can go to the bank for him and be trusted with important errands, and when not thus employed he stands at the door and receives the cards of visitors and presents them to the lady of the house. The washerman is a dhobee, and the sewing-man a durgsee, and then there are the men about the stable, if horses are kept. There is the coachman, and a syce at least, and more according to the style of the family.

At dusk again we started, leaving Benares at nightfall and reaching Lucknow in the early morning of the next day. No scenes outside of one's own country are as familiar to an English-reading person as are those connected with the terrible massacre at Cawnpore and the siege of Lucknow. Before any sight-seeing among the splendors remaining in the capital of the ex-King of Oude, the traveller visits the ruins of the old Residency, and wanders through the empty rooms riddled and broken by shot and shell, and down into the tykhana or cellar rooms of the Residency, where for fifteen long weeks in that memorable year in India (1857) the women and children of the garrison were huddled together, with scarcely room to lie upon the stone floor until death had decreased the number. Here were the well and sick. With heat and flies and

poor food and cholera and fevers, and the incessant booming of cannon or sound of shot and shell above and about them, it is not strange that the number of those women became rapidly smaller, and the adjoining grave-yard is full of bodies taken from that underground room. The wonder is that there was any one left when General Havelock succeeded in reaching the gate with reinforcements for the little garrison. The old banqueting hall, the scene of many a gay dance before the mutiny, and a hospital for wounded soldiers during the siege, is now a picturesque ruin. The broken walls and shattered roof are covered with ivies. The house, where the heroic Lawrence died, stands mutilated and broken. From the watch-tower, where the sentinels kept a constant look-out upon the surrounding host of blood-thirsty savages, eagerly looking for Havelock and his valiant men, who fought every step of the way through those city streets, is now the finest view of the peaceful city, with its palaces and domes and beautiful gardens. In the Alum Bagh, or grounds surrounding the old summer palace of the king, is the grave of General Havelock. He captured this garden which was fortified and held by the rebels, died in the old palace, and now the park is his burial-place. At the close of a fitting tribute to his memory upon his grave-stone are the words: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

It is well for the traveller to see Lucknow first and Delhi and Agra afterward. The richness of material and finish which is expected of the Moguls will not be found in this capital of the kingdom of Oude. The

old buidings are of vast proportions, showy, ornamented with stucco work and gilding. They make beautiful photographic pictures, but disappoint the visitor who takes more than a general survey.

A visit to the Imambara is considered a first duty of the tourist. There are the figures — three hundred and three feet long, by sixty-three feet high. The ornamentation is elaborate enough to satisfy the old monarch who tried to build a house to the prophet unlike any ever made before. It is dingy and dark, and filled with cannon and cannon balls. It is quite a stretch of the imagination to replace the broken tawdry chandelier, light up the vast room and put the richness of a king's company into it.

Then there is the Kaiser Bagh, that is said to have cost the late king about four million dollars, which is a palace built around an immense court where his three hundred wives could promenade. Some say he had eight hundred in these suites of rooms opening upon this interior garden. It matters little, when the numbers get up into the hundreds. The whole place with its gorgeous style of finish is in keeping with the sensual man who was at its head until the English power asked him to reside within a smaller estate on the banks of the Hoogly. We went the entire round of sights in Lucknow; if by any chance we had left one thing out, the next traveller we met who had "done" the entire guide book would triumphantly exclaim: "Not see that tomb or palace! why, it is wonderful for age (or dirt or stucco work), and you have missed *the* sight of that city." So we went through the whole list to the tomb of Mohammed

Ali, third king of Oude, with its large gate-way and imitation Taj, to the great mosque, and to the college called after the founder, La Martiniere, who appreciated an education, though deficient himself; to the park, one of the finest in India, where the flowers, especially the roses, are looking their very best at this time of the year, and, of course, finished up with seeing a jugglery performance. There was no help for it: the jugglers followed us about, hung around the veranda, gave the children of the house most enticing glimpses of the snake's tail, and began their tricks while we were talking about it. It was the usual programme. They swallowed eggs and knives, and took glass balls out of their ears, drank fire and killed snakes and brought them to life again. But the strangest of all was to see them mix up a powder into a cup of water, drink it all down and then bring the powder dry out of their mouths afterward. There must be a curious sieve in these fellows' throats. The children were enthusiastic in their applause, and wanted the performers to keep on all day. But having received their promised pay, they declined giving anything until a re-engagement should be made, but stated that one especially charming item had been omitted which a second programme would certainly include, namely: having one of the snakes crawl down the throat of the leader and re-appear under the folds of his gown near the next. We did not stay for the second performance.

It is nearly a nine hours' ride by rail from Lucknow to Bareilly, where we had been most kindly urged to stop and see something of the successful work accom-

plished here by the American Methodist missionaries. Of the orphanage and its nearly three hundred waifs, of the women's medical work, and the zenana visiting I will not write, but in passing I will refer to the good which an American lady is here doing in the cause of gospel temperance among the English soldiers. A large force is kept at Bareilly. There is a full regiment here all the time. This lady, with more than ordinary social qualities, is the life of the organization of Good Templars. She is like a mother to these young men in the army, who are so far away from home and its influences. To her parlor with its cheery fire of logs, at this season, these young men come and go as to a mother's house. They enjoy the brightness and the sympathy and the helpful words, and go away strengthened for the right. Oh, there is something else to be given to the needy and the tempted in this world beside money! How few are generous enough to help on a good cause by giving a bit of their home life, its comforts, its joys, its very homeness, to the tried and the homeless. A gentleman, who had met some of these young soldiers from Bareilly at the front, told me that it was wonderful how true they were in the midst of most trying temptations, and that any one of them would lay down his life for this foster mother.

A night's ride and we reach Delhi, the Mohammedan capital of India. We have tried hotels and hospitalities, and now for the experience of a Dak Bungalow, a house provided by government for the accommodation of travellers. The guest orders from a printed list with prices attached, pays the native ser-

vant, writes out his opinion of the service and food given him, and amount paid, in a book provided by the native, and goes his way. The native cannot read what has been said about him, and the guest need not understand the language of the country.

Resting in that Dak Bungalow before the open fire, voices sounded distinctly from the next room. There was a familiar sound to them. Some American party, without doubt; they do not say "nawsty," or "awfully jolly," or "clever." But they have just guessed about something, and hark! it is settled: a man's voice is quieting the baby with "Yankee Doodle come to town." We sent in our card. "Are Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin of Foochow, China, in the next room?" we asked. They were, and, strangely enough, the party of friends whom we had so pleasantly seen in their China home in September of 1879, were now our next door neighbors, and going on by the same train toward Bombay.

But of Delhi, this city of the Moguls, I will write by next mail.

XXII.

Delhi modern and ancient — Peacock throne — Palace of Shah-Jehan — Pearl Mosque — Jumna Musjid — Kutab Minar — Chandni Chouk, the Broadway of Delhi — India shawls — Agra — The Taj — The wonderful echo. — Palace of Akbar the great — Secundra, his last resting place — Versailles of the Moguls.

ODERN Delhi dates with the time of Shah-Jehan, who took his place in the line of Mogul emperors in 1628. Leaving the old palaces of Agra and Secundra, he thought to signalize his reign by building this new Delhi, and setting up the most princely court the world would ever know, near the site of the ancient city of the founder of the Mogul dynasty. At ancient Delhi, Baber Khan, the poet, the musician, the scholar, established the Mogul throne, at the time when the profligate Henry the Eighth of England was ruling the nation, which now holds the power that the Moguls gradually lost. But the story of Delhi can be carried still further back. Timour, the Tartar prince, in 1398 conquered the city, and celebrated his victory by a carnival of blood, which lasted for five days, and the streets were filled with the bodies of the slain. One hundred and fifty years before the time of Timour, the Tartar,

we read of the northern hordes, under the leadership of Genghis Khan, coming down upon this people, and taking possession. The most holy mosques were none too good as stables for these northern foes, and the finest books of the grandest library of India none too choice to be torn up for bedding for their horses.

And still farther back, to the year of our Lord one thousand, does the story of Delhi and its vicinity carry us, — to Mahound the Invader, with whose expedition against the fabled birthplace of the Hindoo god, Krishna, is connected the story of the wonderful idol with ruby eyes, which the people begged the monarch to spare. But he was not to be turned away by all their pleadings. With one savage blow the head was severed, and the hollow god was found to be filled with the most costly gems and gold, the treasures of the kingdom. And it is also told of this invader of India, that finding he must give up to a fatal disease, he reviewed his army, legion by legion, gazed upon the vast wealth of gold and jewels in his treasure house, and burst into tears because he must go away and leave all the power and riches to others. He must go into eternity empty-handed. But it is not of ancient Delhi, with all its varied and interesting histories, that I wish to write; but of the more modern capital, only two and a half centuries old, which we visited by the help of a modern gharry and guide book.

Within the citadel walls, which are nearly two miles in circuit, are the halls of general and special audience, where the Mogul King in the greatest splendor sat upon his throne. The hall of audi-

ence, where the common people were permitted to present their petitions, would be worth a description, were it not for the greater elegance and beauty of the smaller hall adjoining, where once stood the famous Peacock Throne.

The hall overlooks the Jumna river, and is open upon three sides. Its arches are upheld by columns of the most beautiful polished marble, inlaid with precious stones. The most costly are gone, but enough remain to give an idea of the former magnificence. The ceiling is said to have been covered with silver. It is now simply white. But the glory of this pavilion was the superb throne, with its canopy of gold and "fringe of pearls," and pillars draped in costly silks and jewels. Its name gives the story of its richness. Two figures of peacocks, life size, ornamented the throne upon either side of the king's seat. They were made to represent these birds with tails full spread, every hue being imitated by precious stones. Sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds were lavishly used. Its cost was said to be thirty millions of dollars. Not long did Shah-Jehan enjoy this magnificence in sight of the words, "If there be an elysiam on earth, it is this," which he had engraven upon the marble wall facing his throne. His son, Aurungzebe, called "the sagacious usurper of the peacock throne," rebelled against his father and elder brother, killing the latter, and sending the former to spend his last years in the limits of the old palace at Agra. The story of the peacock throne need not be told here, but its end came with the downfall of the Moguls. Its wealth tempted the cupidity of

other monarchs as unscrupulous as the gifted Aurungzebe, and when a Persian prince came over and took the city, he carried back with him the treasures of the palace and the jewels and gold of the peacock throne. It is said that among the costly gems carried from India by this Persian conqueror, at this time of the stripping of the throne, was the famous Koh-i-noor, now sparkling in the coronet of the Empress of India.

The gorgeous display in this hall and on its throne, when a Mogul king sat there in state, may be imagined more readily after reading a letter of a French traveller, written at that time: "The king's vest was of white satin, flowered and raised with fine embroidery of gold and silk. His turban was of cloth of gold, having a fowl wrought upon it like an heron, whose foot was covered with diamonds of an extraordinary bigness and price, with a great Oriental topaz shining like a little sun. A collar of big pearls hung about his neck down to his stomach. His throne was supported by six high pillars or feet of massive gold, and set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. . . Beneath there appeared all the Omrahs in splendid apparel, upon a raised ground covered with a great canopy of purpled gold, with great golden fringes enclosed by a silver balustre. The pillars of the hall were hung with tapestries of purple gold, having a ground of gold, and for the roof there was nothing but canopies of flowered satin, fastened with red silken cords that had big tufts of silk, mixed with threads of gold hanging on them."

Adjoining the hall of special audience are the pri-

vate apartments of the Emperor. The same richness of material and beauty of finish are to be seen. Even the baths are of the finest marble, and ornamented with delicate inlaid borders of mosaic. Within the citadel area is also the Pearl Mosque of Delhi. It is almost an exact copy, on a smaller scale, of the Pearl Mosque of Agra. Its clustered columns, wavy arches, fluted minarets and cloud-like domes are of the purest marble. The bases of all its columns are ornamented with the simplest vinework. The gay, jewelled patterns in various floral designs, to be seen in the palaces, fittingly give way to a more chaste and quiet style. It is the embodiment of purity. The corridor around the open court is finished skyward by open flowers of marble, from which pointed gold spires gleam in the sunlight. Standing just within the bronze doors, we face the mosque and its domes, of which it has been said, "they seem like silvery bubbles which have rested a moment, and the next breeze may sweep away." It chanced that, as we were looking, a company of brightly plumaged parrots chose, as their momentary resting place, the top of each of teh minarets. This tipping of green and scarlet made the picture one never to be forgotten.

The Jumna Musjid is the most imposing mosque in India. It was partly built by the Shah-Jehan during the last years of his reign. It stands on a hill overlooking the fort, city, and river. The red sandstone platform, four hundred and fifty feet square, is reached by broad steps of the same materials upon three sides. In the centre of this open court is a large, white, marble fountain. Around three sides

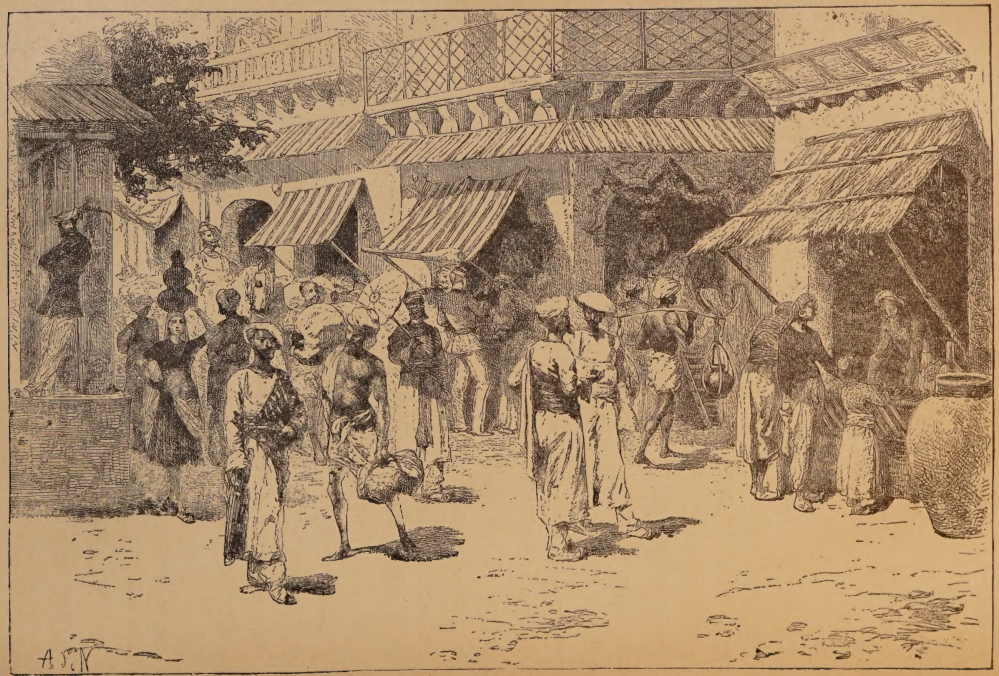
is a colonnade of red stone, relieved at the corners by white marble pavilions. The mosque itself occupies the third side, its face and immense domes being of white marble. Guarding it upon either hand are tall minarets, composed of both the red stone and white marble in alternate vertical stripes. Such a combination gives a showy and prominent effect to the minarets, but if I may be so daring (any one in this age of the world has brains enough to pick things to pieces), I should say that it is out of keeping with the dignity of the rest of the structure. It was too suggestive of the late fashion in children's hose.

One day must be given up if the traveller would see the celebrated Kutab Minar, the tallest solitary column of the world, and whose history the antiquarians puzzle over, but which no one really knows. It is eleven miles from the city, and the drive there has been well called the Appian Way, as Delhi has often been termed the Rome of Asia. This fluted column is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, with a diameter at the base of forty-eight feet, decreasing at each story, until at the top there is a width of scarcely nine feet. The hard climbing to the balcony of the fifth story well repays one in the wide and interesting view of this old country which is obtained. On this same excursion there are other ruins and many tombs to be visited. I will simply mention one which other travellers have referred to at greater length, that of Jehanara Begum, the daughter of Shah-Jehan, who refused to join her brother Aurungzebe in the luxury of the palace of the pea-

cock throne, but left the splendid life at Delhi to share her father's lonely years in the palace at Agra. On her tomb are engraven her own words: —

"Let no rich coverlet adorn my grave. This grass is the best covering for the tomb of the poor in spirit, the humble, the transitory Jehanara, daughter of the Emperor Shah-Jehan."

Delhi has one broad boulevard, with two carriage roads and a shaded path for pedestrians. The name is Chandni Chouk, but the spelling was as varied as the shops. It can be spelled with an "e," or an "a," or "oo," or "ee." It was printed Chonk and Choke and Chowke. I began to write down the variety to be seen on the signboards, but patience and paper both were inadequate to the task. We had joined in the motley procession driving up and down the avenue, but not until we had leisurely sauntered along the footway could we appreciate the strange crowd in this Mohammedan capital of India. It was at every step like taking a fresh turn with a kaleidoscope. New colors and combinations were presented before us. Bullocks and bullock-carts, camels, two-wheeled ekkas gorgeous with gilding and red curtains, stylish European carriages of various shapes, and spirited horses and rambling old gharries, drawn by bony little ponies, were in this strange picture of Chandni Chouk. Here was a gray horse in trappings of blue and silver, on which a handsome native young man was riding, dressed in yellow satin sleeveless jacket over a white tunic. Another princely-looking fellow comes dashing by, dressed in pink satin bodice over his white tunic, and his black velvet turban richly embroidered with green and gold. Elegant India



Chandni Chouk, The Broadway of Delhi.

shawls are tossed about the shoulders of the old Baboos in carriages. Men from every shop ran after us with a sample of their wares. Beggars, the lame and lazy, and the leprous, follow and call for money. Here is a gharry full of natives wearing voluminous turbans, and each has a different color. It looks like a rainbow on a rampage, as the heads pop out, and the gharry rattles on. There are no women among the brilliant and the gay. The lowest caste of that sex, in the dullest of faded blue cotton, dart in and out behind the horses, gathering up quickly the offal. They toss it into balls, pat it into shape, and lay it in the basket carried on the head. It will be dried on the side, or roof of their mud home, and sold, or used for fuel. Those ladies in America who are specially delighted with bangle bracelets, would find company here. All these women wear them. Not a poor creature, gathering the street manure, but has her arms jingling with them. Here and there are English soldiers in scarlet uniform. It is a moving panorama of human beings. On we go to the clock tower with its four faces. The crowd divides, and moves off, and we turn back to find that the closed shutters of the second story of the buildings along the way are being opened. Business is nearly over, and the lords of the houses are having a twilight smoke in their parlors over the shops.

On Chandni Chouk is the celebrated shawl merchant of Delhi, Mr. Manik Chund, who boasts of having sold India shawls to crowned heads of Europe. As we entered, the quick eye of the dealer took in our nationality, and as soon as we were seated,

a book containing the names of the illustrious patrons was handed us, with a page on which were the names of Grant's party in full view. "Dis berry nice kind; dis 'Merican style," said the merchant, throwing a showy shawl over the next chair. The opinions of those who profess to have reached the pinnacle of learning in the study of Oriental goods, remind one of the story of the man who endeavored to cross a bridge with his boy and a donkey. One declares that the best shawls are fine and soft, and the next one is quite as positive that the fine, soft shawls, are all second-hand — have been worn by some greasy, old native, and then sold. One person thinks French patterns the only beautiful shawls, and others seek for the old Indian styles.

The traveller is warned to look out for old darns, moths and rotten places in the most costly shawls. Pedlers and merchants know that an ordinary tourist cannot stay to beat down indefinitely on the price, and they mean to make such a purchaser pay well for India goods if he indulges in such luxuries at all. "Then how is a person to buy in India without being awfully cheated?" If the traveller possesses a friend who has had years of personal knowledge of India, its people and its goods, and who will kindly undertake the business of buying such an article as a good shawl, telling the dealers "there's no hurry," when he finds just what he wants at his own price, he means to purchase, and not before; and the traveller keeps behind the scenes, and simply hears from day to day the gradual letting down of prices, he may feel quite

confident that he is not being fleeced, and that he will get the worth of the money invested.

There are other histories, more recent than the Moguls, associated with Delhi, and many places in the city interesting to those familiar with the mutiny of 1857, and the part which this Mohammedan capital had in its terrible story. But I will not linger to tell of the Cashmere gate and the heroic men who captured it from the rebels, and the memorials there erected in memory of their daring bravery, or of the beautiful English parks and buildings for the representatives of the ruling country. After a night upon the moving train, our party, now a large one, having the pleasant addition of the friends from China *en route* to America, were in Agra, the city of the Taj.

So much had we heard and read and imagined, that it was almost with fear of disappointment that we entered the gateway and passed through the avenue of cypresses toward this mausoleum, built by Shah-Jehan to the memory of his beloved wife, Noor-Jehan, "the light of the world."

"A poem in marble," "The sigh of a broken heart," "Like a building not made with hands," "A floating palace in the air," "The spirit of some happy dream," "Poetic marble arrayed in eternal glory." These are some of the echoes from other travellers. It would surely be presumption for me to attempt a description of this the most beautiful building of the world, when gifted and appreciative writers have given such glowing word-pictures with which you are all somewhat familiar; for I cannot think that any of my readers are like an English lady whom I met on her

way to India. She could talk of French politics, the policy of Bismarck, knew all the political and social news of London, and every rag of gossip about the royal family, "But really now," said she, "you told something about a Taj. What in the world is it?" It is the mausoleum of a woman. The most exquisitely beautiful tomb in all the world, and built by the emperor of a people who despise women, and whose holy book does not recognize that they possess souls. That impressive crypt under its lofty dome, where all that remains of the ambitious and the mighty Napoleon lies buried; the wonderful memorial of the English people and their queen to Albert the Good; and the lovely resting place of the beautiful queen in the mausoleum at Charlottenberg, are far outrivalled in pathos of beauty by the Taj, where sleeps the inmate of Shah-Jehan's harem, a simple woman, whose life was spent behind the screens of an India palace. The Taj stands upon a double terrace; the lower one is of rich red sandstone, twenty feet high and one thousand broad. At the two extremities are mosques of the same stone, facing each other. The second terrace is of white marble, fifteen feet high and three hundred feet square: on each of the four corners is an exquisite marble minaret. In the centre of all is the Taj. It is octagon in shape, and crowned with a high swelling dome, and that with a glittering crescent. From this crescent to the marble pavement it is over two hundred feet. The Taj is of the purest marble, and standing "on its marble pedestal it vies in purity with the clouds that are floating by. The whole building, as you look upon it, seems to float in the air like an

autumn cloud. The dome is seventy feet in diameter, yet so like a fabric of mist is the structure, with its soaring dome, it seems like a bubble about to burst in the sun, and even after you have climbed to the summit of the minarets you almost doubt its reality." Beneath the magnificent dome, Shah-Jehan and his queen lie side by side. Exquisite tracery of vine and flowers, with jewelled buds and ornaments, cover the white marble sarcophagus of each; but the real burial place is below, in the crypt. The interior of the Taj is lighted from the lofty entrance and marble screens on the sides. The sarcophagi are enclosed by a marble lace-like screen six feet high, of most exquisite carving, through which the light falls upon the tombs. In this mosaic work every variety of precious stone has been used, some of the leaves containing as many as thirty-five different specimens of carnelian. Blood stones, agates, jasper, turquoise, garnets, crystal, coral, onyx and even diamonds were not too precious for Shah-Jehan to place on the tomb of his beloved. Within and without, the Taj strikes the beholder as something beyond the power of criticism, a work of art possessed of life, and perfect; perfectly and exquisitely finished to the most minute detail.

Our first view at day-dawn was followed by one at midday, and another in the darkness when the interior was lighted up for us with blue lights, and our last was in the sunset as we left the city, and this dome shining in the distance like a "castle of burnished silver" and pearl. If, as one traveller has said, "words are powerless to express the ideas which

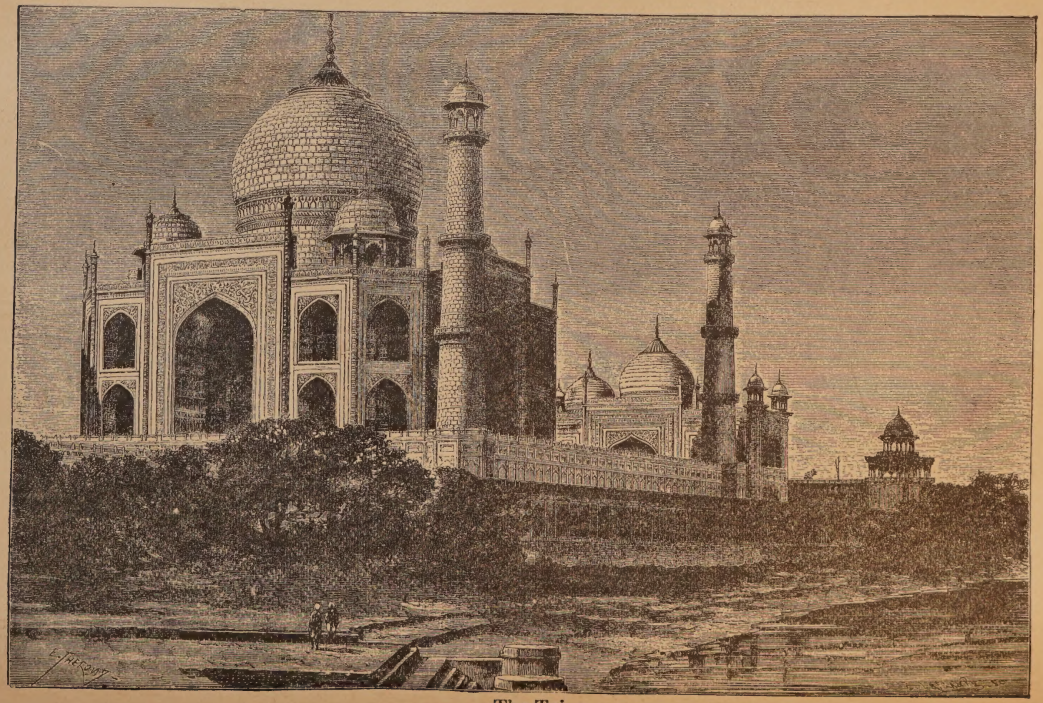
the sublimity and beauty of the Taj inspire," I am sure quite as inadequate are words to give one an idea of the wonderful echoes of the dome. A noted visitor wrote of it, that it was as if an angel band had caught up the strain of their song. "A single musical note, uttered by the voice, floats and soars overhead in a long, delicious undulation, fading away so slowly that you hear it after it is silent." Upon the tomb of the wife, amid the mosaic of jewels, in delicate characters, are the words from the Koran—"Defend us from unbelievers." The emperor thought his holy book none too holy to be inscribed upon the walls and the resting-place of his beloved. But the son, whose duty it was to lay away the dust of his father Shah-Jehan, would not profane his Koran by transcribing any of its sentences upon his father's grave. Dynasty and kings have passed away, and those unbelievers now hold in their possession the beautiful Taj.

Alone, under that majestic dome, we tried its echo as others had, singing slowly,—

"In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

"When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy."

It was a simple air, sung by an untrained voice, but as the sounds were caught up, and repeated by the unseen choir, the impurity seemed to be lost, and, from the dim heights of the vast marble space



The Taj.

above, it returned in an echo soft and sweet and clear.

Within the fortified walls of the citadel, which are one and a half miles in circuit, is the palace of Akbar the Great, the grandfather of Shah-Jehan. The fort and lower structure of the palace is of red sandstone; but the upper stories tower above the red stone walls, — marble pavilions, and corridors and balconies of exquisite design.

Passing up from the throne alcove facing the lower court of audience, through the private stairways and halls of the old monarch, we find ourselves in the midst of the sumptuous palace with its harem and garden, its fountains and gilded, jewelled rooms. The pavement of one court is composed of black and white marble. Here the king played chess, overlooking the living figures which moved at his will, from the corridors above. The windows and balcony of one of the pavilions, called the "Jasmine Bower," commands a fine view of the Taj. One can well imagine Shah-Jehan within its mosaic walls, gazing often at the tomb of his beloved shining like a "palace of ivory" a mile down the stream,—his son on the throne at Delhi, he a prisoner within this palace, recalling the departed glory and power; the words upon the walls of the Mosque at Akbar's summer palace may have come freshly to his mind:

"The world is a bridge; pass over it, but build no house there: he who hopeth for an hour, may hope for eternity. The world is but an hour, spend it in devotion: the rest is unseen. Know that the world is a glass where the favor has come and is gone;

take as thine own nothing more than what thou lookest upon."

Nothing in this palace gives a better idea of the old life of these Mogul kings than the Shish Mahal, or glass rooms, where the beauties of the harem played hide-and-seek as they bathed in the marble tanks and splashing fountains, or danced through the dimly-lighted corridor, whose walls are composed of innumerable tiny convex mirrors, the king looking down upon them from an opening in the ceiling.

From Akbar's palace we went to his tomb at Secundra, five miles from Agra. Through a magnificent portal we enter the garden in which stands this immense mausoleum, said by other writers to be one of the grandest monuments ever erected by man to one of the greatest men who ever wielded a sceptre. Above the dust of Akbar the Great, rises a building over three hundred feet square, and one hundred feet high. It consists of four stories of red sandstone, each smaller than the one below, and a fifth of white marble. Rows of pillars and arches, surmounted by small cupolas, surround each of the four stories. The fifth is a terrace open toward the sky, and enclosed by exquisitely carved marble screens. In the centre of this court is a tomb of polished marble covered with delicate scroll work, and the ninety-nine names of the Creator in Arabic letters. The dust of the great Akbar lies in the crypt beneath the building.

Futtehpore-sikri, twenty-two miles from Agra, is this old summer palace of Akbar the Great. It is partly in ruins, but enough remains to show the

splendor of his court. It has been called the Versailles of the Moguls.

I will not weary you with a repetition of description. The same elegance and finish of material and ornament is to be seen. In imagination you may let the sunlight wander o'er

> "The polished walls, the marble floor.
> White are the walls, but o'er them wind
> Rich patterns curiously designed."

XXIII.

Cawnpore — The Marble Angel — Park of the Well — Memorial Church — Allahabad, the city of God — Mêlée — A lightning message — Bombay — American tramways — Queer names — Parsees — Towers of Silence — Our party divided — On the Indian Ocean — Aden — Anchored off Suez — Getting ashore — Custom house Fiends — Claiming protection of the Stars and Stripes — Suez.

IN every village library, and upon the bookshelves of almost every English-speaking home in the world, is to be found the story of the Cawnpore massacre. Those who have read such thrilling accounts of it as that in the *Land of the Vedas*, can readily appreciate the interest with which we entered the lovely park at Cawnpore and approached the place of that terrible butchery of women and children in 1857. In the centre of this park, beautiful with flowers and well-kept lawns and stately cypresses, is the fatal well. Around it the ground had been raised and turfed, and this mound is then surrounded by an open-work wall with pointed windows and light battlement top; upon the cap-stone of the portal are the words: "These are they which came out of great tribulation." The mouth of the well is covered by a stone pedestal, upon which stands the figure of an angel bearing in the folded arms

palm-leaves of victory. The wings droop; the face is in sad repose. In some book of travel the author asks: "What is the expression of the angel upon the well? Is it pain, pity, vengeance, or resignation?" Upon every side we viewed it, trying to reply. At one angle the face expresses pity; at another, a look of heart-breaking sadness; and at still another side, the sweet lips seem to say: "Peace!" Critics have pointed out all the supposed faults, both in the conception and the finish of this angel of Marochetti's; but I cannot see them. It is a most appropriate and exquisite monument to the memory of those defenseless women and their little ones whose bodies were thrown into the well below — "A tangled mass of human bodies, the dying with the dead." The whole story is very concisely told upon the pedestal under the angel's feet.

Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people — chiefly women and children — who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhdoondupont of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857.

Near by stood the house where the butchery took place, but not a fragment of it now remains. Midst violets and roses a simple white marble cross marks the spot. Natives must obtain a pass before they are allowed to enter the grounds. Fast driving and picnic parties are prohibited. Yet there are those in Cawnpore so forgetful and so utilitarian in their views, that they find fault because so large a park is thus kept quiet and sacred to the memory of those buried there.

Next in interest to the Park of the Well is the place of the old siege, known in history as Wheeler's Entrenchment, where the little garrison endured the horrors of a war, sickness, hunger, thirst, under a burning sun, with no such shelter even as had the women at Lucknow in the cellar-rooms of the Residency. The walls and defenses are gone, but on the corner still stands the old well as nearly as it was in the time of the mutiny as possible. What a story of courage and devotion clusters about that old well! Every bucket of water drawn, it is said, cost one precious life. Though it was only visited at night, and the water brought up with the utmost care, the sound of a dripping bucket brought upon the brave men, who were seeking to relieve the feverish thirst of women and children and comrades, a rain of fire and death.

Near the boundary of the old camp has been erected a memorial church of red brick and buff stone. Each of its stained glass windows bears the name of several of the brave men in the Cawnpore siege. The building is a beautiful and expensive monument. With its lofty belfry and large wheel window it is an ornament to the city; but as a church, it is a failure. It must have been designed by one who was more used to London fogs than an India sun. Punkas and a machine in the cellar for throwing up cool air, only mitigate the furnace-like heat which lasts eight months of the year.

A visit to the graves of the American missionaries, buried near the spot where they were shot down, and we drove to the place, near the river, where the little

garrison, marching feebly along toward the boats promised them by the rebel leader, were so treacherously fired upon, and the boats burned. Every one knows the story. I need not linger to repeat the sad ending.

So associated with death is Cawnpore, that it is difficult to realize its present commercial activity and size. It has a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand. The streets are busy with the large grain and cotton trade, of which this is the centre. Twenty thousand spindles are at work, and the elegant homes and fine carriages upon the broad streets show the wealth and comfort which is reaped from such industry and trade.

Leaving Cawnpore at midday, Allahabad is reached at dusk. Allahabad means, literally, "The city of God."

It is situated near the junction of the Jumna and the Ganges rivers. The streets of the English quarter are broad and lined with shade trees. The bungalows are surrounded with pretty gardens, the roses being now at their perfection of beauty. A few light showers, while we were there, washed off the dust from the bushes, and the air was filled with fragrance. Everywhere in India we found the most carefully-made roads, and the avenues of Allahabad are no exception. Another effect of English rule are the substantial bridges; and the fine iron bridge nearly three quarters of a mile long across the Jumna, near this city, is an honor to the government that rules India to-day.

It was just at the close of the annual religious festival or *mêlée* when we were in Allahabad. We had

not planned to see it, supposing that ere we could reach the city it would all be over, but fortunately we were in time to witness the religious excitement upon one of the great closing days.

Upon a strip of sandy beach between the two sacred rivers, the vast crowds of pilgrims from various parts of India pitch tents, or build grass huts, and live for a month during the winter season, bathing daily in the sacred river near the junction. The gathering of so many thousand people makes the beach a busy place. Religion and business are carried on briskly, and intermingled all the way along, the cook-shop and store being as well patronized as the idol houses. With a missionary friend as guide, an East Indian — who, by the way, with his mother lived through the siege of Lucknow, helping to care for the sick of the little garrison — we visited the *mêlée*. Soon after six in the morning we were at the brow of the sandy hill leading down to the beach. From every direction came the people — lines of white figures — towards this spot. As each one reached this slight elevation above the rivers and took in the view, he stopped, and, bowing himself to the ground, touched his forehead to the sand, worshipped, and then went on. Joining the crowd we walked leisurely along between the rows of thatched and tent houses. Here were idols hideous and ugly beyond description. Some with black faces and red eyes and stumps of arms, the rest of the body being simply yellow gathered muslin. Here were sacred plants—poor, sickly things which the devotees were continually flooding with Ganges water, and presenting money which they laid on the dirt

around. A company of nearly naked men, their heads plastered with holy mud, were vigorously pounding on native instruments in front of an idol. They are Brahmins. We could tell by the white string about the chest. None but sons of the gods can wear this high caste mark. As we wait, there enters a worshipper; stepping carefully along between the two rows of musicians, he bows low to the idol, offers money, and receives from the hand of the high priest a spoonful (salt spoon) of holy water in his palm. Touching it to his forehead and then to his mouth, he bows low to the priest, who stands like a statue in flowing robe and long beard beside the vile little idol, and then goes out to make room for others who are waiting to pay their devotions. But we pass on with the crowd. Here is a man under a sort of canopy upon a high seat, his knees covered with gay calico. He is mumbling from a Sanscrit book; but he has few listeners.

On moves the crowd, and divides about a little enclosed space on the sand. Upon two sides are screens of thatched straw, and behind are logs of wood fantastically piled. We get in front, to see the old man whose present abode is this roofless spot on the beach. He is naked, except for a strip of dirty cloth about the loins. Face and body are smeared with mud. He puts his bony arms over the bit of fire between us and himself, and shivers and yawns. His eyes are bloodshot and inflamed from the dirt and wind. He is the holiest, and hence the dirtiest man on the beach. Hair and beard are matted with filth. He is too holy to sleep or eat much. Money lies

unheeded in the dirt beside him. He is lost in meditation. What cares he for filthy lucre! Looking up suddenly he spies foreigners before him, and remarks that he has not eaten; that he never asks for money, but the English government makes him pay so much for his bit of the sandy beach, and the religious people are so poor, that he has a hard time to maks ends meet.

But we find ourselves nearing the place of the bathing. Gay banners of every hue and design are flying from the tops of long bamboo poles which mark the respective platforms of the Brahmins, who lease the ground and rent the privilege of dressing upon the small space of board to the bathers. "Here is a wealthy cloth merchant," says our missionary friend. "See! he has his little daughter with him; she is very cold and shrinks from the water." There a little boy is shivering so that his old grandmother cannot put on his dry jacket or loosen the cold wet cloth about his thighs. Women, with faces covered, are slipping into dry garments as the dripping ones fall. A party comes down the beach singing a peculiar native air: "They are going to wash away their sins in the holy river." Just below, at a turn of the beach, dogs are to be seen. "They are after the charred bodies but partly burned before being thrown into the sacred stream," says our guide. As we turn back along the way we have come, we find the holy man, the fakir, lighting his pipe, while a devotee is prostrated, and offering incense to him. The man on the throne is still mumbling Sanscrit, and has a crowd of listeners, who evidently think it very grand and interesting, because they do not

understand a word. He has garlands about his neck, and gives tiny spoons of holy water to those who worship him. The beach is full of people on foot, on horseback, and in ekkas. There are carts and camels. At the summit of the hill again we stop to look. The crowds are still coming toward this meeting-place of the three rivers, for they believe that beside the Jumna and the Ganges there is a hidden subterranean stream uniting its waters with these other two.

Allahabad is eight hundred and forty-five miles from Bombay. Faster than the engine which was carrying us rapidly along over the intervening country between these cities, was the electric power along the telegraphic wire. At one of the smaller stations the guard, putting his head in our window, said: "Is your name, if you please, Bumberidch?" Gen. Litchfield, in the Consulate of Calcutta, had thought to say a few words to us, flying along behind the iron horse, between Jubbulpore and Bombay, and here was the message: "A young American gentleman wishes to take the Bagdad to Aleppo tour with you; can you wait for him one week?" Before we had reached our comfortable quarters at the Byculla Hotel, the young American, more than fourteen hundred miles away, had his desired answer.

There is a very agreeable arrangement for guests in this Byculla Hotel, which I wonder is not carried out in cities of magnificent distances in America. Byculla is one of the districts of Bombay, farthest away from the business centre; but this hotel is kept by the same proprietor as "The Waverly," which is located near the post-office, Consulate, shops, etc. Guests at

the one place have *carte blanche* for meals at the other; no need for the busy traveller to return to the suburbs for luncheon or dinner; he may drop in at "The Waverly," without additional charge. Friends who had rooms at this down-town hotel ran out to the Byculla for evening dinner with us.

Nothing since leaving America has seemed quite so much like home as riding in the open street-car of what is called in Bombay the American Tramway; yet the scenes inside and out are as unlike America as possible. The likeness was simply in the car itself. Instead of busy housewives, with their bundles and marketing, or families out for a day at Roger Williams' Park, we were packed in with Parsees, whose hats are like the end of a stove-pipe elbow, and Bedawy Arabs, who had brought their horses into the Bombay market and were seeing the strange life of a city, riding along in their coarse striped cloaks and head handkerchief bound round with a roll of jute, Mussulmen and Hindoos and Turks and English, and we American travellers were part of the variety of these tramway passengers. The streets through which we passed were equally strange. It would seem as though the people were out for a fancy ball, and each one had contrived a costume different from every one else. Turbans of every color and design, some with horns in the centre, and some at the side. Hats, plain and figured. Baggy trousers and trousers that didn't bag, and no trousers at all. Jackets and tunics and gowns, petticoats and drapery and sashes and long black coats. The Hindoo with his "chapkaw" or tunic buttoned at the right side, and

the Mohammedan with his as religiously fastened at the left. Here are policemen in blue with yellow trimmings, and stiff cloth hats to match. Some of the foot travellers wear shoes so pointed that, without exaggeration, the toe could serve as a toothpick. But the houses are equally varied, and made after as many patterns as the garments to be seen on the sidewalks. Here is one with the lower story painted green, the upper yellow, and the board shutters pink, with blue panels. All the colors are represented, with a constant predominance of dirt color. The system of collecting fares is another peculiarity. There is no bell-punch to be struck "in the presence of the passengaire." One conductor jumps upon the step alongside, sells you a ticket and disappears. Another hops on, looks at your bit of green paper and is gone, and still another and another of the meteoric conductors appear and as suddenly vanish away. I suppose it is done to keep the funds of the American Tramway in the hands of the owners; but why so many youth need to be employed to keep each other from cheating, is more than I can understand. But while writing of these Bombay oddities, I must not forget the sign-boards. While waiting at the "turn-out," I wrote down some of the names within sight.

Here was Mr. Sorabje Monockje and Mr. Zoolufkel Aliphan, and Noorbhoy Abdahoy. But what do you think of this one? Mr. Huksimkazmalek Halukneejee; I wonder what his mother called him for short, or if she is one of those strong-minded women (we have some in America) who will not countenance pet names, but call a child by the entire vocabulary given it at

birth. The most dignified and well-kept looking men in India are the Parsees.

They carry themselves with an air of self-respect; almost of egotism. Many of them wear glasses. I could not but wonder whether the worship of the sacred fire had had an injurious effect upon their eyesight, or whether they wore these fine spectacles for the reason as did a Chinaman I met in Canton.

He began the study of medicine, and soon after appeared with immense goggles. When asked if his studies had so soon impaired his vision, he replied, "No; dese b'long high tone." Formerly the Parsees were the wealthiest part of the community, and Bombay had more of these fire-worshippers in the population than of any other sect of people. But they do not now control the larger share of the business, and their numbers are not in so large a proportion. The leading Parsee of Bombay is Sir Jam-set-jee Jee-jee Bhoy. He is a baronet and member of the legislative council, but his position and late wealth do not make him ashamed of the old trade by which his fortune was gained. He adds this title to his name: "Bottlee Wallah," which shows that he was a "manufacturer of bottles."

None but a Parsee may enter the inmost places of the cemetery, where their dead are placed upon the grating on top of the towers of silence. Through the courtesy of a Parsee gentleman, our party was permitted to drive through the lonely avenue, and leaving the carriage to walk through the paths, under the trees black with impatient and screaming crows and vultures, until a quite near glimpse of the black

building or temple, where the eternal fire from Persia is guarded, was obtained. Little could be seen of the white towers of silence through the gate-way our feet must not cross. It is said that when a corpse is laid upon the top of the tower, a man is stationed to carefully watch which eye is picked out first by the vultures; for by this the fate of the dead man may be known. This manner of disposing of the dead, which seems to us so repulsive, is to the Parsees most beautiful. "There is no corruption," they say. "The bones are left clean, while the flesh is carried off into the air."

Bombay is built upon a cluster of islands so united as to form a long peninsula. Malabar hill is the fashionable part of the city for residence, but in driving through very little idea of the comfort and elegance of the homes can be gained, for the stables and servants' quarters are next the road, while the mansion itself is farther within and facing the sea.

We had not time for the excursion to the Elephanta caves, nearly eight miles by water from Bombay. They are Buddhist ruins, with an ancient and unknown history. As the poet wrote:

"What know ye of them? Nothing — there they stand;
Gloomy as night, inscrutable as fate. * *
The stranger's wonder all their worship now."

The representatives of the American Board in Bombay are not only marked for piety and consecration, but for intelligence and broad culture. By their thoughtful courtesy, a most enjoyable social gathering was arranged, where we met a large company of native

christians; among the number was a converted Parsee, and a Brahmin, who is now the able editor of a christian paper, and quite a gifted poet, as evidenced that evening in the impromptu stanzas of welcome, and in the many beautiful hymns used in the native chapels.

So many lines of steamers meet at Bombay, that the traveller has a large variety to select from in arranging for a voyage to Egypt. With the friends from China, I took passage to Suez for self and son on the steamer *City of Baltimore*, of the Hall line, leaving Mr. B. to complete the necessary preparations for his horseback ride of over twelve hundred miles, and to await the arrival of the young American who was to join him in the journey. February 25th the *City of Baltimore* steamed away from her anchorage in Bombay harbor, leaving the spires and massive stone buildings of the city in the dim distance. Our experiences and sight-seeing in India were finished. By rail and on foot we had travelled without accident, in a land where the statistics are that in 1877 sixteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven persons were bitten by venomous snakes, and the year previous a still larger number.

Only once in India had we occasion to recall the words of a Providence banker as we left the city: "I would like such a journey as you have planned, provided I could get home every night and sleep in my own bed." That once was when I found snugly tucked in between the sheets a large ugly centipede; and in the efforts to kill him, he escaped. I need not say that I slept with one eye open that night, fearing lest the intruder might return to the same snug place.

The advertisements read: The *City of Baltimore* is especially adapted to the India trade." Not as to ventilation, I am sure. However, the deck was very comfortable; we had the most genial and attentive of captains, and the table was well supplied with fish, flesh, fowl and fruits. But the traveller could never sing "*Make me a child again,*" on that steamer. The forlorn set of little folks were seated in full view of oranges, raisins and cakes, but not a single one could they have. "A jinte, or an Irish stew," was considered ample dinner by the ill-natured stewardess, who waited upon the children; and as for their supper, at half-past four, the scraps and ends of the bread, with jam, was all the "fust English ladies ever guve to their childrens." The China Mrs. B. and this Mrs. B. agreed to form a society for the promotion of kindness to children, and inaugurated such an organization by an attack on the steward. The society flourished, and produced most happy results.

Even with no stirring events to chronicle, the sea-voyage was not monotonous and dull. We had a supposed thief on board, a young man who had indulged in jewelry, and paid with promises. A swarm of Parsee creditors had hunted and waited in vain. After the steamer was well under way, the young fellow came out of his hiding-place, and was ready for dinner.

There were delightful evenings under the Southern Cross, hearing the gossip of regimental life by an officer's wife; there were stories of the harems and the women of India by an American lady physician high in favor with rajahs and maharajahs; there were glimpses behind the scenes from a London actress;

there were bits of summerings in Scotland and life at the deer forests by an English young man seeing the world: and there were stories from a long life among the Chinese by our veteran missionaries.

Six days from Bombay we passed Aden. It is a fortification built upon the crater of an extinct volcano. Its chalky color and the bare rocks testify to the statement we have read that "The people of Aden cannot expect rain but once in two or three years." The cool breeze of the Indian Ocean was exchanged in the Red Sea for a few days of intense heat. Double awnings and thin clothing were the order of the day. The steamer's iron sides were heated so that the cabins were like ovens. Conversation flagged. One's brain seemed in a liquid state. A few played at cards —

> "To fill the void of an unfurnished brain.
> To palliate dullness and give time a shove."

"I will soon give you a cold northern breeze that will send you back into your ulsters," said the captain. He was as good as his word. During the last two days on the Red Sea the deck was abandoned. The muffled passengers shivered and stamped and grumbled, of course, saying: "Captain, if you will only give us back the hot weather, we will try not to scold at it."

Twelve days from Bombay the *City of Baltimore* dropped anchor off Suez.

Then came one of those little dilemmas of travel which make a good story afterward, but are not so agreeable to experience. Nobody knew anything about the times of the Beyrout steamers. The guide book definitely stated that "Certain steamers sailed

from Alexandria every alternate Tuesday, but generally left the Sunday previous." The captain asked the agent who came on board, and the agent asked the health officer, and the health officer asked the pilot, who was anxious to get the vessel into the canal, and advised the lady to get off at Suez, which she had already decided to do with the China friends and others, the young Englishman kindly accepting the position of admiral for the whole party, as the only mode of conveyance was a sail-boat; and if his honorable sire can manage affairs of state in the House of Commons as well as the son the complications of that journey against wind and tide, England deserves congratulation. After more than three hours of tacking and turning in the cold winds, the wharf of the Custom House was reached in Egyptian darkness. A set of fiends attacked the trunks, demanding at the top of their lungs that everything be opened then and there, and be ready for the official when he should arrive. The admiral stood guard valiantly, and at last went off in a vain search for that official who could permit us to land and get some supper.

After pulling half of the trunks on to the dock and waking up some of the little folks (however, the baby did not cry) the fiends at last compromised, and, receiving a backsheesh, tumbled the baggage back without stirring a strap, promising that that missing official should come to the hotel in the early morning. Morning came, but brought no Custom House inspectors. We all went to the train. Trunks, bags and boxes must be carefully weighed, and the amounts figured upon, added, and multiplied (they

never subtract) by a one-eyed Turk who expected to get a backsheesh and twelve English shillings for each hundred pounds. The official Arab had not been informed that India passengers had arrived. He could not attend to such a press of business. Train was about to start. Tickets were bought, and babies and party all aboard. But there was my baggage still unweighed. The Turk turned away to his neglected cigarettes. Should I leave all my goods in the street, or stay by the stuff? I chose the latter, and the train moved out of the depot, leaving a forlorn woman and her small boy guarding a pile of baggage from a dozen would-be guides and coolies. Having authorized the decentest-looking of these rascals to drive all the rest away, and putting him and the child on guard, I sought out the building flying the Stars and Stripes, and, passport in hand, claimed the help due an American citizen. The Suez consul, a perfect Irish gentleman, is the right man for the right place. Under his escort the trunks were dispatched to Port Säid via the canal, tickets made good for the next day, and, as there was no bank in Suez, he found some one willing to exchange English paper for gold. Captain Burton, the celebrated traveller, who is the only white man who has been with the pilgrims to Mecca and Medina, was spending the day in Suez. With such a guest, the consul and landlord and steamer agents were all busy. For once the iron rules of English snobbery were broken down. The society of Suez is very small, and yet has the usual variety. The man in charge of a business must not invite to dinner his clerk. The

wife of the clerk who receives a thousand dollars a year must not call or invite the lady whose husband's salary is only seven hundred. As for the landlady, a pleasant, intelligent English woman, she does not properly belong to any of the sets.

Suez is the most desolate and forsaken-looking town to be found in all our route. There are no missionaries, no chapels, no church. A few Church of England people, I was told, met once in awhile; but there was so much dispute about the church officers, that the meetings had been abandoned. On a point of sandy beach a little way from the graystone houses of the town, is a frame building which the old Pasha had sent to him from America, and set up here. Closed and unpainted, it is a poor imitation of the lovely homes of our land.

Suez makes a dreary picture, and is only brightened by the exquisite colors of mountain and sea and golden sands of the desert.

The next day found us en route for Cairo. At Zag-a-zig there is a general change. Passengers from Suez, Cairo and Alexandria must leave their cars for others.

It is a perfect babel for half an hour. In the crowd we recognized a strange face as purely American, at the same time that the stranger seemed to know our nationality.

Unacquainted though we were, the crowd looked as though they thought we were old friends, for Rev. Mr. Crafft found so many interesting themes to talk about with us.

Just before sunset, leaving the desert behind, we

saw the minarets and domes of Cairo with the setting of green fields and tall palms before us, and a fine view of the grand old pyramids beyond.

The first face in the Cairo depot was that of my good friend, Dr. Baldwin, who had waited most impatiently for this stray member of his party. It was most pleasant at this end of the line to meet a specimen of manhood, so widely contrasting with the pigmy official, who had created me so much trouble at the Suez depot. That grand Turk with gold rings and chains is far below this simple missionary, whose gold is in character and life work.

> "Pygmies are pygmies still though perched on Alps;
> And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
> Each man makes his own stature, builds himself;
> Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
> Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

XXIV.

Shepherd's hotel — Formidable array of titles — Hero of Lothair — Various sights of Cairo — Changes in Cairo since our last visit — The pyramids — "New small Pasha" — Mosques — The citadel — Alexandria — Port Säid — Jaffa — A fearful storm — Beyrout city — View of Lebanon — Pasha's garden — Mysteries of Turkish coins — Telegrams from Bagdad.

HEPHERD'S hotel in Cairo was brim full of nobility. We encountered dukes and lords in the halls, sat with countesses and honorable English women around the library table, and ate our meals with a noted marquis close at our elbows. Our room was sandwiched in between those of a baron and a count. Were it quite truthful, we might be allowed upon such an occasion to parody that poem so often maltreated, and say "Baron to left of us, Countess to right of us." But the next line, in all candor, should be changed, and instead of "Baron in front," it was a lonely donkey in the side court-yard, whose plaintive wail volleyed half the night.

The hotel black-board in the large hall was covered with names and titles. The chalk had been rubbed down to a small piece before this American woman and her child arrived to rejoin her party there. Heading the list was "His Grace the Duke of Hamilton,"

followed by "Marquis de Bute," "Sir William Milner, Baronet," "Count Morogua," "Baroness Mautenssel and the Baroness de Kleist," "Baron Menasce," "Marquis de Neturiniére," "Viscount Thou Kerno," and the "Baron de Loran," and so on, not forgetting to mention the honorable women whose husbands were simple misters. "Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Elliott," for instance, and the "Hon. Mrs. Polk and family;" I suppose the husband was put down with the family. There was, of course, a sprinkling of simple American names. But could not our party raise a single title to fill out the space allotted us on the board? Our China friend could rightly add "D. D." to his name; but what was that, alas! for a company of more than half a dozen. Must we all be dubbed as family? I bethought myself of past honors: Vice President of the Women's Club, or of the W. C. Temperance Union, or leader of a sewing circle; but all these were honors which had passed away, and, at any rate, the initials would not fill out the space. At last Dr. B. solved the difficulty by bestowing the high-sounding name of "Baroness de Providence."

What a fine opportunity to learn the best table manners! thought our plebian party. We had read that in high society, perhaps at the Queen's table, true culture would lead one to cut the bread in the morning, bite it at noon, and break it at night; and that the proper place for one's napkin, after the meal was finished, was upon the carpet under the table. This last elegant habit we had not yet acquired. But impressed with the importance of making the most of such a chance for culture, we kept one eye upon the

marquis, the hero of Lothair, whose income is reckoned as five thousand dollars a day.

In the first place, as to the toilet. The Smiths and the Joneses wore white collars and cuffs, and, like the waiters, had donned a dark suit; but high nobility needed only a dark check shirt and gray travelling clothes for the table d'hote. The cheeks of the American ladies were ruddy from sun and wind, and they did not add to their brilliancy by emptying a bottle of claret into their mouths, as did many of the English women, whose faces grew more and more brilliant as the meal progressed. Now, as to a few hints upon manners learned from the titled neighbor referred to above. First, fish should be eaten with two forks; one in each hand. Secondly, never reprimand a child for smelling of the dishes upon the table, as some of us untutored Americans have been known to do. What better example can we possibly imitate than this noted marquis, who, taking the glass dish of custard from the waiter's hand, put his aristocratic nose down, down, down to the very edge of the creamy mixture, snuffed, found it all right, and then helped himself to some of the contents?

Upon reaching Suez I had compassed the world, having, upon a journey to the East in 1867, visited that point. At that time, our party of three visited Cairo very thoroughly: peered into scores of mosques, and gained access to several palaces; wandered through the parks of Shoobra, and among the ruins of tombs and monuments at Heliopolis and Memphis, sat under the very — so it is said — sycamore tree where Joseph and Mary with the child Jesus rested when

on the flight into Egypt, read up the Bible story of Joseph and Moses in the very localities where these scenes were enacted, and within sight of that fallen statue of an ancient king — Rameses. We had tried diahbeah life up the Nile as far as the lateness of the season would permit, had toiled up to the top of the great pyramid and stumbled through the dark, dust-choking labyrinths within. We had strolled through bazaars, been to the petrified forest, and had had our pictures taken with pryamids and donkeys in the background. Indeed, all that the average traveller could be expected to do was accomplished by our party, and it was not to go over the same guide-book list that Egypt was re-visited, though much would be a pleasure to see again. But there is a peculiar fascination in the scenes and air of this old land. The traveller who visits Egypt once, will, in all probability, be drawn back again, whether he be antiquarian like M. Manillé, the renowned discoverer of the Serapenum of Memphis, or simply a pleasure-seeker, skimming along the surface. With its pyramids and tombs and hieroglyphs, it is generally thought that in Egypt there is as little of the spirit of change as in most lands except China. But Rip Van Winkle, after his mountain sleep, did not feel stranger as he wandered through the town in search of old landmarks, than did I in the modern part of Cairo.

The open square of the Ezbekeëk in 1867 was a mass of ill-kept over-grown vegetation, surrounded by an apology for a fence. But now it is a handsome park, with flowers and trees and pavilion, where the military band plays airs from the operas twice a

week. Before there were a very few carriages for the small number of roads wide enough for them, and, when a carriage was used, a sais or runner to clear the way was a necessity of style. Donkeys were the chief means of locomotion in all parts of Cairo. Now carriages without runners are seen coming and going through the broad streets, while the donkeys are used for the bazaars and winding alleys of the old town; for though Cairo about the hotel has greatly changed, it only required a few moments' ride to take the traveller into the old part, where the whole scene is purely Oriental.

In the vicinity of Shepherd's hotel, the narrow streets with latticed windows meeting overhead have given way to broad thoroughfares lined with French shops, behind whose plate-glass windows is to be seen the latest novelties of European fashion. Villas, residences and a new hotel have taken the place of the old balconied houses upon the Ezbekeëk and avenues leading toward the suburbs. Shepherd's itself has been enlarged. There are now French waiters in dress coats and immaculate white ties, and a band of female musicians with banged hair, who go about through the dining-hall, a la monkey with hand-organ, to collect the pennies between the tunes.

I really had to rub my eyes and wake up to the fact that it was Egypt at all. As to its having been the land of the Pharaohs, or that Moses ever lived anywhere near, it is too much to even imagine. Donkey boys, who used to crowd up the steps of the hotel, yelling "'Ere's Billy Barlow," and "'Ere's Yankee Doodle, best donkey of all," are kept at respectful

distance from the improved veranda with its easy chairs, on an opposite corner. But the donkeys are not changed. They, with their owners, had the air of Auld Lang Syne. In 1867, when we stood still an instant and simply looked at a passing donkey, we were surrounded. Mr. B. would find himself involuntarily astride of one. And now it is much the same. A few of us went toward the rendezvous. A grand rush was made; the children were grabbed up and seated upon General Grant, Flying Dutchman and Yankee Doodle.

Thirteen years ago the only way of reaching the pyramids was by a bridge of boats across the river, and a long donkey ride through the sandy foot-paths, with only the occasional shade of a date-palm. Now we had simply to order a carriage. A French waiter with a bow like a dancing-master showed us out the door, handing to the driver a willow box containing a most elaborate lunch of several courses. We cross the Nile by a noble iron bridge, pass villas and gardens, along streets bordered with gas lamps surmounted by a glittering crescent, and drive out on the long avenue upon the raised embankment, made for the Prince of Wales when he visited Egypt en route for India. The broad road is ornamented upon either side by sycamore trees all the way to the sands at the foot of Cheops. Save for the modern house at the end of the drive-way, built for the Prince to spend a night in, nothing about the pyramids has changed. Travellers have come and gone, clambered up the steep side and burrowed within, written their experiences and opinions, but silent and gray old Cheops still stands, tell-

ing no tales. The Sphinx looks off toward sunrise as immovable and dumb as in 1867. But what are thirteen years to the Sphinx! It is a mere speck of time, like one of the tiny particles thrown into her stolid face when the wind plays with the shifting sands at her feet.

How freshly does every incident of that former visit come back! That dirty clamoring crowd, the bargaining with the sheik and a few of his men for the toilsome ascent. What a procession we made climbing slowly up Cheops! There were three half-naked men for each of us ladies, and two for the gentleman, and one to carry the lunch.

My Arabs were strong, vigorous fellows and sure-footed, and were well acquainted with the job before them, and meant that I should be. The bargain had been made; so much for the sheik, so much for every man, so much backsheesh extra for each. But said my helpers, "Dis bery dizzy place; one lady she no hab good guides like me and las' week she fall, smash all nothing. Me bery good guide, you nice lady to climb pyramids; you gib me extra backsheesh?" But I said to these continued pleas: "My husband has made a bargain, I have no money; why do you ask me; do your wives have any money?" "Humph! Arab wives no good; dey not need hab money; you kind a women has *all* de money. Men no hab so much as de womens has!" A loud cheering put a sudden stop to this conversation, and soon we were all standing on Cheops. That picture of Egypt from the summit of that ancient pile of stone! The years have not faded it as they have come and gone since 1867.

At the south were the pyramids of Sakkara and Aboukir, at the west the sands of Lybia: a scene of complete desolation and silence. There lay the rich cultivated lands bordering upon the Nile, which shone in the sunlight like melted silver, and beyond in the distance the minarets and domes of Cairo.

And now as we approach old Cheops, we find that he is attended by the same sort of a body-guard as when we last paid him homage.

One of these so-called guides attached himself to our carriage a half mile or more before we had reached the point where riding must be exchanged for walking. He was indefatigable, and ran and talked with equal rapidity. His name was Suleyman, and Dr. B. interviewed him upon various subjects in a style which, without intending it, was something of a copy of our witty countryman of the *New Pilgrim's Progress.*

Suleyman was intelligent in his way, but, like his master Cheops, a little behind the times. When asked if he had known his illustrious fellow countryman Pharaoh, he replied that he was sure he had never seen him, but his mother who had lived in the village at the base of the pyramids all her life must have known him. "Yes! Solomon was one of his descendants;" and as for Napoleon, he is one of the men he has taken up the pyramid. He would show us "the Sfinkis," though he could not tell exactly how long he had been buried; but he was sure his name is "Sfinkis," and he was buried near the monument. He did not want backsheesh; only fair pay for all he did. The people had had a hard time under their

late spendthrift ruler; there had been heavy taxes and enforced labor and nothing done for them in return. As for this new Pasha who had taken the place of the bankrupt lord, who has retired to a palace in Italy, "dis new small Pasha not plenty better; he small better."

The first time our party rode through dust and heat to the pyramids, with the sun so intensely hot that we had been warned not to attempt the climb to the top without a wet cloth between the head and hat. But on this second visit, in the same month of March, we drove out in the face of a cutting wind so chilling that the warmest wraps were not sufficient to make the ride enjoyable. In the midst of whirling sands we took refuge in the dark recess of the temple of the Sphinx for luncheon, and ate our bread and meat well sprinkled, thinking of the answer of the well-known conundrum, "because of the sand-wich-es there."

It is said the climate of Egypt has materially changed since the opening of the Suez Canal, and the planting of so many trees. This past winter is said to have been the coldest ever known in Cairo. The health and pleasure-seekers in Italy and southern France were driven from there by the severe weather to find a chilly welcome in Egypt. Not chilly on the part of the landlords, however the weather may have been. This has been a harvest year for hotels and dragomen. There has been nothing like it since the opening of the Suez Canal.

Returning to Cairo we met the "new small Pasha," with his outriders. He is an inoffensive-looking

young man, and does not carry the air of a person who will ever make himself conspicuous for goodness or wickedness. He looks just what he is: a figure-head; an instrument in the hands of the English and French.

A minute description of the four hundred mosques of Cairo could be made to fill a volume, but when done I, for one, should have to be made to read it. One brief epitome will answer for all. Dirty, holy pavements, elaborate minarets, inlaid niche toward Mecca, gorgeous ceiling, colored lamps, ostrich eggs and other flummery hanging about, swallows twittering in and out of the court, mumbling of the devotees at their prayers, louder mumbling of beggars for alms, and a general cry for backsheesh. In one of the most ancient mosques the exact spot where the prow of Noah's ark touched land is shown. The citadel of Cairo contains about twelve acres on the end of a spur of chalky hills. Within its limits is the newer, fresher mosque of Mohammed Ali, and the finest, except one, in point of architecture. Within this area, also, is Joseph's Well, so called because discovered by a Sultan of that name. It is cut in the rock to a depth of about three hundred feet, around which is a stairway opening into it. We followed our guide down this descending path until we could see the patiently plodding ox which turns the water-wheel. As fast as the earthen vessels are filled and reach the top, Arab girls are ready to empty them into their jars or water-pots and carry them away on head or shoulder.

The scene of country and life along the route

toward Alexandria is about the same. While the cities have been beautified and new palaces have sprung up upon every avenue, the poor of Egypt still live as miserably as before. There are the same mud houses upon a mass of débris, the same dirty rabble at the stations, with flies feeding upon the unwashed eyelids, the same yells for backsheesh, the same monotonous swinging of the leathern bucket by the half-naked men as the water is lifted upon the land; the women still stare out from their peculiar face-coverings with restless eyes, the babies are just as naked and dirty and compassed with flies as a few years ago. But beyond the green fields and their canals kept full by this toilsome irrigation, beyond the villages which are more like dog kennels than the abodes of living humanity, we reach the suburbs of Alexandria, and again the scene is changed. Had I been dropped suddenly into the European quarters of Alexandria and asked what city it was, I should have promptly said, "Marseilles, or some other French city." Blocks of tall houses front the paved streets. There are banks and shops and an open square, where one hears French upon every hand. The names upon the signs would indicate a strife between the Greeks and the French in the matter of trade.

The currency of Alexandria is a hopeless snare to the traveller. You will have to take in change a little of everything: Greek, French, Italian, English, German, Russian coins with Egyptian piasters, will all be in your purse if you buy a few articles in this city.

Hotels and steamers were full of people going to Jerusalem for Easter week. Having shown my pass-

port, and thus declared my privilege of leaving "this land of backsheesh," and bidden good-by to my party, the child and myself were soon in the midst of French and Spanish priests and pilgrims, decorated with silver cross and blue ribbon, who promenaded the decks and filled the cabins. Leaving Alexandria at four in the afternoon, we were within the breakwater at Port Säid at daylight the next morning. Here we found all our baggage safely looked after by our consul, who is also agent of the P. and O. steamers. Cold and bleak was the wind. The waves dashed up and over the made rock of the breakwater. The seventy-five pilgrims wished to land at Jaffa; but this is impossible, except in pleasant weather. Steamers had had to pass Jaffa carrying mails and passengers on to Beyrout for a month past. For three days our steamer waited at Port Säid. Between the squalls of rain and hail we went ashore and saw all that there was to see of this city, with its rows of new red tiled roofed houses and the little panting garden in the centre. Climbing up to the top of the lighthouse, a fine view of the angry waves, the city on the desert, the sand stretching off as far as the eye can reach, the Suez Canal, and the shipping could be obtained. Some French young men on board our steamer, in their attempts to fill out the hours of waiting, visited a café, and when the *Marsellaise* was played, indulged themselves in a vigorous hiss. For this expression of political feeling, they were waited upon by the French consul, and made to pay a fine.

"After the storm, a calm." At sunset, after three days' delay, we steamed out of the quiet harbor of

Port Säid, and dropped anchor in front of Jaffa the next morning early. Pilgrims departed in all manner of small boats. The steamer swung about with tide and waves all day. Jaffa looks best from the steamers's deck. I did not care to take the rough tossing in a small boat, and the risk that the wind might rise and prevent returning, for the sake of re-visiting the filthy lanes and alleys of this old town.

The houses of graystone seem in the distance to crowd one upon the other all the way over the round hill upon which the city is built, until the lower ones hang over the edge of the sea as though they might be jostled into it. The beautiful orchards, for which Jaffa is noted, are upon the land side, and hidden from view from the steamer's deck. There is a pretty view of blue-tinted hills and occasional palms and a bit of shining sandy beach stretching along north of the town.

Again a night's journey, and we are in the harbor (if it may claim the name of harbor) of Beyrout.

Through the kindness of our old friend Dr. Jessup, and the courtesy of our genial and most helpful consul, Mr. Edgar, we found no difficulty in getting ashore and through the noisy horde of the Custom House, and settled in a comfortable pension. In Beyrout, we can realize the severity of the storm which delayed our steamer at Port Säid. The "oldest inhabitant" cannot tell of another storm equal to that of the past week. Iron roofs were rolled up and thrown. Ships were wrecked at anchor near the city. On Lebanon, the snow drifted furiously, and a missionary traveller told wonderful stories of the size of

the icicles and depth of the snow as he attempted to come down to his home at the foot of the mountain.

But the strange freaks of wind and weather this year have not dampened the ardor of sight-seers. The streets leading from the great highway to Damascus towards the hotels, are filled with mules, laden with tents and baggage, and horses carrying very sun-browned weary-looking people. The red banner marked "Cook's party" very often precedes these motley processions. Dragomen and hotel-keepers are delighted at the rush. They are making enough to last a year. The steamers go away brim full. There are new faces at the Consulate looking after letters every few days. The Union Church, which is usually presided over by a Scotchman of the Established Church of that land, becomes, of late, a Union Church indeed. There are sermons from English canons and American guns. Dr. Deems, of New York, preached a few Sundays ago, and following him was Dr. Hogg, of Virginia, who delighted the English as well as the American part of the congregation by his simple and earnest sermon.

Beyrout city is a very ugly jewel, if jewel it may be called, in a most lovely setting. It has been compared, for situation, to Naples and Palermo. The blue Mediterranean bounds it on the north, and grand old Lebanon extending out into the sea upon the east. The city, with its stony streets and houses, which are irregular piles of stone and cement, without outside shape or beauty (there are, of course, a few exceptions), is built on rising ground along the curving shore of the sea. Between the city and Lebanon are

a few miles of mulberry gardens, which are now looking their greenest and best. The houses of Beyrout are no longer built after old Damascus and Oriental style, with open court in the centre, though the same general arrangement is carried out. In the centre of each dwelling is a large marble-paved room into which the smaller rooms open. The buildings are high and large, being arranged for two families, with entirely separate entrances, the upper tenement being considered the most desirable; but each dwelling has ceilings from fifteen to thirty feet high.

The pension in which we have taken temporary abode, is built upon ground nearly two hundred feet above the sea, and the front door is reached by a flight of fifty-five steps. From such homes the view is very fine, and the gardens surrounding the houses, which are shut away from the streets by high walls, can be seen, while the beggars and the dirt and the rows of small shops are lost from the picture. The gardens of the natives on the edges of the town, surrounded by fences of prickly pear, look better from this upper point of view. But all Beyrout has the never-tiring grandeur and beauty of grand old Lebanon; now tinged with purple or draped in mist, again clear, and its dotting villages gleaming in the sunshine; but in whatever light, it is ever majestic and beautiful. The highest point seen here is nearly nine thousand feet above the blue sea at its foot, and though the heavier crown of snow has disappeared with the hot winds of the past fortnight, ridges of pearly white remain. Not from imagination alone, but from actual vision, must the poet have written:

"But see! Day's king with robes of glory on,
The sun, hath climbed sky-piercing Lebanon.
Like thousand arrows dipped in ruby light,
Beams dart from rock to rock, all heaven is bright;
O'er all, the mountains lift their crests of snow,
Nature's grand crown, where stainless jewels glow."

The christian Governor of Lebanon — necessarily a Christian, you know, by the forced treaty promise since the massacre here — resides most of the year in Beyrout. He is a man of more progressive and public-spirited ideas than most pashas. Near the foot of Lebanon, he had laid out a garden of about two acres, and at his own expense connected it with the Damascus highway by a fine carriage road. This garden is open to the public every afternoon, and yet costs them nothing. Each Friday afternoon a band plays in the central pavilion, and Rusten Pasha, in a vine-covered arbor at pleasant distance from the music, receives his European friends. Here they may chat, sip Turkish coffee from tiny cups in silver filagree holders, or have a cup of hot tea, listen to airs from *Norma* and other operas, with the constant accompaniment of the rippling flow of Beyrout river close by, and within a half circle of Lebanon, towering up to the very clouds. A few days ago the students and professors of the American college here were invited to spend a few hours in the garden to see the flowers and visit with His Excellency. Though I do not belong to the above class of people, it was my privilege to be among the guests. After the courtesies and the music were over, the Pasha replied to the vote of thanks, given by the students, in a well-expressed speech, on the benefits of a broad

and thorough education, commending the work done for Syria by the cultured American gentlemen of the college, as well he may.

Lebanon has a population of one hundred thousand able-bodied males from sixteen to sixty years of age. The women are not considered worth counting, but if the entire census were given, said the Governor, "It would amount to full four hundred thousand souls."

Midhat Pasha, ex-Governor of Syria, also resided in Beyrout, and what the Governor of Lebanon is doing for this territory in the matter of roads, the former has endeavored to do for the city of Beyrout. Though the Governor of Syria must be a Moslem, his children are under the constant supervision of an English governess, who took them to church with her every Sabbath, until so much was said in the Moslem community that His Highness thought it wiser to have them left at home.

Speaking of the improvement in roads, I am reminded of the way this broadening of the highway is managed under Turkish rule. So long as a man's house or wall stands, it may jut out into the street, but woe to any one whose walls fall down, or who attempts to repair his house! For instance: a few days ago the wall bounding the side of a garden of an Englishman's residence here fell down. A few years ago he had paid a good sum for the land, and had expended still more upon wall, flowers, fountain and arbor, but he is notified by the authorities that his entire side wall must be moved back half the width of his garden, and the land given to the street.

No recompense will be allowed him either for changing the wall or the loss of the ground.

Another mystery of Turkish rule is the way the coins have been depreciated by the simple edict of His Majesty the Sultan. You have all read the riot caused in Smyrna, and the distress among the poor since the "beshlik," which was held mostly by the working classes, was declared no longer worth five piasters, but half of that amount.

As intricate as a Chinese puzzle is the currency of this land. It is a wonder that bankers and money-changers do not have softening of the brain in a year's time. One cannot pay her washwoman without figuring with pencil and paper for some minutes over the problem of change. Let me give you just a glimpse into the mystery. Forty paras make a piaster, but there is no such coin as a para; hence a copper *khamse* equals five paras, and is the smallest piece of money in value. I mean, it used to equal five; but since the fall of the "*beshlik*" it takes three of these khamsis to equal five of paras. Then there is a thicker metal piece which is worth five paras. The piaster, a tiny silver coin, must not be passed for a piaster at all, else you will lose. It is worth one piaster and five paras. The two-piaster piece consequently has a value of two piasters and ten paras. Now we come to the large, ugly pieces of metal called an *altilik*, and worth five piasters and twenty paras; and I forgot, among the smaller pieces, to mention the *ashara*, worth now ten paras. The larger silver piece is called a *megidda*, and has a steady value of twenty-two piasters and thirty paras. Then

there is the silver half and quarter *megidda.* But while I say the megidda does not vary in value, it yet has three values. In currency one, and with the government another, and with custom-house men still another. Now add to these coins any number of Austrian, Roumanian, Greek, Italian, Spanish and French moneys, and remember that a franc from France is equal to five piasters and five paras some days, and again only five ; and a franc of these other countries, which is a franc in Egypt or anywhere else, is only two and three-fourths piasters here. But this does not complete the list by any means. I must add the Egyptian piaster which comes over here many times and is worth more. It takes only four Egyptian piasters to equal a French franc.

Beyrout claims a population of over seventy thousand. The business is chiefly with silk. Ready-spun silk, or, as dried cocoons, is exported chiefly to France. Olive oil is another export. There are silk manufactories on Lebanon, but most of that made here is done by the old hand-loom in dingy little rooms, by men who earn only from twenty-five to fifty cents a day.

Calicoes and sheetings are imported from England. Last year over three million dollars worth of cotton goods came through the Custom House of Beyrout, and a million and a half, nearly, of gallons of petroleum came into Beyrout from America. The British consul, in his last report, says "America has shown signs of a desire to enter into competition in cotton manufactures by sending out to this country a few sample bales of cottons; but so far she had not been

able to sell sufficiently cheap goods to get a hold on the market, although the quality sent is much superior to that imported from England."

Before closing my letter I will add a word for personal friends interested in the head of our party, whom we left completing his arrangements for over twelve hundred miles on horseback, in Bombay, in February. Letters have come by camels across the desert by way of Palmyra, but the telegram has given quicker information at several points along the route. Think of a telegram from Bagdad to Beyrout of twenty words costing but one dollar of our money!

Mr. B., after some delays by steamer up the Persian Gulf, and afterward by disabled horses, has visited Babylon and Nineveh, and a few days ago reached Mardin; was delayed by temporary illness, and is now on the way to Oorfa, thence to Aintab, Aleppo and the sea-coast. The caravan time from Mardin to the sea, direct, is twenty days: and thence it is three days by steamer from Iskanderoon to Beyrout.

But the weekly mail for England and America will soon close.

XXV.

Tent life in Palestine — The double tour — The way we travelled — Bill of fare in camp — A call at Bteddin — Over Lebanon to Sidon — Tyre fulfilling Scripture prophecy — Acre — Mount Carmel — Hottahr — Cæsarea Palestina — Along the edge of Sharon — Tenting outside Jaffa — Muleteers in a row — Lydda — Ramleh — Beth Shemesh — Scene of the combat between David and Goliath — Hebron — Cave of Machpelah — Solomon's pools — Bethlehem.

AITING in Beyrout was not the weary waiting it would have been, had the little boy and I been anywhere else in this region of the world. Here was a comfortable *pension*, kept by a pleasant English lady. Close by were the delightful home and help of our consul and his wife, and many friends of the mission whom we had prized since our former visit, or newer friends whom also we can never forget. Their many thoughtful kindnesses to the waiting ones have brought very freshly to mind that other visit, when, by the help of Dr. Jessup and Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," our two months' tour through the Holy Land was so satisfactorily arranged. From my letters, which were published at that time in a Cincinnati, Ohio, paper, let me recall pleasant memories of our tent life in Palestine for my present readers.

Journeying through the Holy Land is little changed in the years that have passed. Bible scenes and localities are virtually now what they were thirteen years ago, and not until the Sultan loses control of this country, and the people are no longer under a Moslem yoke, will the poverty and wretchedness and inactivity of the people change, and the hills and valleys of this sacred land again "blossom as the rose." The more usual route of travel in Palestine begins at Joppa and terminates at Beyrout. We chose what is called the double tour beginning at Beyrout, passing down the coast to Joppa, then still farther south into the land of the Philistines, and going north by way of Hebron, Jerusalem, Damascus, and innumerable other places of Bible interest, coming out at Beyrout again at the close. The preparations for a journey through Palestine require no inconsiderable amount of labor, as well as time and patience. A dragoman must first be selected from the company, which beset you immediately on arrival, and never lessen their assiduous attentions, until you are thoroughly committed to some one of the number. Each article of the outfit must be specified. Mules, muleteers, tents, beds, canteens, horses, servants, route, time, expense per day, and innumerable other items must be thought of, before the contract is signed and sealed in the presence of the consul. At last, we are ready for a start, but the spring rains, which must soon be over, are pouring down a farewell shower, and the Damur river, between us and Sidon, is already swollen and difficult to cross (bridges are too great a luxury for Arabs to

indulge in.) We must ford the rapid Damur, or take a circuitous route up Lebanon. We chose the latter, and though we lost a day by this longer route, we gained in the beauty and grandeur of the scenery about the goodly mountain. The question has often been asked, "How did you travel in the Holy Land?" "Are there hotels, where did you sleep, and what did you eat, and when there are no steam-cars or carriage-roads, how did you get about?" It was not until we had reached our first encampment at Deir el Kamr, on Lebanon, that we realized what it was to travel in Palestine. While we were at lunch our caravan gained upon us, and passed on ahead, so that the tents might be staked and dinner ready, soon after our arrival at the encampment, at the close of the day. It was a long procession we made winding up the mountain side; there were eight mules well-laden, and four muleteers each with two animals and their loads in charge. Next came the cook and the waiter, who felt themselves several inches higher up in the social scale than the muleteers, and hence could not walk, as did the commoner class, but had a mule which they took turns in riding. Dashing along between our party and the baggage, was little Yusef, on an Arab horse, which he rode without saddle, — the horse to be in readiness in case of accident to those we were using; but the special vocation of the boy seemed to be that of a kind of clown to the entire company. Our party of three, Mr. B., a lady cousin, Mrs. M. of Cleveland, and myself, with Abdallah Joseph the dragoman, and a boy, Hottahr, who walked the entire journey, made

up the rest of the procession. Among the pleasanter recollections of this trip, is that of Hottahr, who was ever ready to gather shells or wild flowers, or hold the bridle and receive his backsheesh as a favor, taking the hand which extended it and pressing it to his forehead and cheek as he bowed, saying, "Kathakara, kathasalantic!"

Turning a sharp corner of the stony path on the outskirts of the little village Deir el Kamr, we came in sight of a group of gayly-trimmed tents, pitched near a little mountain stream. Our cook, in front of his portable stove, was welcoming us in broken French and Arabic. The waiter, in gay Turkish dress, was ready to show us the water and fresh towels, and to point to the camp dining-table, where dinner was ready for us. The grassy floors of our sleeping-tents were covered with Oriental rugs, and the iron cots were neatly made up with fresh blankets and linen, — but Achmet calls that the soup will not be hot if we wait longer. Would you enjoy an evening dinner, and digest it, too? Ride then all day over the hills of Palestine, in that pure air, and you will say, "hunger is the best sauce," and the best tonic, also. After the soup was a course of chicken, served with macaroni. Next mutton and sheep's brains; then boiled rice with stewed apricots; fifth, cheese; sixth, oranges, figs, and nuts; seventh, coffee or tea. Chickens are seen everywhere in Palestine. We had chickens every night for dinner for the entire eight weeks; warmed-over chicken for breakfast, and cold chicken and hard-boiled eggs for the midday lunch. Yet, because of the excellent

"tonic and sauce," and the skill of our cook, we never wearied of the sameness, though we feared we should begin to feather or cluck.

Abdallah looks in to see if we are comfortable, and says, "You like de dinner, sir? I gib you more better ebery day."

The dragoman was partly right in his assurances of table supplies, and we really did dine during these two months of tent life almost as luxuriously as at a Broadway hotel. Not that we chose such high style. Our preference would have been for less parade of courses at the table, and thus the saving of time and expense. But we were advised that this was the only way to keep our men and the officers and people *en route* obedient and deferential.

Perhaps I ought to add a few of the discomforts of Holy Land travel, lest the picture seem too bright. There are always enough shadows for even the more sombre if we stop to look for them. I will only mention a few. The Arab muleteers and mules sleep just outside the tent; you are well guarded, but the heavy breathing of the men, the tinkling of the bell on the animal's neck, and doleful braying, are too much for human nerves to sleep under at first. However, time and weariness conquer even this, but not so easily the other foe — the fleas. You cannot escape. They will forsake the Arabs to try foreign blood, and you have only to make the best of it.

From Deir el Kamr our baggage train was sent the next day by the most direct route to Sidon, while we took a circuitous path to the palace of Bteddin. A group of lazy dirty soldiers were lounging in the

outer court. Decay was written everywhere. There was little left to remind of the splendor said to have been here in former days. The Pasha received us courteously, and in the hospitable manner of the Turks immediately ordered brought in tiny cups of very strong coffee. He was richly dressed, and wore a very brilliant diamond on his hand, said to be worth twenty thousand dollars. He was quite able to converse in English, was very anxious to visit America, especially to learn more of her prison and jail system, that he might be able to improve his own. A poor place to begin in elevating a degraded people. Other Pashas have followed him, and Lebanon is now under the wise and intelligent control of a man who sees the importance of Christian education as the foundation stone of true prosperity. Descending the mountain a beautiful picture lay before us — an old tower and luxuriant gardens on the one side, a half-ruined castle in the sea, with its long arched bridge crumbling fast to decay, and the present village of Sidon. We are within the land of the ancient Phœnicians. It was not a great country in extent, for it was only one hundred and twenty miles in length by about twenty in breadth, and yet here, on this shore, and in the city of Sidon, and her daughter Tyre, were centred the great commercial interests of that early time. From here, it is believed, the alphabet was carried into Greece and civilization was spread abroad.

The so-called tombs of the Phœnician kings are interesting to see. The ornamentations are of curious birds and flowers, and the colors bright; several in-

scriptions remain, and from one of these has arisen the belief that the body of Jezebel's father, Ethbaal, king of the Zidonians, was buried here. 1 Kings, xvi. 31.

Our route is along the "coasts of Tyre and Sidon," and we rest at the site of ancient Sarepta and recall the story of the famished prophet and the widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal.

There are few places in the Holy Land where the fulfilment of God's prophecy is more clearly seen than at Tyre. Amid the ruins of the old church made famous by being the burial place of Origen, the historian, we turn to the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters of the book of Ezekiel and read what Tyre once was. Turning from the words of the prophet, written hundreds of years before the Christian era, to the scene before us, we can verify the truth of those terrible predictions. The ruins of modern Tyre rest upon the ruins of another, and these again upon a still more ancient city. Fishermen along the shore are spreading their nets to dry upon the rocks and sand.

A cluster of mud houses, ruins, and broken columns, are all that remain to tell the story of that city, which once declared "I am of perfect beauty," and whose proud king boasted, "I am a god; I sit in the seat of a god in the midst of the seas."

A visit to the remains of the great causeway of Alexander, and we ride on to what are termed Solomon's pools. The aqueducts and reservoirs are very old certainly; but that Solomon built them is very doubtful. The largest of these reservoirs is

nearly seventy feet in diameter, and twenty-five feet deep, cemented together so as to be as compact as solid rock. The water gushes up from natural springs at the bottom, and must have been a great luxury to the people of Tyre when it was a populous city. Before reaching our next camping place, at Achzib or Ez-zib, we were obliged to descend what is called the ladder of Tyre, an immense promontory, nearly eight miles across at its widest point and a thousand feet high. Abdallah takes the lead, his Arab horse stepping down the rugged, stony staircase with perfect ease. Hottahr smiles assuringly, "tyeb, tyeb," but I prefer to trust to my own feet most of the way down.

The city of Acre, called at one time "the key of Palestine," is situated on a narrow peninsula, and is strongly fortified; and is of special interest only as connected with the crusades, and a late English war. Our course lies along the sandy beach, with occasional fording of streams, until we camp just beyond Kaifa or Haifa, on the side of Mount Carmel.

On the summit, overlooking the sea, is a convent, to which our party are hospitably invited by a monk, who sees the rain cloud just ready to empty itself over our heads. Our host is quite willing to show us a part of the convent, but only gentlemen can descend into the grotto under the church, where we are told Elijah heard the "still small voice." Lady visitors have never profaned the holy spot by their presence; but we may look down and get a glimpse of silver candlesticks and tawdry trappings, and smell the incense. Carmel is very beautiful in its cover-

ing of dark green, dotted with innumerable flowers of every hue; and we can appreciate the words of Isaiah when he spoke of the "excellency of Mt. Carmel."

What a world of history clusters about this mountain! Below is the Kishon which we forded on our way here; somewhere, not far off, was that contest between the prophet of God and the priests of Baal. Hither hastened the Shunamite woman in her sorrow at the sudden death of her only son.

Our next tenting place is at the site of the ancient city of Dor. From this point to Joppa the journey might be considered monotonous; but to me there was enough pleasure in the simple ride on the hard beach strewn with shells, the surf foaming up to the horse's feet, to compensate for the absence of the usual variety of scene and experience. Most of the riding had thus far been necessarily slow and sedate. We had filed along up and down Lebanon and Carmel, and we were all ready for a little more speed. Even Hottahr kept up a continuous "Zook! Zook!" faster! faster!—until the horse caught the enthusiasm, and cantered briskly over the beach, with Hottahr jumping and leaping behind as he clung tightly to the horse's tail.

Cæsarea Palestina is a fit lurking place for robbers and wild animals, and from its desolate appearance well deserves the name it has received. Columns and ruined walls and gateways are tumbled together in perfect confusion near the shore, and overgrown with weeds and thistles. There is not a sound, except the waves which wash up on to the

mossy ruins, and seemed to murmur the story of the downfall and desolation of this once proud city of Herod. But the chief interest clusters about that greatest missionary who was here imprisoned for two years, and who here faithfully preached "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." A traveller who visited this spot twenty-eight years ago, and again of late, says that there is no perceptible change in the desolate ruin since he first saw it over a quarter of a century ago. But what is even a century in such an ancient historic land as this!

The plain of Sharon is brilliant with beautiful flowers, and the truth of the words "Sharon shall be a fold of flocks" may be seen along this western edge. Many companies of sheep and goats are following their shepherds over the green pastures and along the still waters. Some of the sheep are keeping close to their leader, and others straying far behind.

Jaffa is compactly built on the rocky edge of a small cape. It looks finely from the distance, but approach it, and the charm is gone. Camels, mules, donkeys, strangers, and Arabs throng about the fountain just within the city gate. We must form a part of the motley crowd, and push along through the narrow streets, for our tents are pitched near a lemon and orange orchard, just outside the walls, on the other side of the city. Jaffa is noted for its surrounding gardens of apricots, pomegranates, plums, quinces, oranges, and lemons. Jaffa oranges are larger than those of other parts of Palestine; but the rind is thicker, and, though they may be better for export,

they are not so delicious. Abdallah knew all about Simon, the tanner, he said, and could show us the veritable wall of the old house by the seaside. We found the spot, but, as Abdallah is not the best authority on such antiquities, did not place much reliance on his opinion. Ascending the stairs on the outside of the quite modern dwelling erected on the supposed ground occupied by the house of the tanner, we could sit on the house-top overlooking the sea, and recall the story not only of the apostle to the Gentiles, but that of the ancient prophet who vainly sought to escape from the presence of his Maker, and who shipped from here for Tarshish.

"Abdallah!" said our leader from the tent doorway, on the sunny slope just outside Jaffa gate, "Abdallah, send on mules and muleteers to Ramleh by the shortest route, and we will go by way of Lydda to-day." "If you please sir, muleteers been kicking up a row, sir; say they won't go far, and we must camp, sir, at Lydda to-night." Such objections and rows we had been told to expect, and according to the experience and advice of older travellers the answer was peremptory, "Abdallah, remember the terms of your contract; we are to camp at Ramleh; give your orders to the men!" Turning to that best of all guide books, not only for the journey through the Holy Land, but for life's travel though it be three score years and ten, we read that when the disciples heard that Peter was in Lydda they sent for him to come to the burial of Dorcas "for Lydda was nigh unto Joppa." Surely if Peter's sandaled feet could soon carry him over this road, we with our Arab

horses, which have been resting during our sight-seeing in Jaffa, can go on to Ramleh, an hour's ride beyond Lydda.

The principal object of interest in Lydda is the picturesque ruin of the church of St. George. The orchards surrounding the town are very flourishing and the country fertile. From the top of a ruined tower in Ramleh we gain a fine view of the rich plain through which we have been riding, gorgeous with many-colored flowers, each village in a setting of olive, mulberry, fig, sycamore, and other trees.

Crossing the Wady Surar, we climb to the summit of a small hill, to the site of ancient Bethshemesh. On the flat roof of an old Greek church, and later a stable and place for storage, our lunch table is spread, and while taking a midday rest, we can, from this elevated spot, look over a wide expanse of country once so populous, but now silent save for the sound of the birds and the murmer of the rippling brook. With Bibles in hand we can fix the locality of ancient Timnath, and the home of Samson at Zorah, and the probable route of the cattle which carried away the ark of God. We descend into the valley, where that most wonderful combat of the world's history took place. On one side overlooking the plain are the hills where the hosts of the Philistines were encamped, and nearly opposite on a similar elevation must have been the tents of the Israelites, with the beautiful green valley between. Both parties could have watched the combatants as they approached each other. Goliath dazzling in armor, and the young lad, with his nimble feet and simple

sling, and with just such an earnest thoughtful face as the genius of Michael Angelo has brought out of the marble at Florence. But however pleasing this beautiful Wady es Sumpt may be, we must linger only to gather a handful of these smooth stones from perhaps the same spot where David selected his, and then press on toward Beit Jibrin. It is well we have a guide who is familiar with this country, for our path at times is right through the growing wheat and barley. The horses enjoy this part of the route, for they stop for an occasional lunch, but Abdallah says, "zook! zook!" and gives a sharp cut with his long whip, when we are nearly jerked off our saddles.

Our tents are pitched above the city of Hebron on the side of an overlooking hill. What a multitude of Bible associations cluster here! Below is the cave of Machpelah. Here Jacob wished his bones to be laid away; "for," said he, "there is Abraham and Sarah, his wife, and Isaac and Rebekah, his wife; and there I buried Leah." This cave is now covered by a mosque, into which we tried in vain to gain admittance. Persuasions and money were alike powerless. "No one but a Mussulman can ever go in and still live," said Abdallah, with a profound air. But soon after he, who is a Druze, and Hottahr were seen to enter the sacred enclosure. Abdallah has a chameleon sort of religion. He was a devout Christian in Beyrout, but has worshipped the Virgin or prayed to Mecca or kissed the holy pictures as the circumstances of his travel may have required. In no part of Palestine are the vineyards more fruitful than on

these hillsides about Hebron. We remember the size of the one cluster of grapes which the spies carried out of this "goodly land." There is considerable native wine made here; it is a sour, unpleasant drink, but thinking it would be a great curiosity in our distant home, we asked Abdallah to purchase two bottles of it. Not long had they been carried before we were reminded of the Scripture, and though our new wine had not been put into old leathern bottles, the fate was the same; "the bottles break and the wine runneth out." Just before dusk, in one of the streets of Hebron, a little girl passed us on her way to the baker's. We watched her pick up a bit of broken pottery and hold it out for a few live coals, which were given her to carry home. This is an ancient custom; "for," says Isaiah, "there shall not be found in the bursting of it a sherd to take fire from the hearth."

Leaving Hebron we pass the oak where we are told Abraham entertained the angels. On our route we visit Solomon's pools or reservoirs, three immense tanks of stone, the largest measuring six hundred feet by two hundred in width, with a depth of fifty feet. An artificial channel connects these huge basins with a fountain some rods away, and an aqueduct carries the water to Jerusalem. The ancient appearance of the stones would verify the belief that these were built by the Wise King himself, and to which he referred in Ecclesiastes, "I made me great works; I planted vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards; I made me pools of water." Our tenting

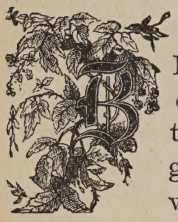
place is just outside Bethlehem. The sunset sky lights up the dull gray stone of the city, and the glory reminds of the brightness of that night when the shepherds left their flocks to follow the star "which went before them 'till it came and stood over where the young child was."

Our song at that evening's prayer was, —

"When, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem."

XXVI.

Grotto of the Nativity — Olive wood — Jerusalem — Tenting on Olivet — View of the Holy City — Gethsemane — Via Doloroso — Church of the Holy Sepulchre — Pool of Siloam — Tomb of Absalom — Jews' Cemetery — Jews' wailing place — Valley of Hinnom — Field of Blood — House of Caiaphas — Bethany — Mosque of Omar.



ETHLEHEM is built on the summit of a ridge, the sides of which are terraced and covered with a luxuriant growth of the fig and olive, intermingled with vines. On the eastern side of the city is the convent and Church of the Nativity, looking in the distance something like one of the old gray castles on the Rhine. It was erected by the Empress Helena in 327, over the grotto where it was supposed the Saviour was born. The Armenians, Greeks and Latins have each a chapel and convent in the building, and each a staircase hewn out of the rock leading from the grotto to their own chapel. Following our solemn monk, we descend with lighted tapers from the Latin church to the Grotto of the Nativity. The place is stifling with incense and smoking lamps. Red cotton velvet and tinsel trimmings are in abundance. Under a plain marble altar

is a slab of marble in the pavement with a silver star in its centre, around which are the words "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Above the star sixteen silver lamps are hung, and are always burning. Notwithstanding the surroundings, a feeling of solemn awe comes over the Christian visitor in this possible, yes, probable birthplace of the Saviour, Jesus Christ.

A marble trough occupies the supposed place of the manger; near by is a cell where St. Jerome shut himself in from the world to serve God by fasting, and wounding his flesh with sharp stones. Here he wrote the various volumes which have given him the title of "Father of the Church." But our monk hurries us on to see the place where Joseph sat, and the hole in the rock through which the angel escaped after telling him to go to Egypt, and the *spot* where the bodies of twenty thousand slaughtered innocents were buried; also a room where the Virgin Mary did some cooking: but our faith is exhausted, and we decline the rest of the sights. Bethlehem carries on quite a business in the manufacturing of olive-wood beads, and crosses of this wood and mother-of-pearl. The devout buy them as rosaries and take them first into the Grotto of the Nativity, then to Jerusalem, where they are rubbed against the stone pillar at which Jesus was scourged, next to the holy sepulchre, and then if they can only be blessed by the Pope, they are indeed efficacious and sacred.

On the way to the Holy City we pass the tomb of Rachel. A Moslem Wely with whitewashed dome covers the grave. Two hours after leaving

Bethlehem we are in sight of Jerusalem. We have reached Mar Elias, and, reining in our horses, we gaze with reverence and awe upon the city before us. What a flood of memories crowd the mind! What a long and eventful history have these hills witnessed from Melchisedec and Abram's sacrifice to David and on to David's greater Son, Christ our Lord! And now these mountains in their silence and gloom speak of the truth of God's judgments upon the people, who crucified the Son of the Almighty and brought upon themselves and their land the desolations which had been prophesied. Down the easy slope we cross the plain of Raphaim, where David conquered opposing armies, and ascend right under the walls of the citadel to the Joppa gate, the principal entrance to the city. We only pass in a little way and return, preferring to reach our tents on Olivet by the more circuitous road outside of the northern wall, than by the slippery, stony and crowded streets of the city. A ride of nearly two miles, and the steep valley of the Kedron is reached; thence passing the garden of Gethsemane our horses toil up the steep hill, and we dismount on the summit of Olivet and find tents and dinner ready for us. No more delightful camping-ground could possibly have been chosen. Our large tent opens toward the city, and the view is unobstructed. Sitting in the tent door-way we read: "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth — Jerusalem, mountains encompass her; Jehovah encompasseth his people from henceforth and forever. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people."

Several hundred feet below are the white stones of the Jews' burying-place; a little to the right a few old olives in the Garden of Gethsemane are seen, and still below the dry pebbly bed of the Kedron. Directly in the foreground stands out the magnificent dome of the Mosque of Omar, occupying the site of Solomon's temple. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, the white dome and minaret erected at the tomb of David, and other objects of peculiar interest may be distinguished. With Bible and guide book we may study in our tent door-way the topography of the Holy City, and be well prepared for closer inspection on the morrow. It is too late to cross the intervening valley and climb the hill and enter into any sight-seeing to-night, for the city gates are closed exactly at sunset and will be opened at sunrise in the morning.

But we can visit the Garden of Gethsemane, the grounds so called since the coming of Helena, mother of Constantine, to Jerusalem in A. D. 326.

It is enclosed by a high wall, and guarded by a Latin monk, whose slumbers or devotions Abdallah is trying to disturb by pounding with his heavy whip-handle on the small door. The venerable monk smilingly invites us to enter; his very cordial manner has evidently the flavor of expected backsheesh. The first object which attracts our attention is a picture and shrine of the Virgin Mary upon the wall just within the gate; then several gay flower-beds, each railed in with a prim whitewashed fence. These flowers are purchased by the visitors, and add no small income to the monk. We pass on to the group of eight old olive trees, their decayed trunks supported

by stones, and the limbs kept carefully trimmed in order to keep them alive.

Entering the Holy City at St. Stephen's gate, the traveller is shown the Via Doloroso, the palace of Pilate, staircase of the Judgment Hall, the stairs of which are said to be in Rome, the arch of Ecce-homo, where Pilate stood when he said to the crowds "Behold the man!" the place where Jesus fainted and, leaning against the wall, left the impression of his shoulder, the house of Dives, and the stone on which Lazarus sat, and the house of Saint Veronica near which the Saviour is said to have fainted and received her handkerchief to wipe his face, on which was left an indelible picture. We reach the court of the Holy Sepulchre, wearied with these foolish traditions to which so many are attached. We cannot know the exact path which Christ trod as he bore his cross to Calvary. It is well we cannot trace it; but we may all know somewhat of the spirit of love and perfect sacrifice with which our Saviour went to his crucifixion. By his providences, God will lead each of his own into the Via Doloroso necessary for their discipline.

Without reference to that which has led to the belief that this is the actual site of Calvary, let us take for granted that the spot which was marked by Constantine in A. D. 326, was the place of the crucifixion, and descend the few steps from the court into the church of the Holy Sepulchre. On a raised platform, just within the entrance, are squatted Turkish soldiers, who guard the sacred place by the bayonet when denominational quarrels wax too warm.

Surrounded by a low railing is a marble slab in the pavement, which crowds are eagerly kissing. This is "the stone of unction," covering the spot where Christ's body was laid during the anointing. A little to the left, guarded and railed, is the exact place where the Virgin Mary stood. At the right we now enter the rotunda, sixty-seven feet in diameter, and around which eighteen pillars support the dome. This is common to all believers. In the centre is the Holy Sepulchre, enclosed in a building of yellow and white stone about twenty feet each way in size. It is ornamented by pillars and dome intended to resemble a crown. Eight immense candles light the porch, and here visitors usually leave their shoes. Stooping low we are able to enter the small opening into the room of the angels; through another small doorway, about two and a half feet high, and we are in the most sacred enclosure of the world. It is a quadrangular vault six feet by seven, with dome-shaped roof. Over the marble sarcophagus, which occupies about one-half of the room, hang forty gold and silver lamps. Tapers are brought in by the pilgrim visitors, and lighted by the old monk, who stands grim and silent in the corner.

From this room the sacred fire is handed out to the crowds of Greek pilgrims on Easter day, and passed from torch to torch in the wildest excitement. We follow our guide to the Greek chapel, where are dim pictures and tinsel and gaudy draperies, to the room of the division of the vestments, to the altar of the penitent thief, into the chapel of the invention of the Cross, and up a flight of stairs to the chapel of Golgotha,

and are shown three holes where the three crosses were fixed in the ground. Our guide in a business way shows the tombs of Adam, and Melchisedec, and the spot where the dirt was taken with which our first ancestor was made, and the exact centre of this world, and other remarkable sights are still to be seen, and all under this one roof. But we turn away toward fresh green Olivet, and *know* that over this hill Christ has walked to Bethany; here he often prayed, and from some one of its knolls "the clouds received him out of their sight." Before going to our tents we visit the Pool of Siloam. It is a stone reservoir, about fifty feet long by eighteen wide and deep. The sides are uneven and mossy. There is but little water in the bottom, in which some Turkish women are standing. With veils thrown back and skirts tucked up, they are doing their washing. One seems to be house-cleaning, having brought various parts of her humble abode to the pool instead of taking water home. This pool is supplied from a spring called the Fountain of the Virgin. We can visit it by descending a long flight of stone steps into the deep cave where the water bubbles up.

On the way to our camp we pass the rock-hewn tombs of St. James and Zacharias and Absalom, which last must have been a very beautiful structure. The lower part is heaped up with pebbles and stones, which have gradually accumulated from the practice kept up by the Jews, who feel religiously bound, every time they pass, to throw a stone and spit upon the tomb of the erring Absalom.

As we go up Olivet, our way is close to the Jewish

cemetery. No fence encloses it, but all over this part of the side hill down to the Kedron the grave-stones lie flat on the ground and without order. Here the Jews believe the great Judgment is to take place. In the city wall at the corner nearest Olivet is an immense stone, or old column, which juts out several feet, upon which the Moslems think their Holy Prophet is to stand on the last day.

Close up to the wall which supports the temple area, between the filthiest houses of Jerusalem and the sacred enclosure, is a quadrangular paved court, which bears the name of the Jews' Wailing Place. Here these degraded people have been permitted for many hundreds of years to pour out their lamentations over their fallen condition. In the wall are five rows of beveled stones of immense size, doubtless a part of the ancient foundations of the temple. The seams are worn down and the crevices worn smooth by the lips of generations of mourners, who have kissed and bathed them with their tears. On each Friday this small area is well filled by mourners of both sexes, and as we have planned our visit on this day of the week, let us stand aside and give place to those who have a better right here. Notice that trembling old man with silvered hair as he approaches the sacred stone of the temple of his fathers. He lays his wrinkled face on the cold smooth surface, and as the tears run down the furrows of his cheek and mingle with the kisses he is giving to it, we can see his lips move as he utters his grief aloud. There, another has his lips into one of the worn cavities, and is caressing the stone with his hand.

We fancy we can interpret the words of their mourning — "O, God! the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. We are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry forever?"

We will again mount our horses, ride down past the Wells of Job and the King's Gardens, to which Nehemiah refers, and through the valley of Hinnom, the place of those fearful rites to the god of the Ammonites, where Solomon caused a brazen statue of Moloch to be erected — a god with the head of a man and the body of an ox—within which a fire could be kindled, and when the arms were heated red hot, young children were placed as offerings. There are almost innumerable tombs in the sides of the cliff before we reach Aceldema, or the "field of blood," purchased with the thirty pieces of silver. Climbing up a grassy slope, we look down into a long vaulted room, twenty feet deep. At each end is an opening, through one of which we get a dim view of the empty dry bottom upon which are scattered about a few skulls and bones. Up to about a century ago this was the great burying-place of Jerusalem, and the soil was thought to possess the power of decomposing bodies in twenty-four hours. On this account, shiploads of the earth were transported to the Campo Santo at Pisa.

We will now ride to Mount Zion, and to the mosque which is said to cover the tombs of David, Solomon, and other kings of Judah. Near by is the so-called

house of Caiaphas, and, while Abdallah spreads our lunch on the porch, we will enter and see what the monk wishes to show us. "Here, just at this spot, Peter stood during the denial; right there was the fire, and yonder star in the pavement marks the identical roosting-place of the cock when he crowed three times."

Home by way of the upper pool of Gihon, and a glimpse at the revolting effects of that terrible disease, leprosy. The scene is too horrid for description. Men and women, with faces partly gone, an arm or eaten stump of a hand left to hold out the pail or dish for the charities of passers-by. Others can only mutter or turn their sightless eyes and move the decaying tongue, as the sound of feet reaches their ears.

We see enough here, and have no desire to visit their miserable homes in the leper's quarter of the city.

We are impatient for our visit to Bethany; so, though weary with a day of sight-seeing, we will take an evening ramble over the mountain foot-path toward the place our Saviour so frequently sought at the close of his busy day. As we reach the highest part of the mountain, what a magnificent prospect opens up to the west! Before us stretches out the wilderness of Judea where Jesus was tempted; further on is the broad valley of the Jordan, and in the dim distance the land of the Ammonites, with Moab at the right and Pisgah's lofty head distinctly visible. We climb down to the slight rise of ground which hides Bethany, and there gaze down into the village, and up to the blue sky. This may be the very place

where "He lifted up his hands and blessed them; and it came to pass while He blessed them, He was parted from them and carried up into heaven." The little hamlet is composed of about twenty old stone houses, with flat roofs made of beams of wood and overspread with earth and straw on which the grass is growing — "a home for the sparrow upon the house-top." Entering the narrow streets, we are shown the supposed sepulchre of Lazarus and the site of the house of Simon. Somewhere in this vicinity was that humble home where Jesus was ever a welcome guest. The sisters had few of earth's luxuries to offer; only a simple couch and simple fare, but *all that they had was his.* What a return He can give them now. In one of the mansions of his eternal home they are his guests. With comforts and glories such as "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man conceived," He will entertain them forever.

In order to gain admittance to the Mosque of Omar, it was necessary to have our Consul's cicerone accompany us to the house of the Pasha, to ask the desired permission. Our party were kindly allowed to enter after the payment of seven and a half dollars as backsheesh. The area immediately surrounding the mosque is covered with flag-stones; the interior of the mosque with costly porcelain. On reaching the outer door at the porch, we are brought to a sudden standstill by our guide, who points contemptuously at our feet. Our shoes are unholy, and no Arab boys with slippers to let are in sight. We try backsheesh. "No!" the guide rolls his eyes toward Mecca, and the only thing is to go in stocking feet; except one of

the ladies, who ties up her feet, shoes and all, in pocket handkerchiefs. "Tyeb! tyeb!" says the guide, and we are allowed to go on. The mosque is octagon in shape, one hundred and seventy feet in diameter. Four large doors open toward the four cardinal points, and four huge piers sustain the dome which covers most of the building. The second story of the wall is pierced with fifty-six windows of exquisite shape, and surrounded by ornamentations of porcelain and arabesque work, making the interior very gorgeous. Right under the dome is a large rock, to which our guide points as the first and greatest feature of interest. It is, perhaps, twelve feet high by fifty in length and width, and by many is believed to have been the foundation of the high altar of Solomon's temple. From this rock, say the Moslems, Mahomet mounted for his ride into Paradise. As he ascended, the rock was drawn after him, and if it were not well secured, even now it would rise right up. The print of the angel's fingers, where they held the stone down, is still to be seen by the believing. "Ya-Allah! ya-Allah! ma-sha-Allah!" screams our guide. The Moslems at prayer look up to echo the same words of fright. Frantically our guide waves his arms as though the immediate and fiery vengeance of the holy prophet was about to fall upon him. The unholy heel of an unholy shoe had worked through the pocket handkerchief cover, and was actually touching the sacred pavement!!! The fearful mistake was soon rectified, and we pass on.

The mosque el-Aksa is in the southwest corner of this enclosure. It bears the marks of various times and many owners. The columns are of several kinds

of architecture, and the porch is still different and more modern. The dome of the chain, with its seventeen slender marble columns, is a beautiful building in the same area. In it Mahomet had his first view of the heavenly seraglio, and here are to be hung the judgment balances. There is the Well of the Leaf near by, through which a man once found his way to Paradise, plucked a leaf and returned. A look at the Golden Gate, at the traces of Solomon's porch, and we leave the temple area. The cicerone is whiling away the time with a Turkish narghile, but is ready to take up his huge staff, on the top of which is the American eagle in silver, and with all the dignity of the great country he is trying to represent, precedes us to the tower of David.

XXVII.

Mar Saba — Dead Sea — Jordan river — Jericho — Shady side of tent life — Underneath Jerusalem — Mizpah — Bethel — Shiloh — Mt. Ebal — Mt. Gerizim — Jacob's well — Samaria — Dothan — Ezdraelon — Nazareth — Sea of Galilee — Tiberias — Land of Gennesaret — Sheik's house — Cæsarea Philippi — Damascus — Home of our Consul — Scenes in the bazaars — Baalbek — Tent life ended.

O gloomier retreat in all Palestine could have been found than that selected by "St." Sabas and his followers for their home in this wild ravine of the Kedron. Our tents are pitched so as to gain a moonlight view of the grim old monastery clinging to the side of the precipice.

"Three o'clock!" Fourteen hours of saddle-riding to-day. "Abdallah, are you up?" "Been up all night, sir," was the reply, "watching the Bedouins I hired to go as guard from Jerusalem." "Bedouins as guard! Why, Abdallah, it's the Bedouins we must guard against, is it not?" "Well, yes sir, but you see I hire two of 'em to go 'long as escort, and pays 'em well, and then the rest of their tribe will let us and our things alone, sir. Round the Jordan and Jericho is a bad place."

Breakfast over, tents and baggage quickly packed,

and before daybreak camp at Mar Saba was broken up, and our little caravan winding slowly along the steep paths towards the north shore of the Dead Sea, twenty-five hundred feet below us. This wonderful sheet of water stretches out forty miles in length and from five to eight in width. The sun shines with tropical heat as we descend, and is reflected by the sand, the water, and the white cliffs beyond. The shore of the mysterious sea is solemn in its silence and desolation.

Now and then is heard the chipper of little birds as they wing their way to pleasanter fields. The air seems thick and oppressive. The earth is dry and parched, and there is little trace of vegetable life. A pile of broken twigs and canes has dried upon the shore. Bits of black stone lie along the edge of the water. One of our party tries a swim in the lake and the rest of us are content with just one swallow of the strange liquid — like brimstone, brine and kerosene well mixed.

An hour's hard gallop brings us to the Jordan River.

The bank is covered by an almost impenetrable growth of tamarisk, oleander and willows. The stream is very rapid and muddy, and from eighty to one hundred feet wide, and from eight to twelve feet deep. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of Europe, and especially from Russia, come annually to its waters at Easter to bathe. Tents and baggage have gone on, but we improvise a bathing-suit; fastening a rope to the waist, and the other end to the roots of an old tree, we each take a turn in plunging

down into the water the Syrian general in old times so despised. Handkerchiefs must serve as towels, fingers for combs, and we hasten with all speed possible, for our Bedouin sheik is crying, "Zook! Zook!" Hurry! Hurry! In this desolate valley there is no safety after night-fall. Abdallah is in a fright over the lateness of the hour, and our sheik comes to the bank to say, "Must go now, gemman; run horse, six mile. Day's bad, bery bad Bedouin here; me can no make 'em do." With wet hair streaming in the wind, and horses galloping with best speed, and waving our long canes picked at the Jordan, we are sufficient to intimidate any savages on the plain. The six miles are soon passed, and we safely reach our welcome tents outside of Jericho.

"What's the matter, Abdallah! Have we really fallen among thieves; what is the commotion all about?" "I don't know what to do, sir. All Jericho is upon us, sir; they say we have hurt one of their dogs and want enormous pay for the beast, sir." "Backsheesh! backsheesh!" yelled about twenty half-naked savages. The leader compromises the situation by promising a few piasters to each after the conclusion of a war dance. They form into a half circle with one of their number in the centre. This head man brandishes a drawn sword, yells and grunts and tumbles himself into a heap, whereupon the half circle rush pell-mell on to him, and after a moment retreat. This is kept up by them until they are quite exhausted and glad to receive their small coins and go into Jericho for the night. In the early morning we visit the fountain whose waters were healed by

Elisha; and then on up the wady to Jerusalem, again making our tent home on Akra.

In the midnight silence we were suddenly roused by water pouring upon our faces. Who, thought I, can be so impertinent! but the lightning flashes revealed the truth. Sky was overhead, rain pouring down, our tent going in the wind toward Jaffa gate, and the city gates closed. Abdallah kicked his Arab men out of dreamland so suddenly that, bewildered by the storm of rain and boot-leather, they could only bow piously toward Mecca, wondering, I fancy, whether it had not been the prophet himself who had spirited off the tent they had double-staked so firmly.

"Wrapping the drapery of his couch" about him, our leader rushed into the midst of the forces, giving orders in English and garbled Arabic until the men had succeeded in fishing dresses and shoes and books out of the puddles, and had carried the ladies in their cots into the one tent remaining. Never was there such a predicament: a dripping roof, pouring rain, one piece of plank to stand on, and our entire stock of clothing, like a Monday's wash, just ready for the line. The city gates were opened at six, and in the warm dining-room of the hotel we found a party of gentlemen collarless and starchless, and with uncombed hair, who could laugh over a similar experience in testing the shady side of tent life on the mountains about Jerusalem.

Under ground was the next thing to be accomplished. A party, guided by the Jew who has assisted Dr. Barclay, are to visit the excavations under the city.

Through a small opening near the Damascus gate we crawl on hands and knees, gradually descending until a large vaulted room is reached, from which there seems to be an endless series of immense apartments. The caverns are as much as one hundred feet in diameter and forty feet high. These are the supposed quarries from which Jerusalem has again and again been rebuilt. Our guide points out the remains of an opening up through Mount Moriah. In times of war and distress, as when Titus stormed the city, the Jews may have found these huge quarries their safest retreat. We move slowly by the light of our little candles, voices echoing and re-echoing from the dark depths above and around us. It seems incredible that over our heads is the city with its noise and life.

Other scenes and experiences of our visit in Jerusalem might be mentioned, but we bid adieu to Bethany and the Holy City, to Gethsemane and green Olivet; yet, though we never again may look upon them, we need not sorrow, for before us lies that other Jerusalem,

> "That city the fairest!
> Our city the dearest!
> We press toward thee!
> We know not, we know not,
> All human words show not,
> The joys we may reach."

Climb up these old crumbling steps on to the flat roof of this old mosque with our party, and with Bible open look around. You are on the summit of Mizpah; six hundred feet above the plain of Gibeon. Look back over the way we have come to-day!

There is the wady and glen through which we rode, and beyond the hills yonder you can see the dome of Omar, and the Russian convent, and the minarets of the Holy City. Look still further! Do you not see the form of the Frank mountain, and the ridge of Bethlehem? Now turn your face toward the north; below on that small rocky hill is Gibeon, and beyond it and its fertile plain are Ataroth and Beeroth with its ruined church of the Crusades. To our right is Ramah of Benjamin, and on in the deep valley flows the Jordan with the dim outline of Moab and Gilead. To the westward is Lydda and Ramleh, and even Joppa, and the Mediterranean, washing up on to the rocks and sand, may be seen in the distance.

"Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal, for Bethel shall come to naught." Twenty-five centuries have passed since this prophecy was uttered, and we may read its fulfillment in the broken walls, heaps of stones and ruined foundations, which cover a surface of nearly four acres. In the valley at the west side of the ruins are the remains of a huge cistern over three hundred feet long by more than two hundred broad, and covered with grass and watered by two fountains. This is our tenting ground.

A detour to Shiloh, where there is nothing but ruins overgrown with thistles and grass to mark the place where the ark of God so long rested, and we pass on to the Vale of Shechem, guarded on either side by the twin-brother mountains, Ebal and Gerizim.

In one part of the valley the distance between is only fifty yards, and here we can readily imagine the

Israelites assembled to hear the law, "half of them over against Mount Gerizim and one-half over against Mount Ebal."

Mount Gerizim is the sacred place of the Samaritans. The path is steep and rough, but these people climb it three times a year, reading the law as they go. Descending by the opposite side, we find many palms and fertile gardens. Like all Oriental cities, Nablous looks best in the distance. In the valley below is the Well of Jacob. The small church which once covered it is gone; a few ruins are near by, and many of the stones have fallen into the well. Only a small part of the mouth of the well is free from this rubbish. It is excavated from solid rock, and is about nine feet in diameter, and said to be seventy-five feet deep. Here the wearied Saviour rested that hot noon and talked with the Samaritan woman, as she filled her water-jar. A little to the north of the well is Joseph's tomb. "And the bones of Joseph which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt buried they in Shechem."

The hill of Samaria rises from four to five hundred feet above the verdant plain below. The summit is a broad plateau where the city probably centred. At the west side are the remains of a huge gate or arch of triumph, from which extended the colonnade, the promenade and resort of the people. At the most commanding position, the temple of Baal once stood, where later was erected a costly temple in honor of the Roman Emperor. One hundred columns are to be seen, a few still standing, but the most of them lying about among olive trees and in the vineyards and

terraced gardens. The once busy street is a meadow. The magnificent temple is gone. The gay colonnade is covered with weeds and stones. Truly hath God said: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field. Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God."

The plain of Dothan is rich in its pasturage, even now. There are old wells and cisterns along our route, and we can easily picture the story of Joseph. The broad undulating plain of Esdraelon is triangular in shape, twenty miles long by twelve and fifteen upon the other two sides. It is covered with a rich carpet of verdure dotted with gay flowers, and varied by huge thistles and spots of corn and wheat. It has been called "the battle-field of the world." One of the gray ridges at the eastern side is Mount Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were slain. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places."

A visit to the fountain, the scene of Gideon's victory, where we try to lap the water as a dog lappeth; to Jezreel, a cluster of mud huts; to Nain, and we encamp for a Sabbath at Nazareth. It is built on the sides of the mountain, which forms part of the northern boundary to the plain of Esdraelon. From the hill overlooking the city a fine view is obtained of snowy Hermon, and Mount Tabor, resembling, as has been said, "the segment of a great sphere." The dark ridge of Carmel may be seen, with the sea in the distance.

The ride from Nazareth to the Sea of Galilee will require about five hours, and is a very pleasant journey. Passing "the Horns of Hattin," where the

Sea of Galilee, Tiberius and Hermon.

decisive battle of the Crusades took place, we reach a ridge overlooking the sea. Nestled in by encircling hills, it lies a thousand feet below. The mountains cast a purple shadow over it, and the rich clouds lend their beauty to the lovely picture. But the sunset reminds that the darkness will be upon us before we shall have made the tedious descent; for our tents are pitched close to the shore outside of the wall of the city of Tiberias, and there is no stopping this side.

Without the doorway we sit, listening to the music of the rippling water on the beach. The mountains seem wrapped in dusky mantles. Majestic Hermon with snowy crown looks down the same as when, eighteen hundred years ago, our Redeemer trod these paths and walked upon these waves. Upon these shores the multitudes pressed to hear the word of life, and here many learned to follow him, and became his disciples. Though the scenery of this lake may prove tame in the glare of the midday sun, the charm of this beautiful evening on the shore of Galilee can never be lost.

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee."

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea;
But oh! far more, the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee."

This lake, as in our Saviour's time, abounds in fish of various kinds. Abdallah favored us this morning with a delicious one broiled over the coals.

The city of Tiberias extends along the western shore for a half mile. Around three sides of the city was formerly a massive wall with towers. The effects of the earthquake of 1837 are seen in the broken walls and prostrate towers and buildings. An half hour's ride southward are the hot springs, for which this locality is famous.

"There are only two boats on the lake," says Abdallah; but he is bargaining for one to take us an hour's sail to Magdala. By this means we gain a view of almost the entire lake. Its surrounding hills are bare and precipitous; on the eastern shore they are higher and steeper, and broken by dark ravines. On the western side is a narrow strip of undulating land over three miles long, and in no place over a mile in width. It is shut in by the mountains on the one side and the sea upon the other. This is the plain of Gennesaret.

Magdala consists of a dozen or twenty mud houses, not much larger than a dog-kennel. The climate is really tropical along the lake. We long for one of the fresh breezes on the hills of Galilee. There are patches of rich pasturage, grain and rice and wild figs midst the rank weeds and thistles. Along the streams, which run through the plain to the sea, are immense clusters of oleander trees from ten to twenty feet high. We ride under them and gather the exquisite blossoms to deck horses, saddles, hats, and dresses with the greatest profusion.

Heaps of stones, overgrown with rank thistles and coarse grass, mark the site of Capernaum.

A passing visit to the ruins of Bethsaida and

Chorazin, and Safed, the city "set upon an hill," is reached late in the evening. Safed is built on a lofty solitary hill, the highest point of which was crowned by a castle until the earthquake of 1837.

From Safed to Meis el Jabel was the next day's ride. Lunch-time found our party without shawls or rubber mantles, and with a smart shower right upon us. A native village on the side hill is our only shelter, and we hurry on, arriving at the entrance as the rain begins to pour. The sheik, with a condescending air, beckons us into his home. The crowd of villagers swarm about the one small door, and as there is but one tiny opening for a window, the air becomes stifling. The three wives of the host help Abdallah kindle a fire; and, as there is no chimney, we must swallow the smoke as best we can. The furniture of the house consists of coarse rugs, huge water-jars, and blankets and bolsters rolled away for the day time. The smoke is not the worst enemy of the place, and we bid adieu to the sheik, preferring death from rain to being eaten up alive.

The ruins of Banaias, or Cæsarea Philippi, are situated in one of the wildest and most picturesque portions of Syria. The sharp peaks of a ridge of Hermon overlook them near by. Upon either side of an abrupt hill, upon whose summit is the ruin of an old castle, are two deep ravines. At the base of this cliff is a cave partly filled with stones and broken rocks and pillars — the ruins of an ancient temple; over these, and at the open side of the cave, rushes and tumbles the foaming waters of the Jordan. Its banks are fringed with oleanders and vines and

rank grass. In a corner of the ruin of the old citadel, surrounded by broken walls and crumbling towers, is the little modern village of Banaias.

In the level of a vast plain one hundred and sixty miles in circumference, and about two miles from the base of the ridge of the anti-Lebanon range is the city of Damascus, one of the three terrestrial paradises of the Turk. It is the most thoroughly Oriental — the oldest city of the world. Its minarets tower up above a mass of foliage, looking, in the distance, like an immense garden. Approaching the city we pass gardens and orchards of fig, pomegranate, apricot and orange, and innumerable little streams of clear water. The Barada river runs directly through the city, giving ample supplies to fountains and cisterns and gardens.

The home of the Syrian gentleman, who represents our country in Damacus, was thoroughly Oriental and very beautiful. The son of this white-haired representative acted as interpreter during our visit, his young wife Elfreda entertaining the ladies of our party by signs and a few broken words of English. The exterior of the home was a most forbidding wall with but one small opening; but on passing through a long hall we came into a corridored court, into which all the rooms opened. It was enchanting. The warm sun shone down upon fountains and gold-fish. The marble trellises were covered with roses. The reception-room was gay with the Stars and Stripes, and elegant in inlaid niches and yellow satin divans and Oriental rugs laid over the marble floor. In another as lovely apartment Elfreda bade us sit down upon the

divan and accept of Damascus sweets, almonds and citron paste, with tiny cups of Turkish coffee.

The bazaars of Damascus surpass those of Cairo and even Constantinople in their peculiarly Oriental character. Each trade has its own place in the immense labyrinth of lanes and stalls. Let us, to-day, take a donkey-ride through the motley crowds. After reaching the bazaars we shall be shielded from the sun, as the narrow streets are entirely covered overhead. Through the tobacco streets we pass by the horse-market, where we may see some of the finest Arab horses, and on to the spice bazaar. Just at this turn, we enter Shoe street. See that Arab woman, with face completely covered, sitting on her donkey, and at the same time trying on a pair of embroidered slippers! The lordly shoe-dealer looks quite unconcerned about the trade; and, sitting on his feet in his two by four foot shop, smokes his pipe and lets his customers wait on themselves. Yonder is an elegant assortment of amber mouth-pieces and pipes. We pass the silk bazaar: and see those costly rugs! Here is a boy with lemonade for sale. The goat-skin is well filled, the brass cups he jingles together make a tiresome noise, but he can scream still louder "Lēmon atter! lēmon atter!!!" Just at this corner of the dry goods bazaar, yesterday, we came upon a fearful sight. We were riding along looking and listening, just as we are to-day, when we espied a very singular sign. On coming nearer, we discovered, to our horror, that it was a dead man hanging from that projecting beam near the roof. The rope was around his neck, and his only covering a short cotton shirt. Dead, in

the midst of all this busy life! The crowds moved by with apparent unconcern, except the few who, like ourselves, stopped to inquire into the dead man's history. He had been living in the mountains, and had murdered and robbed many. The government had given permission to any one capturing him, to thus hang him in the bazaar. Whilst we have been stopping, did you see that Arab woman lifting a corner of her veil to peep at us and examine my sleeve? I asked her if she wanted the pattern, but she did not understand, and turned away saying, "Tyeb! Tyeb!" But it would take more than one whole day to see all the bazaars. The silversmiths we must visit, and breakfast at our hotel is at half past twelve: for a few days we are having a change from camp life. As we pass out, see that Arab ironing with his foot. The shirts on the line look nicely, but he only uses his hands for folding. Near the hotel door is a Bedawy woman, calling "Leben! "Leben!" It is freshly soured milk, which she carries in a goat-skin on the back of her donkey. She is well patronized. Men and women came out with their earthen dishes and bits of money. She smilingly gives us a taste on our fingers. This leben is said to be the kind of drink that Abraham gave to his angel visitors.

Leaving Damascus, we pass the bare white hills which overlook it, and take the path which winds along near the Abana river until the fountain of Fijeh, its source, is reached. Past orchards and terraced gardens, through wild and picturesque scenery of the Barada river, we reach the world-renowned ruins of

Baalbek, and our tents, which are pitched in the court of the great temple. It is a weird place in which to spend the night — broken columns and dark niches and piles of stone upon either side, with a midnight serenade from hyenas and jackalls. It was romantic enough to be pleasant at first; but we were all glad to see the warm cheerful sunshine of the morning.

Murray in hand, we commenced at the eastern portico and explored every part in order. A party of young men, who had just arrived, were lounging and smoking; said one: "What do you suppose those old women have been poking about so for? I am not going to risk my bones on these old rocks. I'll read up the guide book and say I've been here; that's enough for me." No description can give an adequate impression of the vastness and magnificence of these ruined temples. The great magnitude and elegance of the columns, which appear so airy and graceful, and the sculpture of capitals and niches can only be appreciated by a close study as one stands before them. Colossal proportions and most delicate finish, as in the sculpture of fruit and flowers around the great portal, are wonderfully united.

Over the diligence road our horses galloped on towards Beyrout, passing mile-stone after mile-stone, as if they could feel the impatience of their riders to reach the city, and the mail from distant loved ones which awaited us there. No time for lunching to-day, with the blue Mediterranean in sight.

Our tent life of two months ended; a good-by to Syria and Palestine; our horseback journey ended — ended as do all things in this life — regretfully yet gladly.

XXVIII.

Bokkara — Turkish management — Sisters of Kaiserwerth — Hospital of St. John — Syrian College — Woman's advancement — Various styles of dress — Auction scene — Arrival of the pilgrim — Bagdad, Babylon and Nineveh notes — Austrian Lloyd steamers — Artistic and other people — A stray love letter — Cyprus — Rhodes — Smyrna — Syra — Arrival at Piraeus — Athens.

THERE is an old saying about the Turk, that "he is tropical in making promises and frigid in performing them," of which one has but to live in Syria a short time to realize the truth. The air is full of "Bokkara." In the shop, the street, and the kitchen it is always "Bokkara" — To-morrow — to-morrow." At first I thought it an ejaculation, like "indeed!" or "oh! my!" but it was not long before I had occasion to learn its practical meaning. A Turk firmly believes in never doing to-day what he can possibly put off until to-morrow, and never doing himself what he can get any one to do for him. The motto of the Sublime Porte probably is "Bokkara." An old Egyptian saying is: "If a man has gone on a pilgrimage once, don't trust him implicitly; if he has gone more than once, don't trust him at all." Judging from a short acquaint-

ance, I should say that every Turk in the land had been on several pilgrimages.

A few weeks ago the Turkish officials had a spasm of economy, and concluded to save something by reducing the wages of the not over-well-paid telegraph operators. A refusal to accept the lower salary was the result, and the loss of business, from the strike, in a few days equalled the pile of golden liras the officials had hoped to save in a year's time.

The general way of managing affairs may be seen by a glimpse any morning into the fish market. The fisherman, with his basket full, meets here the customer and the government official; he is not allowed to sell anywhere else. The money paid for the fish passes from the hand of the buyer to that of the fisher through the clutch of the officer, and a greater or less amount stays there, according to the whim of this representative of the law, the tax being generally so large that the fishermen feel inclined to try their chances of getting their daily bread by joining the crowds of beggars, instead of working for so little and such uncertain pay. This amount, the Moslem officials feel, is so much gain out of the "Christian dogs."

In evidence of the same provoking business ways out here, for which the government is largely responsible, I may mention that Mr. B., in selling his horse at the end of his twelve hundred miles Babylon and Nineveh tour, was obliged to pay over two and a half per cent. of the selling price to the official, in order to consummate the bargain. But while Turkish rule keeps the barracks full of half-fed soldiers, and the streets full of the lame, the lazy and the blind; while

the people are clamoring for bread, and are being defrauded of their earnings in more ways than by finding their little savings depreciated to half value at the will of a Sultan, the philanthropic citizens of Christian governments are at work educating and caring for as many of them as possible.

The Knights of St. John have a large hospital in Beyrout, under the care of trained nurses known as the "Sisters of Kaiserwerth." With the exception of a few rooms where those who are able to pay may be cared for and not feel that they have received charity, the hospital is free to the poor, whether he or she be Moslem or Christian or Jew. The spacious stone building, with its well-ventilated halls and wards, its surrounding grounds with rockery and vine-covered arbor and flower beds, is a pattern of all that is comfortable and tidy and home-like. These German women understand the art of home-making, even with such obstacles as a large family of sick Turks. Five to six hundred are cared for annually, with an average stay of a month. At the dispensary building, near the entrance, a crowd of those with lesser complaints come and go every forenoon, receiving medicine. The medical attention and surgery are under the care of American physicians of the highest skill, who give their services.

Under the direction of these same physicians is a medical college, with buildings and apparatus in first-class style, also the result of American benevolence. The graduating class of this institution may be seen several times a week around Dr. Post in the surgery room of the Kaiserwerth Hospital, watching eagerly,

with almost worshipful glances, every incision of the knife, every move of the skillful hand of this quiet and yet eminent physician and surgeon. Upon the same grounds with the medical school are the larger college for general study, the President's house, and the Observatory, over which Dr. Van Dyke presides, communicating his observations upon the weather by telegram to Constantinople twice every day and once a day to Washington, the whole college property being worth over one hundred thousand dollars; largely the gift of generous New Yorkers interested in the uplifting of Syria. Added to this amount, I am told, there is an invested endowment, which yields an annual income of eleven thousand dollars. Besides this liberal giving of money on the part of the Americans, we must not forget the still nobler sacrifice of the men who have given to Syria the best years of life to carry on the work. The American gentlemen in Beyrout connected with the educational and missionary service are those who would have naturally filled the front ranks in whatever country they had lived, whether that be America or Syria. But while referring to the influences for good contributed by Americans, I must not forget the work of the mission press in Beyrout, which last year printed thirteen million pages.

Nor do the Syrian young men receive all the talent and attention. There is a young ladies' seminary in Beyrout, under the care of American ladies of the best culture, where the Syrian girls may be instructed in the solid branches of study, and then add the accomplishments of music and drawing, if naturally

fitted to improve with such opportunities. There are fourteen hundred girls in the day schools and training school for teachers, under the care of the sisters of the late Mrs. Thompson, the English lady whom you may remember as inaugurating a work in Beyrout for the widows, after the massacre of 1861. Other English women are at work for Syrian and Moslem women. Beyrout has a Scotch missionary to the Jews. The Sisters of Nazareth have a school and convent; the Jesuits a large college building; the Lutherans a school and orphanage. Now add to all this and much more being done simply in Beyrout the work on Lebanon and through the country, and you can realize how the Syrians are being educated and prepared for the time when the Sultan's rotten throne shall fall, and the iron grip of Mohammedanism be forever loosened upon Syria and Palestine.

To a woman the dress of a strange city becomes a matter of considerable interest, and as some of my readers may be curiously inclined in the same direction, I will give a little space on that subject. There is quite a variety of styles in this "semi-demi-civilized place of Beyrout." The men, who have adopted but few European ideas, cling to the long dressing-gown with sash and turban, and are mostly gray-bearded old Turks or Druzes. Those next in order are the Turks in zouave jackets, with wing-like sleeves heavily embroidered in gold, and the lower limbs covered with a full broadcloth skirt or bag, with two openings on the lower side just large enough for the feet and ankles to come through. Syrian young men who are studying English, however, soon leave off the jacket, and

while many still keep on the baggy trousers, they wear a European shirt and coat. Others, still more advanced in foreign ways, wear the entire dress of a European gentleman, save the one article of the head-covering. All, old or young, gray-haired or little boys — in sun and wind and rain, at home, in church or on the street — all are to be seen with the scarlet fez adorned with a black tassel. It is a sort of badge of citizenship; like the cue of the Chinaman.

The women have as great variety as the men. The inmates of the harem walk abroad enveloped in gay silk, or more commonly in white, as though on their way to a masquerade, or as if a cemetery had suddenly come to life, and the shrouded forms were out on general parade. The faces must be kept covered with a piece of figured cotton, called a "mandil," which is indescribably ugly. The feet and ankles of these sheeted figures are in full view. The Syrian women and girls go visiting and to church with a scarf of white dotted lace thrown jauntily over their pretty black hair and bright ribbons, but modesty requires them to don the Moslem sheet when they do shopping in the bazaars. There are ambitious women who aspire to Paris styles instead of the plainer make of the ordinary Syrian, and who yet cling to the gayer colors of a more barbaric taste. As, for example, one whom I saw at the Pasha's garden reception, attired in scarlet and drab walking suit, plum-colored velvet hat with light blue feather and pink flowers, and yellow kids, her child decked in red velvet and gold braid. There was a grand wedding the other day in the high-toned native society, where the trous-

seau was from Paris, and the supper by a caterer; but some of the relatives from the country, not understanding the ways of more civilized society, put their hands into the salad and helped themselves, sitting with their shoes off and their feet tucked up under them on the satin divan.

One of the funniest sights I witnessed in Beyrout was at an auction at the English consulate. The Arabs crowded in to see and to buy the household belongings of the British representative. The auctioneer with flowing beard, like pictures of Abraham, was dressed in a gay pink quilted gown of calico. Slipping his red shoes off his bare feet, he stood on one of the satin chairs in front of a large mirror. Adjusting his voluminous turban, and surveying himself, he began the sale. The crowd gathered closer about him, gazing into the looking-glass as they fondly curled the ends of their moustaches. The more they gazed, the higher they bid, until the price had reached a point beyond the cost twelve years before. "Allah! allah duay! Allah duay! Allah trey!!" and some Arab had the mirror to take home and gaze in *ad libitum.*

But no more of Beyrout. "The sun sets on the longest day." Early one morning the Russian steamer from Iskanderoon came into Beyrout harbor, with a very dark-skinned, rough-looking American on board, who had, as luggage, a well-worn saddle and other travelling kit. He was met at the Custom House landing by a small boy waving the Stars and Stripes, just three months from the day that we sailed out of the harbor of Bombay, India.

His notebooks lie upon my table, and I take the liberty of skipping with my pen along through them, in kangaroo style, for the sake of the readers of these letters who may have taken special interest in this journey from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean Sea.

"Bombay to Kurrachee. Fortunate in not taking the last steamer; wrecked, and seventy lives lost. Kurrachee, peculiar appearance — houses constructed of mud-colored limestone or pucka. Everything dusty, gives the appearance of heat — neighboring desert of Beloochistan. Advised here to add to kit beside revolver a gun. Bought American carbine with cartridges. Beloochistan coast barren in the extreme. At Guadur fog lifted; fine view of cathedral cliffs; limestone formation resembles Westminster Abbey. On the north promontory of the harbor, away from the dreary mud-houses of native village, is one single-tree — only one in all that range of country. Through sea of Oman and straits of Ormay. At Lingah, Persia, Arab steamer's agent came on board; puts his Abyssinian slaves at our disposal, to escort us through bazaars and conduct us to Governor Sheik to pay our respects.

Rather formidable host; shot the last sheik in cold blood, and keeps by him, at all times, a double-barrelled shot-gun, a heavy horse pistol, a dirk, and body of fifteen armed men in the same room. High limestone hills back of Lingah; groves of dates near the shore. Approach the peninsula, at the end of whose eleven miles' stretch is the city of Bushire, Persia. Population, twelve thousand; large consulate buildings of English, Dutch and Turks.

To Koweit, Arabia, up the Shat-el-Arab; its low banks reach out into the Persian Gulf; low land on both sides fringed with date palms. Some wheat and barley growing. Exchange *S. S. Coconada* for an up-river steamer at Bussorah. Delay here. This city, older than Bagdad, dating to Mahomet's flight from Mecca: Shat-el-Arab still lined with date palms; irrigation from river, but in very rude way; might be the garden of the world; now almost desert; air of insecurity. Ramble through Garden of Eden, — east, west and north are marshes and desert. Picked pod and leaves from so-called Tree of Knowledge. Point right at junction of Euphrates and Tigris, where Adam's cottage, perhaps, is occupied as Governor's residence and telegraph station; beyond, Ezra's tomb with blue dome. Begin to see shepherds with flocks; crops appear to promise well. Passed the crossing place of Alexander the Great, but high water; nothing to see remains of his bridge: pass clusters of Bedawy tents on either shore — mud houses. At Arara went ashore; population ten thousand; Kut-el-Amera, five thousand. Ctesiphon, arch and facade of what is supposed to have been rich white palace of Chesroes: just before Bagdad, villages, suburban gardens, domes, minarets in sight. Bagdad, guest at English residency; from tallest minaret, surveyed city. Population one hundred and twenty thousand. Took street-car four miles to celebrated shrine; bought horses for the journey; Bagdad only gorgeous as associated with caliphs and *One Thousand and One Nights.* To Babylon, escort of two Circassians, the outlaws to whom are accredited the late Bulgarian atrocities;

night in a Khan; cats crawling over us; packs of dogs in and out, barking solo and chorus; natives discussing; theft of barley, and thief arrested; noisy proceeding; through sand and storm to Babylon; intense interest in riding over the walls of ancient Babylon; its canals; visiting palace ruins of Nebuchadnezzar, his celebrated hanging gardens, and ruins of Daniel's palace; along the banks of the Euphrates where the Hebrew captives hung their harps upon the willows, weeping, as they remembered Zion; ruins of Nebuchadnezzar's palace and hanging gardens strikingly grand; also those of Daniel's palace, including the great offices of the empire; excavating for bricks going on; statue of granite lion over a prostrate man, marking, probably, the mouth of the den of lions; guest of Pasha at Hillah; two hills, one where were extensive temples to Belus, where three worthies were cast into the burning firey furnace; other and extensive excavations going on, uncovering the vast brick sub-structures of the tower of Babel; excavating for curiosities; Nebuchadnezzar's seal on bricks; Ezekiel's tomb south of the plain of Shinar; doctored mayor of Hillah with pain-killer. Bagdad to Mosul; leaving cultivated land near Bagdad, ride through sandy waste; horse feed advancing to seven times; candy as a sort of passport to hearts of the children; night in a black Bedawy tent; fleas, sand-flies and worse; five lambs bleating in corner all night; old Bedouin ashamed to take backsheesh for hospitality, but played off on his mother; fertile country; met Kurds with sheep; barley much grown; escort of five Zaptehs and lieutenant; on top of the mountains;

to Kara Teppah; guard of ten; after crossing mountain range, all but three returned; met some ugly Kurds; our force so large only salaamed to us; slept in a bag, but six hundred and seventy-five fleas broke the blockade: to Kifri; picturesque ride; first sight of snow upon summits of Kurdistan mountains; Kifri at foot of mountain, and at little opening, with stream of water and verdure; wild flowers: Kurmatti; entertained by chief of police; sitting cross-legged on the rug, had to eat with fingers and a wooden spoon; bill of fare—mutton of two kinds, sheep's milk, sour, curry with greens: skirted along foot of the Kurdistan mountains; then out on open plain; past one hundred camels going north, loaded with grain for famine sufferers; difficult fording of swollen streams: Tavok, so-called tomb of Daniel; cold east storm; difficult to make the horses face it; battle with the Hamouins; advance party lost everything but their lives; horse of one of the Zaptehs killed: ancient Arabela, where Darius passed first night of his flight, and where was an illumination next evening for Alexander: situation of Nineveh beyond comparison; rugged mountains, snow-clad, bound upon northeast; ruins scattered over eighteen by twenty miles; a few mud huts; dead bodies from starvation along the road-side; at Jonah's tomb; almost everything antique is removed to British Museum and elsewhere; remains of the palace of Sennacherib, and then to Sardanapalus; could trace outlines of the rooms, corridors and doors; specimens of the various ornamentations to be seen; bits of stone with cuneiform characters scattered about; called on Micha Ibu Yunnan, and delivered Dr. L.'s present; sight of feeding

of hundreds of famined sufferers, very touching; visited schools.

Leaving Mosul, my venerable and highly esteemed native friend kissed me on both cheeks with real patriarchal benediction. Telkei to Gurrescusta; village of devil worshippers; a night with these; over the Zackow pass, which Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks crossed; three hours over the difficult stony road, only surpassed by the Nankow pass of the Great Wall of China; down through the valley; lunch at Christian village, Djizireh; ill; unable to go on; telegraphed to Mardin for physician, one hundred miles away. On slowly; Mardin; kindness of the missionaries of the American Board can never be forgotten: very picturesque; city clings to side of the mountain like wasps' nests on a wall, seeming as if the houses must slide; summit crowned by old ruined castle which Tamerlane besieged unsuccessfully; vast plain stretching out beyond the south of city; visited school and medical work; good bys; missionaries accompanied us down the mountain: on toward Oorfa; plenty of "leben" to drink (leben is Arab for beaten soured milk), barley bread, and eggs; doctored the inmates of a Bedouin tent, where spent the night, with pain-killer; slept with camel at my feet, three kids near by, plenty of flees, donkeys at my side.

Near Oorfa; gardens and trees; guest of the Pasha: Aleppo; English Consul afflicted with two "Aleppo buttons" on his nose; visit with Pasha; very intelligent man: Antioch; Alexandretta; Russian steamer and to Beyrout—"

The spring tide of travel was beginning to ebb from the Beyrout hotels when our reunited party was ready to start on. But so many travellers had lingered in Egypt and Palestine, that the Austrian Lloyd steamer had, with ourselves, its full complement of first-class passengers, with second cabin and decks crowded with pilgrims of the Greek faith returning home after the accomplishment of the desire of their life. Henceforth they are to have an added name, which will express to their acquaintances the fact that they have dipped in Jordan and seen the holy fire. Pope, is it not? says "The proper study of mankind is man." And the pleasure of such voyaging is quite as great in studying one's fellow travellers, as in watching the shores, the waves, or the sky. We had a pleasing variety. There were the French artist with her pile of unfinished sketches; and the young man, with Bourbon blood in his veins, his wedding suit in his satchel, and his lady's photograph in watch-case and left vest pocket, impatiently treading the deck and counting the hours until he could reach his expectant bride. There was a party of Austrian counts and barons, with a cage of pet jackalls, captured on the east side of the Jordan. We had the antique collector with scarabs and old coins on his watch-chain. Then there was the funny man, who could do all sorts of tricks, and had an unending vocabulary of conundrums; and the dignified gentleman on his way to the Berlin Conference; but best of all was the party of Americans whom we had previously met. Just before landing at Athens an over-anxious hotel runner attacked one of the Austrian barons, and

mistaking his nationality said: "My hotel has plenty of Prussians; the Prussian minister, he live there. You better stop at my hotel." "Vat he spose I vants of de Prussian minister," said the excited baron; "I toll him I not go his place at all now."

Among the many people I have met of late, who would do to sit as "studies for stories," is one whose artistic ideas have reached such a point of culture as to make it necessary for the maid, who waits upon the front door, to be always dressed in a blue gown in harmony with the color of the wall paper of the entry. In these days of "high art" we shall soon hear of people advertising for a blonde cook whose complexion will suit the dress which will suit the tint of the kitchen wall; for certainly if the gown must match the entry paper, the skin should harmonize with the clothing. Then there is the lady who revels in "anteeks," and cares for nothing modern but pretty ribbons. She would not wear a diamond. Bah! that is too modern. Fingers are loaded with dingy gold rings; curious old things at least two thousand years old. Her bracelets are from a mummy case, and must have been new only three thousand years ago. Her bangles and necklaces and quaint old silver filagrees are old as American history. She is a walking museum. It is said, you know, that "a traveller picks up wisdom as a pigeon picks up peas," but the poet says nothing about those who drop bits of wisdom for some others to gather up. In a certain place and time a young man wished to write out the sentiments of his heart toward his lady

love, who left the tender missive in her hotel room, unwary of the curiosity-seeking round-the-world tourists who should next occupy it.

But thinking it may be of service to some young man who is trying to put his feelings into words, I give the last few lines: "A good wife is heaven's last best gift to man — his angel and minister of good immeasurable — his gem, his casket of jewels; her smile his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of his innocence; her arm the pale of his safety; her industry his sweet wealth; her lips his faithful counsellors; her shoulder the softest pillow of his aching head; her prayers the ablest advocate of heaven's blessing. May the pillow of peace kiss your cheek.

"Yours, hoping"

But to return to the S. S. Ceres with its motley company, who were informed by printed directions in five languages of what was expected of them during the voyage, the following being the summing up: "Passengers having a right to be treated like persons of education will no doubt conform themselves to the rules of good society by respecting their fellow travellers and paying *due regard to the fair sex.*"

Leaving Beyrout at sunset, the steamer was at anchor the next morning in the Bay of Larnaca, close to the town of that name on the island of Cyprus. Back of the glaring treeless strand are rows of low, sun-dried brick and cement-covered buildings on narrow streets, and a background of chalky cliffs as barren and glaring as the town. Groups of lazy Turks are smoking their favorite "nargile." There is the usual cry for backsheesh, and persistent guides,

and "anteek" sellers who offer you for a few shillings a collection which, according to their claim, would out-rival that of Cesnola. A few Englishmen, in muslin-draped hats or old India topees, are on the streets, looking dull and disgusted. There is nothing of interest in Cyprus but the historical and political associations, and the glimpse of mountain ranges with some little verdure.

Passing within sight of the Taurus mountains in Asia Minor, with several snow-clad peaks in view, our steamer was again at anchor in the early morning off Rhodes.

The French artist had time for a hasty sketch of the old walls and modern town, and the two score of windmills whose fantastic arms were moving slowly in the morning breeze. A jargon of voices discussed the exact location of the ancient Colossus, and disputed whether any such wonder of the world ever existed at all.

On from Rhodes, with islands here and there, we passed Patmos before evening. Discussions on English politics and the merits of Continental watering-places were hushed. Guide books were exchanged for Bibles.

Smyrna is most picturesque in its situation. From the curving shore of the bay the city extends about the foot and up the sides of a tall hill. The highest point is capped with the walls of the old citadel. The view of the city and its suburbs, from this height, well repays for the climbing. The place of the burning of Polycarp on the side hill is marked by a small white building and one tall cypress. The brilliant

hue of the shining sea is rivalled by the color of grass and trees surrounding and dotting here and there through the city, while, contrasting with these shades of bright living green, is the forest of stately funereal cypresses, on the edge of the city where the Moslems bury their dead. But all through the busy streets there are to be seen bits of old cemeteries sandwiched in between shops; a few graves between the cook-shop and the barber; the living and the dead closely united. A few feet of fence, or a broken wall is crowded in with high buildings on either side, and a few tipsy-looking stones under the shade of a gaunt lonely cypress. Along the quay, and streets leading up from the warehouses, are lines of heavily-laden camels. In no city have I seen so many of these "ships of the desert" as in Smyrna. They seem out of place upon the pavements, and carry their noses high in the air with an expression of proud disdain, as though they would say, "You have made me a slave, but I scorn you; on the desert sands I am king."

A change of steamer is necessary for those who would go to Athens. Having thirteen years before sailed up the Bosphorus and visited the city of Constantinople and the shores of the Black Sea, we made no detour at this point, but turned our course directly for Syra and Athens.

Syra is the junction for nearly all the lines of steamers in the Archipelago. It has a population of over thirty thousand, and belongs to Greece. The city is built up the steep sides of two hills very compactly, and is utterly devoid of verdure. There is

nothing to relieve the glitter and dazzle of the sun upon the chalk-colored streets and houses.

A smaller steamer connects at Syra, leaving there at night and arriving at the Piræus in the early morning. A train runs half-hourly from this port to the capital, but most travellers prefer the delightful carriage-ride along the shady avenue, with gradually nearing views of the Acropolis. It seems incongruous to rush steaming and whistling along through classic Greece.

It is easy to recall these and other lines of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*: —

> "Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
> Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!"

XXIX.

Ceremonies of St. Constantine's day — Religions in Greece — The Acropolis past and present — Parthenon — Mars Hill — Temple of Theseus — Other antiquities — View from the summit of Lycabettus —Dr. Schliemann's residence — The Academy — Greek costumes — Corfu — Venetian life — Through the Austrian Tyrol — Bavaria.

N almost every home in Athens, from the children of the royal nursery in the palace to the little group in the humblest tenement on a back street, there is a Constantine or a Helen. One day of the year in the calendar of the Greek Church is devoted to the saints for whom so many children are named. The little Constantines and Helens are then dressed in their prettiest, ready to receive their friends, who are expected to bring with them a souvenir for the occasion. On the morning of St. Constantine's day, which was the next after our arrival, the entire military force was out in grand parade. The principal streets, from the palace to the large church where the royal family attend service, were lined with soldiers. Between these rows marched the generals, glittering in gilt braid and medals, the senators and dignitaries of state. Sidewalks were full, and our little party was crowded out into the street; and, of course, the most natural

thing was to follow on behind the procession. Upon reaching the carpeted steps of the church, the same crowd that pushed back for the senators made room for the Americans just behind. As the seats were full, and the side aisles packed, why, what else could be done than follow right on to the open space nearer the altar, and stand with the dignitaries opposite the throne. The royal family had left the city, and the satin chairs were empty. The small boy, thinking it a pity that such comfortable seats should be unoccupied, and not having been trained in the reverence of royalty, urged his mother to sit down on the throne.

The metropolitan bishop in jewelled crown and showy robe, flanked by long-haired priests in black, led the service of praise and prayer for the king and young prince. The chorus singing, by a choir of boys, was very fine. The exercises were not long, and at the close the bishop shook hands with the prime minister and other high officers of the government, who returned the compliment by kissing the ecclesiastical hand.

The queen of the Greeks is a staunch believer in the doctrines of the established church. The king attends service with her, but is really not one of the flock. He is allowed a chaplain of his own. With this difference of belief in the royal family, and when it is remembered that Greece holds her present independent position by the help of other nations, who have given their peoples a large measure of religious liberty, it would seem that Greece could not do less than allow her subjects the fullest liberty of con-

science. The days of persecution with thumb-screws and racks are done. Many claim that there is perfect freedom in the land of the Hellenes because of that, but let a Greek, who is not in sympathy with the Church of the Patriarchs, establish a school, and he finds very soon that the picture of the Virgin *must* hang upon the schoolroom wall, that the school *must* be constantly under the supervision of Greek priests, and that the Greek church catechism *must* be taught in the school by some one, usually a priest sent by the church. If these *musts* are not complied with, the school is closed by law. A professor in the university may listen now and then to the sermon of a missionary, but should he give up the communion of the State Church for that of the missionary, he loses his position as teacher, and is virtually ostracized. What the religious liberty is which Greece promises the Berlin Conference to give the new provinces, remains to be proved.

But though many words of modern Athens are at the pen's tip, they must wait until respect has been paid to the Acropolis, with its most interesting, grandest ruins of the world. For while Baalbek shows to the astonished gaze of the traveller colossal stones, which seem to have been fitted one upon the other by giant hands, while the pyramids of Egypt outrival any other monument of the past in vastness of proportion and solidity of construction, while Thebes and Karnac have their own peculiar characteristics, the Acropolis of Athens may claim to be the fountain-head of art and modern culture. The sculptor and the poet, the actor and the student of history,

must all come, at least by proxy, to Athens for inspiration and education.

The Acropolis was in its fullest splendor in the time of Pericles, four hundred and fifty years before Christ. But even Pericles, with his executive and financial power, could not, single-handed, have brought Athens up to that height of artistic beauty which it attained during his rule. He was surrounded by several men of brilliant genius, — conspicuous among them stood Phidias, — who were able to embody the loftiest conceptions of heathen gods and temples in marble with the utmost delicacy of finish.

As in the days of its magnificence, the entrance to the Acropolis is on the western side. Now, the traveller over the gravelled road reaches a small door in the wall, and by a path which winds through debris of broken statues, bits of carving, and fallen columns, finally finds himself on the dilapidated platform of the old Propylæa. Formerly, the approach was by a flight of sixty marble steps, seventy feet broad. At the top of this noble stairway, were six fluted Doric columns, and beyond a large hall, with tinted marble roof, upheld by carved pillars. At the end of this hall, opposite the stairway, were five bronze gates — the only way of entering the Acropolis. Through the central door, every year, passed the Panthenaic procession, which was represented in marble by Phidias, and adorned the Parthenon. This Propylæa, or entrance-way, with its central hall and wings of equal beauty, and adorned with sculpture and paintings, is said to have been the pride of the Athenians,

and considered by many of them the gem of the Acropolis.

Both Doric and Ionic columns remain, but it is difficult, even on the spot, to picture what the Propylæa was in the time of Pericles. On the summit of the Acropolis, five hundred feet above the sea, is the Parthenon. Grim and gray, blackened by war and time, shattered and broken, robbed of its choicest treasures, it has stood, century after century, midst desolate fragments, in majestic peerless beauty. Like sentinels of the past, those mighty columns have kept their place unmoved and silent through Grecian and Roman rule, through Venetian dynasties and Moslem power. What a varied history is gathered about them. Heathen gods, the Virgin Mary, and the false prophet Mahomet, have here been worshipped in turn by people who have passed forever away. Until 1687, the interior of the Parthenon was well preserved. During the war between Turks and Greeks that year, a bombshell was exploded in the midst of powder, stored here for safe-keeping.

After this, the greatest treasures of ornamentation were carried away by Lord Elgin, and are to be seen in the great museum in London. On the northern side of the Acropolis plateau was the temple for the worship of several gods, and known as the "Erectheum." All but one side-court, called the "Hall of the Caryatides," is in an utterly ruinous condition. The marble roof of this "portico of the maidens," is still upheld by five lovely female figures of the same Pentelic stone. Between this structure and the Parthenon, stood, in ancient times, the ivory statue of Athenæ

in drapery of purest gold, forty-seven feet in height. This was the master-piece of the artist Phidias. Now, add to these the Temple of Wingless Victory, the shrine to the memory of departed heroes, and the more than three thousand gods and goddesses which filled in the spaces on this area, which was little more than nine hundred and fifty feet long, and about four hundred and thirty feet wide, and the mind wearies in the attempt to picture to itself the Acropolis as it was.

Mars Hill is only a mass of rough, bare rock, near the foot of the Acropolis, with steps hewn out of the side. From its top the Apostle Paul must have had a grand view of the magnificence of the site of the Parthenon, when he continued his well-known speech, sublime in its simple eloquence, "God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands."

Plutarch, who wrote about five hundred years after Pericles, said of the Acropolis, "These works appear at the present moment fresh and newly bought, they seem to wear the bloom of perpetual youth, their glow untouched by time, as if they breathed the breath of immortality."

The best preserved of all the structures of ancient Athens is the temple of Theseus. The thirty-six Doric columns are all standing and support the old roof, which bears the marks of time and war. The sculptures and ornaments in relief are gone, many of them, to the museums of Europe, where, perhaps,

they are safer than here so near the Turkish volcano. The interior of the old temple is now a storehouse for bits of carving, old tombstones, and other precious specimens of ancient beauty, which have been found of late years.

One of the most interesting places to visit in Athens is the old theatre of Bacchus. Think of sitting down in the very marble chairs where sat the heroes and philosophers, the poets and sculptors, who lived and died before the Christian era. And among the other sights of ancient Athens, of great, though secondary interest, are the columns of the once magnificent temple to Jupiter Olympus, sixteen of which are still standing; the cemetery of the heroes, and the pnyx where Demosthenes addressed the assemblies of the people with words of fiery eloquence. Bordering each side of the road, which passes below the bema of the great orator and the rocky prison of Socrates, and winds around the Acropolis, are large century plants. Truly no more suitable ornamentation could have been found.

One thing I would suggest to any one visiting Athens, — climb up Lycabettus. It is not an easy task to reach the hermit's house at the top of the steep ascent, nine hundred and forty-eight feet above the sea. But having reached it, a view is gained which will never be forgotten. Beyond the beautiful plain of Attica is the Piræus, the busy port which was once joined by two parallel walls with the Capitol, the sparkling sea, and the island of Ægina, and in the clear air the citadel of Corinth may be distinguished in the distance. Behind us is the Pen-

telicus mountains, from whose quarries the marble of the Acropolis was taken, and rugged Hymettus, whose honey is still as delicious as in classic days. Below is the modern city with its broad well-kept streets and houses of dazzling whiteness, the plain barrack-like palace of the king, with its adjoining garden, being the most conspicuous, but by no means the most beautiful. That description must certainly be applied to the new residence of Dr. Schliemann. It is said that the king looks over from his windows upon the exquisite home of the famous discoverer of the Mycenæ treasures, and feels some pangs of jealousy.

Schliemann's house stands on one of the finest streets of the city, midway between the Acropolis and Lycabettus. It is built of purest Pentelic marble. The halls and many of the rooms are paved with mosaic of stones brought from every part of Greece. The lower story has its own separate entrance and is arranged as a museum for his treasures, which he is said to have offered with the building to Athens upon his decease, provided it be called after his name, but with that proviso it was not accepted. The second floor contains the dining-room, parlors, and elegant main entrance, at the side, with a marble portico toward the street. On the upper floor are the large and handsome library and the sleeping-rooms of the family. The marble stairway, with its velvet-covered rail, invites still farther up to the flat roof, where upon the marble balustrade all around stand the heroes of Homer. The owner of this classic "cottage" must have been familiar with that of Ulysses,

which was "passing magnificent, and to be known with ease for his among a thousand more."

The modern Agamemnon and little Andromache (the name, I believe, the children in this home have to endure), may trace the story of the ancient heroes in the brilliant frescoes through the house and on the tinted ceiling of the portico. They may be easily reminded of Hector and Achilles, and Priam's grief, of Penelope's device, and the exhausting cup, and all the valiant deeds of Ajax and Menelaus. The mother in this "cottage" is a Greek lady, who, like her American husband, is a firm believer in Homer, and thoroughly acquainted with the Iliad and Odyssey.

The finest structure of modern Athens, when it is finished, will be the Academy, built in the old Grecian style. It has cost thus far five million francs, and when the large statues of Minerva and Apollo are upon their pedestals, and the tinting and gilding of the marble columns are completed, it will have cost full as much more. It is the gift, by will, of one man, Monsieur Sina, formerly of Macedonia. He was driven from his country by Turkish persecutions, and took refuge in Austria, where he amassed a fortune. Being able to help that government with loans of money, he received the title of baron.

There is an air of life and prosperity about Athens. In every part of the city building is going on. Yet the people feel the weight of the hundred million dollars national debt. Even the king's palace is not paid for. A large sum goes yearly to the heirs of King Otho for its use. Then there is a numerous royal fam-

ily to be looked after. There are a half dozen princes and princesses to be kept in pin-money and settled with dowries and estates. Now, if another war debt is to be added to all this, what is to become of poor little Greece?

The young Greeks are flocking into professional life. In the four departments of the university there are fifteen hundred students, seven hundred of whom are looking forward to the law, and eight hundred are studying medicine. Where all these future M. D.'s expect to find patients is a problem.

While the Greeks are very proud of their own language, they are very ambitious that their children shall acquire the modern languages of Europe. In the wealthier Athenian homes, I am told, the children are under the tutelage of an English and French, and sometimes an Italian maid or governess.

On the steamer up the Adriatic, a little girl of seven years, from Greece, was in the joint care of a Parisian and Vienna maid. She could talk with either perfectly, or speak in English to our party, and I heard her chattering something to her mother in Italian.

Among the "modern improvements" of Athens are to be mentioned the new bathing houses, where two hundred people can be accommodated with a sea-water bath at a time. The salt water is brought about four miles in pipes from the sea. This is, indeed, a luxury to the large number of the eighty thousand population, who cannot take time to go away down to the beach for a plunge during the intensely hot summer season.

Now just a word, before leaving Greece, on that woman's subject, dress. Very few of the old Greek costumes are to be seen in the capital. The young men have entirely discarded the short skirts and leggings. A few dignified old men may be seen in the red slouch fez with its black tassel, embroidered jacket, and skirt like a ballet dancer. This is very picturesque and pleasing on a dignified old senator, but it assumes the ludicrous when it is worn by a coal carrier, whose smutty face is a trifle lighter than the short voluminous skirt over his thighs, or when a peasant with his load of green stuff from the country rides astride of his mule, the ballet skirt almost covering the animal's back.

There has been an increasing amount of travel from Greece to Italy by Greek steamers through the Gulf of Corinth. The scenery must certainly be very delightful, but the drawback is the ride over the dusty hot isthmus, and the necessary changes. Our party chose to return to Syra, and by the Austrian Lloyd steamer sail around the lower part of Greece, reaching Corfu the third day from the Piræus, and Trieste the evening of the sixth.

The island of Corfu, with its high rocky citadels, is exceedingly picturesque. The city is compactly built. Many of the houses are five, and even seven stories high. The streets are narrower than at Athens, but more regular and cleaner than those of most Turkish cities. Everything has the look of a rich soil. Olives and grapes are largely cultivated. After having tried Venetian rule, and then Turkish, and next English, Corfu has now become a part of

the kingdom of Greece. The traveller, passing this way, cannot but sympathize with the Greeks in their desire to control the country opposite Corfu, but it is certainly questionable whether they ought to take more responsibility until they are ready to give fuller liberty to all of the people, and have learned sounder views of political economy.

Looking over the vessel's side, watching the coming and going of Turkish passengers, the quick eyes of the younger member of our party spied familiar faces — "Why! there are the Gulicks, hurrah!" We had seen them faithfully at work in Kobe, Japan, but, evidently needing rest, had suddenly encountered them in our *pension* at Beyrout; and now unexpectedly we were to be fellow voyagers up the Adriatic. Gladly did we decide to join parties; the missionary friends, head-weary and worn from years of laborious toil in the east, desired that Mr. B., with his wide experience of travel and an inkling of German, should take the position of general of the entire party.

Before reaching Trieste, the traveller is struck with the richness of the farming country in this part of Austria. Every foot of the sunny soil is teeming with rich fruitage. A night's journey from Trieste by steamer, and we are in Venice, the "bride of the Adriatic."

In other cities there is the sound of the mason, and of the carpenter; new streets are being added and improved; but Venice knows no such spirit of unrest. To all appearances the city is exactly the same as when we rode through its rippling streets

thirteen years ago. Perhaps the palaces are a shade more gray and mossy. The cracks in the old church walls are a little deeper, and the mosaic pavement of St. Mark's somewhat more sunken. Certainly we did not notice, years ago, how like the tower of Pisa are many of the tall belfries in Venice. Is the city slowly sinking into the water? Are the foundations no longer firm midst the lapping tides?

I will not weary you with any description of Venice. Its beauties have been so often, and so well told by others, that it is familiar to all. Yet word pictures and photographic views, however clearly defined and well colored, cannot express the spirit of the place.

Lounging back in the cushioned gondola, one must glide along past the old palaces, and under bridges, and drink in for himself the quiet, dreamy air of old Venice. All hurry and rush and impatient activity must be laid aside. They belong to the great world outside. This Venetian laziness is a delightful remedy for over-taxed brains and quivering nerves. I wish every worn-out missionary, on the way to the home land, could be allowed to stop off at least a week in this dreamy, restful place. For a few days we gave up to the general languor and indolence of the people and place. We floated along the grand canal in the sunshine, under gay awnings, up and down from the Rialto to San Marco, under the "bridge of sighs," and through innumerable turnings of the smaller canals, and when the summer showers poured down into the watery streets took shelter under the mossy arch of some old bridge.

Venice was full of travellers. Almost every gondola party carried the inevitable red guide book. We found Americans at the top of the Campanile and in the dungeons of the Doge's Palace and in the nooks of the old cathedrals. Following a clerical procession over the grand canal, to the church where services in honor of the patron saint were to be held, we found Americans in the aisles and doorways and forming part of the crowd at every side. Foreign brides, in wedding finery, were to be seen any day gazing rapturously through the shop windows upon Venetian jewelry, while round the corner, on a by-street, the indefatigable tourist, with eyes fixed on a grim old building, may be heard muttering to herself, "built in the style of the fourteenth century."

Venetian life is not all upon the liquid streets. The first evening in Venice, after the last course of the table d'hôte, we waited for the usual cup of coffee. But upon inquiry we were told that the custom of the hotel was similar to that of the best homes in the city. After dinner the whole family adjourn to the Piazza San Marco, and drink coffee and listen to the band. Following out the Venetian custom we found our way to the square near by, where crowds were chatting and sipping and promenading to the fine music. There must have been ten thousand people, young and old, on the Piazza that evening. In the morning the children are to be seen feeding the pigeons which come in clouds, hovering about the bronze horses on the old church and darkening the statuary on the front.

The birds understand the signal given when the

time has arrived that they may be fed, and the little folks are then completely surrounded. One little girl I saw had birds on her shoulders, others eating from her hand, and a crowd about her feet as she scattered the grain.

I was surprised in Venice to find so many foot paths or sidewalks connecting narrow streets, and in turn joined by small bridges. One can, by following these windings, walk for miles even in Venice, — the city in the sea.

One week of this dreamy life in the gondolas, and our party must push on and "pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer home."

To Verona and on, through beautiful Italian country, to the Austrian frontier at Ala,— where the baggage must be inspected and cars changed. Past Trent, the place of the famous council of 1550, the scenery becomes more and more grand. There are waterfalls and foaming rivers, old castles, quaint churches, mountain heights and picturesque valleys, until Brenner is reached. Then the train begins to descend in long curves, darting through tunnels to lower and lower levels. A land-slide detains the train, and a change of cars is necessary. On to Innsbruck, the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, a most picturesque old town in a valley, with snow-clad mountain heights seven thousand feet above it. But we cannot linger; a whole letter might be written about this old town itself. Reaching the Bavarian frontier, baggage must all be taken into the station and examined again, and cars changed. How queer

and really exasperating it would be at home, to have to pass custom-house inspection at the border of every State in our union. And yet it is so funny to watch those sober earnest officials fumbling among a lady's finery for tobacco. But we are hardly in motion once more, with bundles unstrapped and shawls and rugs most comfortable, enjoying the view, when we stop at Rosenheim, and again have to change cars. Leaving the mountains behind, we speed on over the plain toward Munich, reaching the brilliant electric-lighted depot two hours behind time.

XXX.

The Passion Play — How to get to Ober-Ammergau — Glance at the history of the play — Climbing Ettal — A motley procession — Finding lodgings — The home at "Number thirty-two" — A busy Sunday morning — At the theatre — Performance begins — Duty of the Schutzgeister — Introductory tableaux — Triumphal entry into Jerusalem — The Sanhedrim — Parting at Bethany — Preparations for Passover — The Lord's supper — Judas finely portrayed — Garden of Gethsemane — Christus before Caiaphas — Peter's denial — Despair of Judas — Pilate — Scourging and crowning — Choosing Barabbas — The Crucifixion — Descent from the cross — Resurrection and Ascension — After thoughts — A day among the villagers — Actors off duty.

MY last letter brought our party to Munich, the capital of Bavaria. But before trying to tell you of anything in that most interesting city, I must take you on an excursion to the village in the Bavarian Tyrol, of which the whole civilized world heard in 1870, and in which it is now again even the more interested. This is not simply because here, every ten years, the Passion Play is put upon the stage; for in Spain, and other countries, at different times, similar sacred dramatic exhibitions have been given. The Ober-Ammergau play is invested with peculiar charm, because of its his-

tory and pious purposes, and methods of representation.

In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence raged in many parts of Bavaria, reaching in its deadly strides a village only a few hours distant from Ober-Ammergau, where but few persons were left. Carefully did the people of the neighboring village guard themselves from the entrance of the terrible enemy. But in vain. A laborer, returning home from his work in the infected region, brought with him the disease. He died, and others rapidly followed. In great alarm and grief, the villagers assembled, and vowed to each other, and to God, that if the pestilence was stopped by divine power, they would, in a religious and grateful spirit, act out the passion of Christ every ten years. This vow has been kept. In 1830 it was performed in the village churchyard. For many years it was acted for the village only. Later, peasants from other parts of the Tyrol made pilgrimages, and were allowed to form an audience. Now the whole world may come. It is estimated that nearly three hundred thousand persons will have seen the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau this year — 1880.

The first practical question for a traveller, after deciding to witness the play, is how to get to the village.

To those who have had but little experience in travel, and need the way smoothed out before them by those who understand the language, the best plan is to buy a Cook's ticket, or one from the landlord of the Englisher Hof, of Munich, who will charge well for the trouble, besides making a large percentage on each part of the trip. But for travellers who have

had some practical acquaintance with the world, including German people and their language, I say, buy your own tickets along as they may be needed; write to the burgomaster, or to some other dignitary of the village for beds, and go independently.

Let me, then, my reader, add you to our party of four, in imagination, and take you with us to the Passion Play of 1880. I say a party of four, because at Munich we were reinforced by one near and dear of kin, who had roamed with us over Europe, Palestine, and Egypt, thirteen years ago. One point we gain by going independently, that is, more time before and after the play. The first train leaves Munich in the morning soon after six o'clock, and we must be on hand with the crowd to get a seat. Every place will be filled, in the first-class coupé with its red velvet seats, in the second-class with its upholstery of drab cloth, and in the third-class car with seats of simple grained wood, the prices according to the style. Promptly, with its load of sixteen hundred people, the engine starts. Each of several trains through the day will have as many more.

Past fragrant pine woods, and fields where the Maud Mullers of this region, in short skirt and red kerchief, are raking "the meadows sweet with hay;" past gardens edged with poppies and dandelions, with the beautiful Starnberg Lake at our left, and a glimpse in the distance of Schloss Berg and the garden of roses, the favorite residence of the melancholy King Louis, or Ludwig II.; past stately villas and picturesque cottages, stopping often to take on the groups of waiting peasants at the vine-covered sta-

tions, the train moves along the up-grade, until Murnan, sixty-three miles from Munich, is reached, in little more than three hours' time.

Americans and English are not the only enterprising ones in the world, and Cook and other tourist agents have not bought up every means of conveyance from Murnan to Ammergau, contrary to the impression it would seem that they would like to create.

Look at that tall fellow just outside, with a bunch of wild flowers and a feather from the chicken coop tucked into his Tyrol hat. However religious he may be, he does not fulfil the Scripture injunction, not to put new cloth into old garments. He is calling out the merits of his bauer-wagon. Others there are doing the same for theirs. A mile farther on the train stops, and the crowds scramble for vehicles. There appear to be plenty of carriages and wagons. Very many of the peasants have already started to walk. What are sixteen miles to these German farmers and wives, lovers and sweethearts. On they trudge, getting over the road almost as quickly as the horses with their heavy loads. It is a picturesque procession. There goes a man in the suit his grandfather must have worn. The large silver buttons are as bright as new dollars. They are real silver, too. See how they lap one over the other on vest and coat. He is evidently very proud of them. They have doubtless done duty on many a coat before. That old woman in the high fur cap evidently does not believe in new-fangled ways. She looks like a grenadier, but trudges on in spite of head, muff, and sun.

The youngster on the right is carrying his shoes,

They are too precious to wear on the long walk, but he will make a prisoner of his toes just before reaching the village. But see the girls; how gay they are! Some in plaid woollen skirts, as full as a ballet dancer's, and stuffed jackets with wadded mutton-leg sleeves. If these plump maidens were to trip and fall, they could roll either way. Some are decked with purple aprons, and green silk neckerchiefs, and short sleeves trimmed with home-made lace. Millinery is their least extravagance, for a broad-brimmed hat or plain black silk piece, tied over the head, is the only covering from the sun. But halt! The procession stops. What is the delay? A bauer-wagon turned the corner too suddenly and has upset. The whole load of human freight is spilled out. Fortunately no one is badly injured. Many of the vehicles are as quaint as the people. The bauer-wagons look like long troughs, with a narrow seat on each side, put on to wheels. There are no springs. Over the top of each of these long green or red troughs is a gay cover, making the effect of the procession exceedingly brilliant. At the foot of the Ettal Mountain, carriages, omnibuses, and wagons stop, and every one becomes a pedestrian. The horses, even with one or two extra ones hitched on, pull hard to carry the large empty conveyances up the steep ascent. The motley crowd pant and perspire, and rest, or stop to worship at one of the side shrines. Here is a group of German women who wear the stamp of their farming labor on face and form. They have walked all the way from Murnan, and yet do not look as weary as we Americans just out of our comfortable carriage.

"You are tired," said one, putting out her brawny arm with a smile. Arm-in-arm we trudged along together awhile. "My home is in America; where do you live? Have you children?" The last word touched the mainspring in the motherly heart. "Yaw! yaw," she had a boy in Kansas; was that near my house, and did I know him?

Fortunately the long, sharp walk up Ettal is, most of the way, in the shadow of the tall firs. There is a sound of dashing water deep in the gorge at the left, and the wind is laden with the breath of snow-clad peaks. At the old monastery of Ettal the climbing is ended. Pedestrians have kept ahead of the wagons, and there is time to see the old church, under the shadow of still a higher mountain, with its lofty dome elaborately painted, its stores of gilding, and crucifixes, and skeletons, dressed in finery of tawdry lace and jewels, within glass cases. The foreigners walk about and gaze while the peasants drop upon their knees. This church and the shrine of the Madonna here are held by the peasants for miles around as very sacred, to be visited and worshipped with peculiar regard. The monastery adjoining the church is now a noted brewery. The pilgrims hasten from their devotions to the shed yonder, where the foaming mugs are being filled.

Along a fine road, between rows of trees, the procession winds. In the distance, on the mountains, there is a heavy thunder storm, but it will not probably reach the village before we do. From every direction through the valley come the lines of teams and foot travellers. Where are all these people to sleep?

But Kofel's high peak is above us. We can see the white cross on its summit, and soon we are in the principal street of the village.

To the house of the Burgomeister we go first to find the answer to our letters about beds. Mr. B. and the Boston professor, whose acquaintance had been made on the way, take positions in the long row of people waiting to get in at yonder door, guarded by a policeman. Two pass in at a time. The door bangs shut. The line thus snapped off at one end grows faster at the other by the incoming crowd. Frauen in quaint costumes sit on the pile of full meal bags in the corner of the front entry resting. English girls in scoop bonnets and Americans in Paris finery look in at the front door. With feminine curiosity we explore the kitchen and its garden, make friends with the daughter of Caiaphas, who shows us where she sleeps on the pile of new hay in the barn opening out of the front hall next to the kitchen. Very kindly she offers us part of her clover bedroom in case we have nothing better. "Tremendous crowd," says the Burgomeister to the gentlemen. "Telegrams and letters have come by the hundreds; simply impossible to attend to them; serve all alike. Afraid can't give you a single bed. There's one chance left — woman at 32; been fitting up a room; if ready, you may have it." We were not slow in finding "32," where the old frau greets us like long-lost children. There are two beds, very narrow and not over long, and one lounge. By making a shawl partition, we have two rooms, and the small boy must curl around the big, porcelain-covered Dutch

stove, on the bench which surrounds its sides. Everything is as neat as wax, from the pink and white feather bed covers and pillow slips, to the dainty white muslin gathered on to the little windows. The floor has been scrubbed to spotless purity. The white wall is as fresh as newly fallen snow, bringing out in striking contrast the dozen or more crucifixes of dark wood.

But with all this appearance of cleanliness, from whence comes the peculiar odor — flavor of the cow-yard? Kitchen and hall are equally clean. Windows are full of blossoming plants. The old frau opens the door next beyond ours and we peep in over her shoulder. The secret is now revealed. Five cows are tranquilly chewing their cud, and three horses are resting from the labors of the day. The stable is the largest part of the house. The crowds are increasing about the corner of the street, and the rain is pouring. Peasants are to sleep on the floors of the hall and kitchen, and the wagons are being arranged as beds. The landlord interrupts our window-gazing; his time-honored clothes with the silver buttons are in the corner cupboard of our room, and he must hurry to take his place in the twilight procession. The evening previous to the Passion Play the villagers assemble at the end of the town, and, led by music, march briskly through the principal street to the theatre at the opposite side.

All Ammergau is astir early on Sunday morning. The wagon sleepers, with those who have occupied the floors, the garrets, and the hay mows, are performing their ablutions in the cold mountain water flow-

ing through the trough just outside the street door. The frau's granddaughter is waiting to rinse some dishes at the same spout. She is in great haste, being in the manna tableau, and her hair is still in crimping papers. By the time the cannon is discharged on the meadow beyond the village, many are already on their way to the church to pray and attend mass.

By ten minutes of eight, every possible seat in the theatre is filled, and at least five thousand have been told they must wait for an extra performance the next day. Many foreigners are studying Jackson's most excellent illustrated guide-book of the Passion Play. The cannon has not yet fired three times, which is the signal for beginning, so let us look about over these six thousand heads and take in the scene. Less than one-third of the seats are covered and those are at the rear: all the rest of the audience sit in the sun and rain. The walls and seats are of plain boards, without paint or ornament. The central part of the stage is like a house with wings. The right wing is the palace of Annas, and that on the left Pilate's. The curtain will soon rise between these, and here we shall see all of the tableaux and most of the acting. At the extreme right and left of the wings are to be seen the streets and houses of Jerusalem. In front of all is a broad platform, and just below the orchestra. The weird solemn music has already begun, as the last echo of the third boom of the cannon is lost, and instantly the chorus singers, led by the choragus, or leader, march in from either side. Slowly and with dignity they take their

places. The faces of all but a few denote the same spirit of earnest religious feeling expressed by the music. Surprisingly few glances of curiosity or wistful vanity can be detected. Their dress is as simple and majestic as their theme. Over a long white tunic of cloth girdled at the waist, a large mantle, of exquisite color, and bordered by the Grecian pattern in silver braid, is gracefully draped. Each mantle is one of the different colors of the rainbow. No two make similar gestures as they sing. There is nothing stiff or angular about them. Their role in the Passion Play is to explain in song each part of the performance, the meaning of every tableau and scene.

The choragus introduces each act by an address, which is then taken up by the whole eighteen, whom he leads. They are called the guardian spirits or Schutzgeister of the play. As the curtain rises for each tableau, they divide, and retire to each side, so as not to obstruct the view, but continue their song of explanation: but when it is drawn for the acting, they anticipate by slowly marching out of sight at either side.

The curtain now rises for the first tableau. We see Adam and Eve dressed in skins, driven out of paradise by the angel. As we gaze, the chorus carry on the prologue given by their leader, and sing of man's disobedience, and the hope for fallen humanity in a Saviour crucified. A second time the curtain lifts, and there is a cross firmly set into a rock. Around it a number of children are bowed in worship of prayer and adoration. It is an exqui-

sitely beautiful picture. These two tableaux precede the first act, and embody the whole spirit of the play.

Act 1*st* is to represent the hosannas of the children, and the casting of the palm branches before the Saviour, and other attendants of Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The singing of "All hail! all hail! O, David's Son!" is heard from children's voices in the distance, as the procession moves down the streets of the holy city to the front of the stage, the tall form of Joseph Maier being the central figure. With a feeling almost of dread have we watched to see him who should attempt to represent the Son of God in the flesh. Majestic and dignified in his bearing, he does not in the least shock us in his personation, as do many of the pictures in the old cathedrals and galleries, where the attempt is made to represent the Almighty God, making us cover our eyes and turn away as from blasphemy.

In the next scene, which is that of Christ in the temple overthrowing the money-changers' tables, and casting out them that sold doves, the personation by Christus is still more perfect. His righteous indignation at the profanation of the temple, and dignity of manner when he plaits the scourge of cords, and upsets the piles of gold and silver, and frees the caged doves, which soar away beyond the limits of the theatre, are very impressive.

The money dealers are most perfectly characterized by men of smaller stature, whose faces are pinched and stamped by covetousness and greed of gain.

In calm dignity Christus meets the rage of the Pharisees and Scribes, quietly with his disciples turning away from them, toward Bethany, leaving them plotting revenge.

The choragus now explains the connection between this scene and the tableau about to follow, in words continuing on in this wise, —

"For now the serpent-brood of the envious have formed a plot with avarice to bring him soon to ruin. That bitter form of malice which once inspired the brothers of Joseph with murderous desires — "

The chorus take up the song, and the curtain rises upon the tableau of the sons of Jacob conspiring to kill Joseph.

Act 2d.— The Sanhedrim are discussing together how they may bring about the death of Jesus. On raised seats, in the centre of the semi-circle of the elders, sit Caiaphas and Annas. The former is magnificently attired in white cloth and silver fringe, his breast blazing with the twelve jewels, symbolic of the tribes of Israel; and Annas, though in less conspicuous costume, looks grandly. All wear high, gilded and elaborate head gear. Vehemently they talk over the mischief being done by the Galilean, how they must put down a man who talks against Moses and the law. The hoary Annas swears by his gray beard "not to rest until this false leader, this Nazarene, is put to death." This scene is one of the most impressive in the entire play. Having seen this, one can never read the story of the council in Holy Writ without an added interest.

Two tableaux now follow. First, that of Tobias taking leave of his mother; and second, the sorrowful bride of the Canticles. The first tableau is very touching. An angel is leading the boy away from the aged father, from home, and the loving arms of the mother.

The chorus sing—

> "O, friends, see what a fearful pain
> The mother's heart doth here contain.
> And, mother-like, her soul oppressed,
> She prays that all his ways be blessed."

Act 3d.— Christ tells his disciples that he is soon to leave them. They go to Simon's house, where Mary Magdalene pours out the precious ointment upon the feet of Jesus, wiping them with her hair. The superb acting of Judas begins here, where he says, "What a waste! This might have been sold for three hundred pence!" The parting at Bethany between Christ and the loved home circle, and with his mother, closes the scene. Not a moment is lost. Without any time for waiting or impatience, the audience are attracted by the song of the chorus, who have quietly marched in as the curtain fell. The tableau reveals King Ahasuerus on his throne holding out his hands to the lovely Esther, while the courtiers and Vashti, with defiant face, stand at one side looking on. The choragus says "Jerusalem is blind and deaf. She haughtily rejects the hand offered her, therefore the Most High turns away His face. Thus, in ancient times, the disdainful bearing of Queen Vashti enraged the king. He chose a purer consort to share his throne. Thus, too, the

synagogue will be abolished, and the kingdom of God entrusted to another people."

Act 4th.— Christ turns His face steadfastly toward Jerusalem. Peter and John are sent forward to prepare the Passover. Judas still broods over the waste of the ointment, and is met by men sent by the Sanhedrim, who bargain for the betrayal of Jesus. Again alone, Judas talks with his conscience. Avarice and greed are getting the mastery over his better feelings.

Act 5th.— The Lord's Supper is introduced by two tableaux, symbolic of the nourishment which God will give his children while pilgrims upon earth. First, the manna in the wilderness. About four hundred persons take part in the tableaux, full one-third of the number being children. Moses and Aaron are the central figures. Around them are grouped the families of Israel. Every hand is eagerly stretched out toward heaven for the manna, which falls gently like snow all about them. There is not a motion, nor quiver of a muscle.

It would seem impossible that such little children could be trained to keep so perfectly still. And it is not a momentary picture at which we gaze with breathless admiration; the curtain does not fall until the song is ended, one verse of which is, —

> "The Lord is good,
> He gives His hungering people food;
> He, in a wondrous wise,
> Rains manna from the skies."

A moment it seems, after the curtain has been

lowered, it rises again. There has not been time for any change. This must be a repetition. No! Here are the grapes of Eshcol brought in by spies from the land beyond the wilderness of Paran. The Israelites gaze in astonishment as they look at the immense cluster, while the chorus sing, —

"The best fruit of the vine
From Canaan's land divine;
* * was sent indeed
To satisfy the mortal need.
But the new covenant's sacred wine
Will be the Son's own blood divine
The spirit's thirst to still."

We have now come to the Passover in the upper room. We are all familiar with the picture of this scene. Copies and engravings of Da Vinci's painting are to be seen in a multitude of homes. This scene in the Passsion Play is simply that picture reproduced in life, with all its richness of coloring. John, in crimson drapery, leans upon the Saviour's breast. Peter in blue and yellow, Judas in two shades of orange, and the others dressed as we are accustomed to see them, sit about the table. Judas shows his uneasy conscience. He is nervous under the conflict of greed and sorrow going on within him. Christus, with great dignity, washes the feet of his disciples. Then follows the breaking of the bread and pouring out of the wine. There are few tearless eyes in the vast audience, as, after Judas has taken the sop and gone out, Christus repeats a part of the fourteenth chapter of the gospel of John.

A tableau of the sons of Jacob receiving the

money for the sale of their brother precedes and typifies —

Act 6th, — In which the character of Judas is portrayed with wonderful vividness. He comes before the Sanhedrim, and receives his thirty pieces of silver, trying every piece to see that it is good, and carefully and nervously clutching it as it falls into his bag. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea express their belief in the purity and goodness of Jesus and disapproval of such a barter with Judas, amidst the scorn and taunts of the rest of the council. Not being able to effect anything, they indignantly leave the chamber of the Sanhedrim.

The tableaux of Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and of Joab's treachery to Amasa, whose symbolism is explained by the choragus, introduce

Act 7th.— The Garden of Gethsemane.

The Master, leaving first the eight, and then parting from the three with the words, "Tarry ye here and watch," slowly ascends a little elevation at the side, and kneels in prayer.

He returns three times, and finds them asleep. Assuredly this is one of the most trying scenes from the Bible to imitate.

I believe few persons could more perfectly represent the divine sorrow of our Lord than did Maier. Yet it is a human copy after all. The loneliness of Christ is most wonderfully portrayed. One realizes, as perhaps never before, that "He trod the wine-press *alone*." At the third prayer, bowed under the

weight of a more than human grief, an angel appears with a message of comfort. But the angel is not sufficiently angelic. It is simply a sweet young girl in a flimsy, silvery dress, who suddenly appears and disappears at the side.

The mind is diverted from the really solemn scene to the thought, "Wonder if wings could not have been made," and to the beautiful, fully equipped angel in marble on the well at Cawnpore, in far-off India.

Caiaphas, in plain citizen's dress, now informs us that there will be an intermission of an hour and a half; and instantly the audience, who have not moved for three hours and a half, begin to yawn and stretch and talk. A crowd are rushing out for the stalls, where bologna, cold boiled ham, bread, and beer are sold. Others, fearful of losing their seats, are eating the black bread and cheese they brought in with them.

Again the sound of the cannon echoes along the mountains. There is a hurrying back into order and quiet. With the last sound of the third booming, the eager audience are seated, and the orchestra begins. The leader turns quickly, frowning and flashing his black eyes at a group of peasants, who are still whispering.

The chorus sing —

> "Who dares the truth to speak
> Must bear the smitten cheek.
> Micaiah dared to speak the truth out bold,
> For this was smitten on the cheek, behold!"

The tableau, of the prophet struck by Zedekiah

because Ahab was told the truth, is now presented as typical of the scene where Christ appeared before Annas in the midst of the excited crowd, and received a blow. John xviii. 20–22.

Act 9th.— Christ before Caiaphas is introduced by a tableau of Naboth stoned to death on the false accusation of blasphemy, and by a second tableau — Job taunted and miserable, typical of "the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Christus is seen with arms fastened behind him among the rabble, who lead him to the high priest. Dignified yet sorrowful he looks; and to all of the angry questioning and taunts he makes no reply.

Again the curtain rises. We see soldiers waiting in a hall of Caiaphas's palace. Maids come out and light a fire, for it is in the chill of the early morning. Peter and John cautiously approach. Peter warms his hands over the blaze, and is spoken to by the maid. Then follows the three-fold denial of Christ. The Master soon after is led through the hall and looks at Peter. The cock crows. A responsive feeling of sympathy for the poor, tempted, frail disciple, who was so ready to boast that though all the world left Jesus, never, never would he, quickly brings tears to many eyes. The cock crowing had better be left out. It was too poor an imitation. A ripple of laughter ran along rows of the peasant farmers, at the sound of the wheezy old cock, who seemed to have taken a bad cold.

The scene which depicts "the despair of Judas," which is Act 10, is typified by a tableau of Cain

after the murder of Abel, a wanderer forever. In his unhappiness, Judas tries to undo his sin by asking the Sanhedrim to take back the money. When they refuse, he turns in a rage of remorse, flinging the bag of silver at the feet of the high priest, and rushes out of the room. The council appropriate this blood money for a stranger's burying-ground, and appoint three of their number to go to Pilate, to urge the execution of the sentence they have passed upon Jesus. According to Jewish law, it would make them unclean to enter the house. We see them at the door knocking. A servant, a very Roman in dress and bearing, answers the summons. The Jews ask for an interview with the governor in his garden. The doorkeeper replies, "Ye cunning knaves, who swallow camels and strain at gnats."

When next the curtain rises, we see the last remorse of Judas, which ends in suicide. He beats upon his heart, and clenches his hair, the very picture of despair, as he says, with agonized voice, —

> "I am the outcast villain who hath brought
> My benefactor to these bonds and death.
> The scum of men! There is no help for me!
> For me no hope! My crime is much too great!
> To late! Too late! For he is dead, and I —
> I — am — his — murderer!!"

After a tableau, where Daniel is falsely accused, and standing with his enemies before Darius, Christ is seen in the midst of the mob, bound and led by a rope toward the balcony of Pilate's house. Soon Jesus stands upon this balcony in front of the governor, and we have one of the most striking group-

ings of the play. Surely not among the simple wood-carvers of this mountain village could this Pilate have been found. He must have come from the ranks of the star tragedians of the world. But no! his whole life has been passed among these peasants, and he, as well as the others, work at wood-carvings throughout the rest of each ten years. With head erect, and air of conscious power of the Roman governorship, he stands in front of his attendants. The scarlet and gold jacket and short skirt, the blue silk sandal lacings crossing over the white silk stockings to the knee, the graceful folds of a large toga draped about his shoulders, serve to heighten the effect of fine face and form. He is certainly a magnificent representation of a regal personage of Roman days. His face is a study, as he turns to the quiet Christus and asks, "What is truth?" The marks of the bloody sweat remain upon the forehead, and are stiff and unnatural. There is a subtle something lacking in the gentleness and dignity of Christus, which we fancy was more successfully brought out by his predecessor, Tobias Flunger.

After a tableau, where Samson is the sport of the Philistines, Christ is seen the jest of Herod on the throne.

Act 13*th*, the scourging and crowning with thorns is introduced by two tableaux, — Joseph's bloody coat shown to his father; and Abraham ready to offer up Isaac, with the ram caught in the thicket. The choragus explains how even as the coat was covered with blood, and the aged father wept — even so "in wild rage is torn also our Saviour good," and "we

should weep for Him whose precious blood was spilled for us."

Christ stands again before Pilate. The crowd clamor for Barabbas. Pilate is impressed with the innocence of Jesus, but is also moved with the fear of displeasing the people. Hoping to satisfy them, he orders Jesus to be scourged. Before the curtain rises, there is heard the sound of coarse laughter and heavy blows. As the picture of Christ, fastened to a pillar, faint and bleeding under the heavy lash, is revealed, there is scarcely a dry eye in the audience. Some of the peasants break out into sobs. Meanwhile the priests are no better satisfied. The Scribes and Pharisees incite the populace to demand the death of Jesus.

The tension on the feelings is now relieved by a tableau of Joseph, in a triumphal car, dressed gorgeously. His days of suffering ended, he has become a type of the glorified Lord. Then follows the tableau of the scape-goat being sent into the wilderness; and again we return to Pilate on the balcony of his palace; Christus, guarded by Roman soldiers, stands below. The mob, led by Caiaphas and others full of rage, which they must keep within bounds in the presence of their foreign ruler, are at one side. Barabbas is sent for. In a long gray gown to his bare feet, with red eyes and matted hair, he is the picture of a man whose life has been spent in sin, and is utterly lost to everything good. Sullenly he comes along in front of Pilate beside Christus. Still the people clamor for Barabbas. Pilate washes his hands in the presence of the people, while the chief

priests exclaim, "His blood be upon us and our children." Pilate breaks a staff in his hand, flinging it over the balcony with impetuous force, and rushes within, leaving the blood-thirsty conspirators masters of the situation.

Now follow several tableaux. Isaac bearing his bundle of wood as typical of the cross carried to Calvary; and two of the children of Israel in the wilderness. First of them the tableau of the deadly serpents; and second, of the brazen serpent, and the healing of those who looked. Scores of little children again take part in these, and with the same skill. The picture of the healing, with Moses in the centre pointing at the serpent he had placed before them, and the delight of many of them as they "look and live," is one never to be forgotten.

Act 15th.—The bearing of the cross; the priests and people follow. Christ fainting, the weight is relieved by Simon; Mary and John see Jesus in the distance, and, overcome with sorrow, Mary falls back into the arms of the women with her, who lead her away toward Bethany.

The chorus, or "guardian spirits," now appear, with black mantles over their white robes in place of the rainbow colors, and sing,—

> "Arise, ye pious souls and come,
> While penitence your hearts inspire,
> With me, and see, 'mid Calvary's gloom,
> That for your saving doth transpire;
> There, for your sins, the Lord doth give
> His life, that all the world may live."

The sound of hammering sends a chill to one's very heart, and the curtain rises for

Act 16th.— The Crucifixion. The three crosses are now raised. Every detail of the Bible account is carried out.

Does it give new power to the scene on Calvary, with which we are all so familiar from Bible story? Is this the climax of the play as to its effect upon our hearts? Personally, I say, "no!" It seemed to me less a reality than many other scenes of the play. Christus went through his trying role with most wonderful skill; but I never want to associate him or the scene with the Bible narrative of Calvary. We did not forget that this was Ammergau, and that it was Joseph Maier on the cross. This feeling was not in the least lessened by the acting of the two thieves, who were tied upon their crosses in a rude sort of way. One thief said his words of derision with little derision in his tone, and the penitent thief looked anything but worthy of the promise, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." When the soldiers came to break the legs, they were still gazing indifferently at the audience. One blow of the cudgel, and they were dead. The side of Christus is pierced, and the blood flows. The thunder and lightning are poorly imitated; and, when the messenger tells the high priest that the veil of the temple has been rent in twain, there is but little surprise expressed. The descent from the cross must be one of the most difficult parts, yet it is one of the finest in the play.

Rubens' picture is beautifully portrayed. The loving tenderness with which the white cloth is wound about the body, and the skill with which Joseph of Arimathea comes down the ladder, bearing the whole weight upon his shoulders, and reverently handles it, are most touching. Christus, indeed, seems dead. Then follows the laying away in the new sepulchre, and the rolling of the stone.

It is with almost a spirit of impatience that we now look at the two tableaux typical of the resurrection — Jonah cast on the land by the whale, and the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. Notwithstanding the tears and solemnity of the crucifixion scene, the peasants had to laugh over the strange-looking whale with its open mouth.

Act 17*th.* — Four soldiers guard the tomb. The stone falls, and Christ appears for an instant in glorified dress. This is well done, but some one else should have been chosen for Mary Magdalene. Neither in person, voice, or manner, is she suited for the part. Mary, the mother of Christ, in the clear blue of the Madonna pictures, makes an excellent Virgin Mary.

Crowds, of those whose tickets compel them to leave immediately after the play, begin to go out, losing the last act in their fear of losing the train.

Act 18*th.* — The Ascension. The Schutzgeister sing, —

> "Hallelujah! Now victorious,
> Breaks the Lord the hostile might!
> He the Hero great and glorious
> Lifts the grave's sad gloom of night.

Praise Him in song, ye heavens above!
Praise Him, all ye on earth that move!
Hallelujah! He is risen!"

Christ on an elevation, representing Olivet, is surrounded by His disciples. He is waving a red flag with a white cross on it emblematic of victory. On each side are grouped all of those who have been types of the great Architype now ascending: David playing on his harp, Job and Abraham, and Isaac and the prophet Micaiah, Joseph, and Adam and Eve are all there, and many more.

More pleasing would it have been to us, had the simple story of the Bible been carried out; and, instead of bringing all these persons on at last like the summing up of small comedies in ordinary theatres, had Christus stood above the little band, commanding them "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The curtain falls. The Passion Play is ended. The people are surging toward the doors. We need not hurry, as by our plan we have plenty of time to see the village life. Let us linger to gather up our impressions. A New York paper made the statement that the representation of Christ by Joseph Maier is simply perfect.

It has been to us very evident, that to some extent the admiration and praise of the world have affected him, and, in at least a small degree, disqualified him for his part. Unmistakably the great tidal wave of humanity, which sweeps into every nook of this mountain village every ten years, has left its sediment not only upon Christus, but upon other vil-

lagers. A wealthy Englishman has offered Maier fifteen pounds (seventy-five dollars) for one of his jetty curls. Maier refuses to sell it. He cannot fill his part without his handsome hair, but the buyer means to wait till the play ends and get his treasure. Visitors rush into the home of Christus and beg his autograph and a shake of the hand. He receives them kindly, but with the air of a king toward his subjects.

To say that Joseph Maier as Christus appears conceited is pressing it too strongly, but there is enough in that direction to mar the effect of his performance.

Judas has not been burdened by any such praise. When it was told him that a great critic had said "his acting would be thought brilliant on any court stage of Europe," he replied, "he was glad if foreigners were pleased, for the villagers did not appreciate him." The simple peasants, in the same spirit which leads them to bow and cross themselves in the presence of Maier, think Leckner the very embodiment of evil. There is a story of his being out in the country once, when a party of half tipsy Tyrolese met him and said, "Now we have got you, Judas, and we shall knock the devil out of you." It was with difficulty that he escaped being injured by them. Gregor Lechner has personated Judas three times, thus taking the character in 1850. Lechner's father was Judas in 1830 and 1840. When this Judas was asked if he was training his bright little son, who is in the tableaux, to follow him in the part of the betrayer, he emphatically replied, "No! I've

suffered too much in the eyes of the people to wish my child to take it."

No one but a native of Ammergau can act in the Passion Play. When the summer's work is ended, the money is divided into four parts, so a friend of Christus told me. The first goes to the church; the second pays for new dresses and repairs; the third is used for the good of the community, making roads, etc.; and the fourth part is divided among the actors. They are all graded, from Maier down to the wee ones who hold out a hand for the manna, and each grade is paid according to the work done.

That the Passion Play is carried on in a devotedly religious spirit is very manifest, and nowhere in the world can it be imitated to any degree of satisfaction. It needs the surrounding scenery of Kofel and the other mountains; it requires the simple lives of those carvers of wood crucifixes, who are trained from infancy to take some part in it. It demands the supervision of such a man as Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger, and the isolation of this village over the Ammer. But in these modern days no place can remain apart from the world. Already the telegraph has intruded upon this village. Reporters with busy pens and artists with ready brush are linking it more closely with the people beyond the mountains. The Passion Play must change. It is not what it was in 1860, and it cannot be in 1900 what it is in 1880.

All the surrounding forests are owned by the community of Amergau, and every family and child in that community owns its share, so long as he remains in the village. Yet, even with this appearance of equal-

ity, some of the homes are much richer than others. In two of the gardens is statuary, and the homes overlooking are built more like the houses of the city folks who visit, than like the peasant cottages of the older villagers.

But we have staid a day to look about. Let us then first climb up to that plateau between Kofel's peak and the town, above the cannon firing, to the group of statuary bestowed on the village by King Ludwig II. in 1871. It represents the Crucifixion. Upon either side of the Saviour stand life-size figures of Mary and John. Jesus is saying to them, "Woman, behold thy son! Son, behold thy mother!"

We may get small wood copies of these figures in the village, very finely cut by these peasants, and also other carvings made by them during their long snow-bound winters.

From this height we may see the curtain rise for the second day's play; and the singing of the chorus sounds clear and sweet even here.

The pure, cold Ammer runs through many of the streets of the village. Let us follow along, and see the frauen washing. There are many visitors to lodge and feed, and so many of the young folks in the play, that it keeps the old women very busy these days.

Just at the corner here we can peep into a travelling home. In this covered wagon the entire household have come to the Passion Play. What does the man say? "He saw it yesterday, and now he is rocking the baby in that box, attached by strings to the top, so that frau may see it."

"Look," says my cousin, "there is one of the disciples." This is the very time when "all the disciples forsook Him and fled." It is doubting Thomas. He puts down his wheelbarrow and spade to shake hands with us, and waits for Simon, just behind, smoking his pipe, who has somewhat to tell him about the lodgers at his house.

That is Barabbas yonder drinking beer. He sees us and offers a photograph of himself for sale. That snug white cottage, with the side yard full of ripe currants, is Maier's. His wife has a pleasant German face. She is knitting in the doorway — says "her husband is working too hard. He is much exhausted after the second day's play." Their four children are romping around the step.

Notice the gay frescoes of Bible scenes on the outside of the houses. The fresh whitewash covers all the plaster except these ancient pictures.

But it is after five. The play is over. The crowds are rushing for teams, lest they lose the train.

Those children passing have part of the paraphernalia of the tableau of the crossing the Red Sea. That boy has a trumpet, and the other carries Pharaoh's sceptre, and another his standard, all of which we saw yesterday fall into the sea. There, that curly haired young man is John; he is arm-in-arm with that vile fellow of the Jerusalem mob.

And see! the penitent thief, with a cigar in his mouth; he has just bowed to us. There is Job with his wife. No! it is Queen Vashti, surely. The guardian spirits seem weary. But look! here is Christus, a child clinging to each hand. He is a splendidly

built man. How very tired and worn he seems. The wrinkles are deep in his forehead. Some one is stopping him for a chat; he is laughing over some joke most heartily. The children are trying to hurry him on home, where he will probably find the beer mug, which we saw upon the table, filled to the brim.

XXXI.

Munich — Beer Gardens — When is a man drunk? — Daily concert on Martien Platz — Martial spirit of the people — The Glyptothek — The old Pinacothek — The new Pinacothek — Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem —National Museum — The Royal palace — One of the great libraries of the world — Bavarian Hall of Fame — Holy days — Women's work — God's acre — Odds and ends — Off for Lake Constance.

UNICH is a grand medley of beer, music, uniforms and art. The beer gardens seem innumerable. There are small ones and extensive ones. Some have densely covered vine arbors to exclude the sunlight, and a thousand gas jets to brighten the night. There are the stylish places patronized by middle-aged men of a well-to-do look, and by their fashionably dressed wives, and the students and English tourists. Then there are the commoner places, where the working people congregate, and poor women may be seen dividing their supper of one mug of beer and coarse bread with the children. In this little kingdom of Bavaria there are well nigh six thousand establishments brewing the favorite drink of the people, to the amount of over ninety-six million gallons every year. Now if, as I was informed by one of the old residents, only two-thirds are exported

there still remains enough to show what it is that keeps so many beer gardens running. Beside the beer inducement held out by these numerous resorts, there is a constant effort to attract customers by the quality and quantity of music furnished. Some have a band for a few evenings a week, while others maintain the expense every evening and until midnight. The flaming placards of the "Englisher Bier Halle" concerts cover several yards on the walls where posters are allowed. Here an admittance fee of twelve cents is charged for the finer concerts, the proprietor expecting to make his profits on the beer. We listened to a programme there one evening, which included music from Rossini, a serenade by Kelar Bela, and pearls from Mendelssohn, with plenty of Strauss and Wagner. We left just before eleven, but the orchestra were still hard at it, with a full third of the advertised programme before them.

The music was excellent, but the waiters were so persistent in their inquiry as to whether we did not wish beer as well as coffee, that it made us uncomfortable, especially as the landlord had his eye upon us as occupying as good seats as any, but being such unprofitable visitors. However, if he had only looked at the man at the next table, he could have consoled himself with the thought that there was a fair average being made, after all. I actually saw that man put himself outside of five quarts of beer. His face reddened, his throat turned purple, and he did not talk very sensibly, and laughed more than there seemed any occasion for; but he was not what would be called drunk. At least, not in the technical sense

of the term, as I had occasion to learn it once in Providence. Some of us were trying hard to get a man committed to the State Farm, who would not work, and relied upon his sick wife and benevolent friends to support his children. But we failed; and why? Because he was able to keep a steady head all the way from the saloon to his miserable tenement house, where he would tumble into his bed, boots and all, and snore the liquor off for a day or two, and then get up to try it all over again. Had he walked as though one leg was shorter than the other, and he did not know which, and the street all humps, he might have had a place on the Farm; but the boots in bed, with drunken stupor, was not "beastly intoxication," — according to the law in Rhode Island.

Every day at noon a portion of the large military force in Munich march to the central square in the busiest part of the city — Marien Platz — and there the band plays for half an hour. Business comes to a standstill. Clerks lounge against the shop windows. The crowds gather in the streets. The teams stop, and every German looks, and listens, and keeps time to the stirring strains, as though it was an uncommon treat, and not something which comes with every noon. It seemed to me, for some time, that every third man on Munich streets was a soldier; but on counting the passers-by, now and then, I found I had put it too high. The uniforms, however, are so plentiful that any one is justified in saying it seems so. The rising generation shows the same martial spirit. The school-boys get ready for after life by carrying books and luncheon to school in a leather knapsack,

Even girls catch this much of the army spirit, while all the toy-store windows are gleaming with tin regiments on dress parade or in the fury of battle.

Munich has been well called one of the principal art centres of Europe, and can boast of a richer and larger collection of paintings than is to be found in any other German city, not excepting Dresden.

It is said that through King Otho, the German prince, who for so many years ruled Greece, Munich obtained many of the most interesting specimens of Greek art and antiquity now to be seen here, and that it is owing to this intimate connection between Bavaria and Greece, that so many galleries in the Bavarian capital are called by Greek names. There are the new and old Pinacothek and the Glyptothek and a copy of the old Propylæa, the renowned entrance way of the Acropolis, with Doric columns and side wings spanning the broad avenue near the hall of sculpture. This was built by King Ludwig to honor the reign of Otho in Greece, and singularly was inaugurated only one day before he returned. But other cities than Athens and other countries than Greece are imitated in Munich. The newer part of the palace is an attempt to copy the Pitti at Florence. The Siegesthor is an imitation of the Arch of Constantine, and the church of St. Boniface is modelled after St. Paul's at Rome. Not to Otho, but to King Ludwig does Munich owe her present position in the world of art. The richest buildings, museums and galleries with their choice stores of art were constructed and filled under his direction. The Glyptothek collection was made by him when he was

a young man, and not yet king. The portico of the Glyptothek is upheld by Ionic pillars. Niches upon either side are filled with busts of real or mythological personages of antiquity, such as Pericles, Vulcan, Prometheus and Phidias. On entering the building the eye is arrested first by the bas-reliefs from Nineveh and Egypt. Everything is classified. From specimens of early Greek and Etruscan art the visitor passes into a hall where are marble figures discovered on the island of Ægina, the broken and missing fragments replaced by Thorwaldsen. For these groups the Prince paid thirty thousand dollars. They represent various Greek and Trojan heroes contesting over the dead body of Patrochus.

There are next to be seen specimens of art under Phidias, and thus on, finally reaching the hall of the Roman heroes, where the busts of Nero and Cicero, Trajan and Augustus look down with stoic indifference upon the modern passers-by. The old Pinacothek contains *only* fourteen or fifteen hundred paintings. Imagine the dismay of a Cook's party, with perhaps two days for all Munich, attempting "to do" such a gallery as this. Besides this number of pictures hanging upon the walls, there are the frescoes of the long corridor, where the history of Italian art up to Raphael, and German up to Rubens, may be seen on the ceiling, if the gazers can twist and stretch their necks like a swan, and study it all out. As in the halls of statuary, everything is classified and arranged. The large pictures hang in the central rooms, lit from above. The smaller paintings are in side rooms called cabinets, with windows which

admit light and fresh air, this last commodity being generally considered entirely superfluous in most galleries. It usually follows that the higher the art the more foul and oppressive the air. The first two large rooms with eight cabinets show the progress of painting in the early German school. The next three, with nine side rooms, give the progress of art under Flemish and Dutch masters. Next are the works of Spanish artists, and farther on the Italian schools are represented. But even with this method of arrangement, what a bewildering labyrinth is such a gallery!

Do not for a moment imagine that I am going to attempt a description of even one-fiftieth of the fourteen hundred paintings. No! Simply pass with me along by rows of saints on a gold ground, holy families in Dutch stables, sacred infants whose fingers are as long and stiff as a clothes-pin, and notice in one of the central rooms a painting of misers gloating over the gold. Greed and covetousness are stamped on every muscle of their faces. Farther on is a picture by Cranach, of Christ in the midst of a sensuous crowd. He is saying, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." The faces index the characters, and the contrasts are wonderfully portrayed.

One of the most pleasing pictures of the sorrowful thorn-crowned Redeemer is by Memling. Those two old people, every wrinkle and speck standing out as in life, are by Denner, who died in 1747. The small pictures of German home-life are pleasing. There are ninety-five of Rubens' paintings in this gallery. It takes more than a hasty visit to decipher such pict-

ures as his "Fall of the Damned," and it gives me no pleasure to study the horrible scenes of the "Murder of the Innocents." In every picture, nearly, may be found faces resembling one of his wives. In the "Last Judgment" his second wife appears, while he is represented as getting up out of his grave. A favorite subject seems to be Susannah surprised at her bath by the elders. Three celebrated artists have put her on canvas in this one gallery.

In a side room devoted to the works of Van der Werf, is the scene where Hagar is sent off into the wilderness with her child by Abraham, Sarah looking on. Now into the Spanish department. What a power Murillo had in depicting the faces of children! A half-dozen artists are trying to copy the exact expressions of those saucy boys as they munch their fruit and bread. There is one of Carlo Dolci's Madonnas in blue mantle in the next room. It well deserves attention. The last apartment contains the private collection of the late King. The Holy Family and Virgin and Child are the principal subjects represented, and the artists are well-known stars in the firmament of art.

The new Pinacothek begins where the old one leaves off. In its fifty-two rooms are to be seen paintings of the nineteenth century. The picture of this modern collection, to which the visitor will be drawn first and return to last, is Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem. Titus, in military glory, is entering the holy city, and the Roman standard is placed on the altar of the temple. Near by the priests, in magnificent robes, are putting themselves to death. A group

of beautiful Jewish women in frenzy of despair cling to each other as the soldiers approach. Mothers have already become insane, and are about to kill their children. In the foreground at the right, a group of Christians are being led away by an angel to a place of safety and quiet.

Opposite the Glyptothek is an imposing structure, whose portico is adorned by Corinthian columns. This is a permanent exhibition place for the still more modern pictures. Munich artists who are still living may send original paintings to this gallery. Then there is the private collection of Baron Schack, a wealthy Russian, who opens his gallery to the public twice a week; and the Maximilianum is well worth a visit, if only to see another of Kaulbach's pictures.

Now, if the tourist becomes at all wearied with pictures, there is an endless variety to which he can turn in the National Museum. Old castles and monasteries and sepulchres have been rifled of their choicest and most ancient treasures to fill the three stories of this immense building. Almost everything imaginable is represented here. Let me enumerate a few of the long list, and you may fill out ad libitum yourselves. Roman remains, tapestries by the wholesale, ancient books and illuminated manuscripts, mosaics and carvings on iron and wood, a room for lovers of old dishes, ancient armor for man and beast, cards and chess used by royalty about the time Columbus touched the new world, toys and dolls for the youthful members of the king's palace at the same time, old coats and dresses worn by favorite kings and queens, worm-eaten old musical

instruments, whose keys and strings are as voiceless as the silent grave where the former players have slumbered through the centuries, and last a room of torture, containing thumb-screws, spiked seats and racks, and a barrel within which bakers who adulterated their bread were placed in olden times. If all sellers and manufacturers of adulterated compounds nowadays were treated in this way, the police would be kept more than busy, and there would be an immediate demand for a large number of spiked barrels. Having seen these relics of other days, we will next wish to visit the palace where former monarchs have lived. Of all lonely places a great palace is the loneliest, and this is especially true of the "Residenz" in Munich. The present king lives in the country most of the time. He wants to get away from every one; has a morbid fear of being seen by a crowd. Operas and theatrical plays are performed for him as sole audience. Poor melancholy man! He will die, as some of his relatives have, broken in mind and body.

Like a flock of sheep, the motley crowd throngs through the empty halls every day at the appointed hour. They stare at the big faded velvet and gold mass called a bed, which the guide declares cost four hundred thousand dollars, and listen and look at battle scenes and frescoes explained by the same loquacious leader, and throng out of the great entrance way as the doors are locked, leaving the barren rooms a trifle more dusty and just as full of their ghostly memories.

The card-rooms leading out of the dancing halls are

interesting in that they contain paintings of Bavarian beauties of a hundred years ago, from the queen to the peasant maid. The hall of the throne is ornamented between each of its twelve marble pillars with huge statues of gilt bronze of some of the princes whose names are famous in German history.

Munich possesses next to the largest library of Europe — eight hundred thousand volumes; nearly sixteen times as many as in Brown University. The building, erected in 1843, has one of the most imposing stairways to be found in any library in the world. Now do you say, is not the sight-seeing in this German city of two hundred thousand population at an end? No, indeed! if you are fond of fossils, there is one of the richest and most extensive collections in Europe here in Munich. Then there is the Natural History Museum and Schwanthaler's studio and models, and a host of old quaint churches, and the Basilica of St. Boniface, built by King Ludwig to commemorate his silver wedding. The interior columns are of gray marble from the Tyrol, and the roof is gay with silver stars on a blue ground, and beams overlaid with gilt. Near the entrance is the grave of Ludwig and his queen. The sarcophagus was built by himself, and his wife placed there within the church he loved and desired as their own last resting place. Now last, but not least, I may mention the Bavarian Hall of Fame. Between the columns of a marble portico are ranged ninety busts of illustrious Bavarians. Upon the terraced grounds in front of this building is the colossal bronze statue of Bavaria, modelled by Schwanthaler. It is a little more than sixty feet in height,

and stands upon a pedestal twenty-eight feet high. Bavaria is represented by a female figure carrying a sword and chaplet, ready to crown the illustrious of her children with the laurel. The inside is hollow. Eight persons can at one time stand within the head. It was a fearful place, however, on a hot day, for even the smaller number of our party. The face has a very sweet and pleasing expression, and with its background of marble portico, and still farther background of trees on the rising ground, it is a noble monument, and one of which the country may well feel proud.

Religion and amusement go hand in hand in Munich. A holy day means a rollicking day; a good time for the whole family. The day after our arrival was the one devoted every year to the memory of the patron saint of the city. Nearly all the shops were closed. Street cars were crowded. All were out in their best, though the rain poured hard all day. The "bier halles" were in full blast. Music was to be heard on every corner. We congratulated ourselves in not having missed this glimpse into German life, thinking such opportunities did not come every month. The next week a shopping excursion was nipped in the bud; stores were closed again. It was John the Baptist's day. After early mass, the people were off for picnics and the beer gardens. The clapping and applause over the music in the café across the way was kept up until midnight. It was evident that Munich people tried to do their best by John the Baptist. Again we said that it was very good to have seen two such holy days in the Bavarian capital, and we did not regret the indefinite postponement of that

shopping. A third time, however, the stores were closed. Had all the merchants failed? Was the King dead? What was the matter? It was Peter and Paul's day. We also repaired to the Hof Garten, above which on one side towers the royal residence, the two other sides bordered by an arcade, where the beer and ice-cream shops were being well patronized. Groups of children were playing under the trees, big boys were tumbling in the grass, ladies were knitting and crocheting over their beer-mugs, while the gentlemen drank and smoked and read, all together. The most desirable part of these arcade saloons is beyond the limits of the small parlor — out under the large shade trees, where hundreds of seats and tables are placed. All seem to be enjoying themselves, and it is a pleasant feature of German social life, that from the aged grandmother to the little baby, the whole family join in the good times together. I do not know how many other saints' days there are, but am sure that the patron saint, and John the Baptist, and Peter and Paul are not the only worthies the Germans consider deserving of libations of beer. After the memory of all the apostles has been properly attended to, I suppose the church fathers must come in for some share.

Knitting seemed as necessary to a German woman as her breath. In the parks, on the door-steps, tending the baby, or while gossiping over the fence, the German woman keeps her fingers going with lightning rapidity. Little girls knit as they play. I have actually seen children playing hide-and-seek, and still the toeing of the stocking went on. As soon as a

girl is old enough for the alphabet, she is old enough for the knitting needles. The knitting is an index of the activity which the women must keep up in Germany. They have to be industrious, for so many of the male population must don the uniform and march the streets or be sent off to war, that there is no help for it; the women are forced to do men's work and their own too. They dig and plant and reap and mow with the baby's cradle close by. They cook and mend and scrub, and between times ply the knitting needles. Women clean the city streets, rake up the new-cut hay in the parks, keep the street-car tracks clear, look after the gutters and carry wood up long flights of stairs. Women may be seen, also, carrying large loads of mortar up a steep ladder to the men who lay the bricks above. That is an occupation which, in the interests of decency, ought to fall to the lot of men. Put the men on the ladder, and have a few less soldiers to ornament proud royalty. One of the interesting places in Munich, to me, was the meat market. "Fleisch Halle" are the words upon the large building. Behind the counters are plump, rosy-faced women cutting off roasts, trimming steaks, and weighing marrow bones as deftly as possible. In high, crown-like velvet head-dresses and big aprons, they smile at one like the full moon from out of a cloud. No time is wasted. If there is no customer, and the scraps are well taken care of, they do not idly lounge back against the potato-bin and read a horse-race placard. No! With their sleeves up ready for action, arms spotted with beef-juice, the fingers are busy with the knitting, heeling out mein Herr's worn sock.

Much as the Germans are interested in life and its enjoyments, they do not forget the dead. The tiny crowded family lots show constant care and personal attention. A broad paved walk extends through the old portion of the cemetery, at the end of which is a low wide building with several glass doors. Men to and from work, school-children and sad-faced women are to be seen passing back and forth along this avenue. Sauntering to the end, what a sight met our eyes! In the shaded rooms within the glass doors, in the midst of flowers and boughs and vines, artificial and natural, lay more than a score of the city's dead. An aged grandmother, men in middle life, a young bride, a nun, and children of all ages were there. Upon some were the marks of the struggle with slow disease; upon other faces death had left no stamp. It was as though they were sleeping in a cluster of floral flowers.

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them;
Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey."

It is the law of the city that an hour, or very soon after the death of one in the household, the police shall be notified, and the body brought here to remain three days before burial. There is no packing of ice about the lifeless body. It is brought to this room and placed under a wire, which is attached by means of a thimble to the apparently dead finger. The wire leads to a clock in the next room, which is one of the living apartments of the keeper and his

family. The slightest movement of the thimble will stir the delicately-hung wire, and set off a gong, which bangs and whirrs until some one stops it. One of the places was vacant, and the keeper kindly permitted us to touch off the wire. The faintest move started the alarm. As every wire is numbered, the keeper, awakened by the terrific sound, has only to look at the tall clock in the corner to know which corpse has indicated life. A physician and restoratives are said to be ever close at hand. Unpleasant as it may seem at first to think of having one's friends taken away from the house so soon after death, it is comforting to feel that by no possibility can there be a burial alive of any one in Munich. I was told, at least, of one such shocking incident having been averted here.

A yellow cart, something the shape of a country fish wagon, and driven by a man in blue swallow-tail coat and silver braid, his head adorned with a painted imitation of a stove-pipe hat, is to be seen every day on the streets of Munich. He jumps from his high seat upon reaching a letter-box. There is no loose shuffling of mail into a bag; after unlocking the side of the box, he pulls out an inner box, whose key remains at the office, and slips it into a pigeon hole in the side of his cart, just as a photographer thrusts a slide into his camera.

In another wagon, a sort of a car on wheels, a group of uniformed letter-carriers may be seen, standing with their budgets as they are driven rapidly along to their fields of work, where they are each dropped. This plan of saving unnecessary steps for these men, whose

life is one continual round of stepping, seemed most sensible and kind. Mail-carriers have, at the best, a tedious monotony of work. Through rain and sleet, through hot sun and dusty wind they must keep at it. And notwithstanding the thanks and welcome which they receive when the sweetheart gets the expected letter from the absent lover, or the long-delayed son is heard from, they have to bear a deal of blame and suspicion when the letters do not come. Munich sets a good example to other large cities in saving unnecessary strength and time spent by carriers in reaching their distant rounds of work several times a day.

There are a large number of tower clocks in this German capital, and every one has a bell. Not the hours only are rung, but every quarter-hour receives noisy and bewildering attention. During the day the sound is modified by the rumble and rattle over the stone pavements; but let one awaken in the dead of night, and the clock bells seem like so many demons. Ding! Dong! sounds one of them. You wonder if it is two o'clock, or half after some other hour. The next quarter passes; you wait, and listen. But the first clock and the second get into such a race, and clock number three strikes in so fiercely and number four so interrupts, and the rest break in with such a pandemonium of confusion, that, for the life of you, you cannot tell whether the third quarter or the midnight hour has been rung.

It helps one to bear the torture of this noise to find so many of these bells in themselves very sweet-toned. They do not hang up in Europe, as in America, such numbers of iron kettles and call them church bells.

Still, even the best of bells can be excruciatingly disagreeable at times, as when in some churches of America, as the minister is gathering up the threads of his discourse, and is just ready to tie the final knot of thought for his audience, the noon hour must needs be announced by a sudden crash! bang! of the bell in the tower over his head.

Most of the carriages in Munich have no shafts; but a pole such as we use for a span of horses is attached, and one horse hitched at one side. It is a very awkward and one-sided affair, to say the least. Many of the draught horses in Munich are a third larger than the largest of the Sprague horses I have seen in Providence, and the loads which they draw are simply immense; not so much because the horses are so much larger and heavier, but because of well-made and kept roads over which the load is drawn. The roads in this part of the world are not to be excelled. The highways of both city and country are hard and smooth, and tidy as a newly-swept barn floor.

The American bird may rightly flap his wings and crow over big wheat-fields and growing corn, but when he sees the European roads, he must tuck his head under his wing and let the tail feathers droop. After the great Napoleon had fought his way into a country, he followed up the bloody path by causing such highways to be constructed as enabled every one else to comfortably travel after him. He was the great road-maker of the world.

Beside the large parks in the German capital, there are many small breathing places for the people. The Maximilian Platz, with its gay flower-beds, has a wing

across the way, which stretches to Otto Strasse. This wing is like a miniature forest. There is nothing but great trees, and thick, soft grass. The school children roll and tumble in it, the nurses knit, and the little ones play at "Babes in the Woods." There is no sign, "Keep off the grass;" no flowers to be told not to touch. It is a paradise for children. One side of this spot is bounded by a large house, in which lives Frau Fisher. Should any persons reading this be contemplating a visit to Munich, I would suggest that they take down her address. For if they want comfortable apartments looking out upon this forest park, with luxurious furnishings, and the kindest attentions at a very reasonable price, they may secure them at 8 Brenner Strasse C. O., corner of Otto street. We tried the accommodations for over a month, and can heartily recommend them.

Leaving Munich depot at 7 A. M., we were at Lindau, the last station of Bavaria, soon after noon. The express train was exchanged for the quiet of the little steamer on Lake Constance to Romanshorn, Switzerland. By rail we passed Zurich and Zug, feasting upon the beauties of world-renowned lakes and landscapes, catching glimpses of the towering Riga and Pilatus, and at sunset reached Lucerne. But of this great centre for Switzerland tourists, and our life through the heat of the summer near this most picturesque lake, within sight of the eternal snows, I will write in my next.

XXXII.

Swiss wheels set in motion — Alpine glories — The dying lion — Glacier garden — Summer life in Lucerne — Delightful excursioning on Lake Lucerne — Clustered histories — Up Rigi — Pilatus — A glance backward — German tracks on French soil — Belfort.

AS the mercury rises in Lucerne, the hearts of the hotel proprietors and pension keepers—and their number is legion — and of people with a best room to let to lodgers, rise too; for the summer is also their harvest-time. The population, which in winter is about eighteen thousand, runs up through the months of Switzerland travel—from June to October—to from twenty to thirty thousand. The quiet Switzers, who have been hibernating through the cold weather, awaken from their drowsy life with the opening of the buds, and prepare for the flocks of foreign geese, that are expected to fill the Lucerne nests with golden eggs. The hotel wheels are set in motion. The winter's dust is rubbed off of several cords of wood carvings; for, next to keeping boarders, this is the special business of the town's people; the wooden cuckoos begin to flap and hoot the arrival of

every half hour, and the music-boxes are ready the instant a tourist steps over the threshold to start up their round of tunes. This is rather a vexatious feature of Lucerne shopping. One cannot step in to ask the price of a simple article in some of the carving stores, but every cock begins to hoot and every music-box to play. There are only a few sights "to do" in Lucerne; but one, at least, can never be "done up."

The view of lake and mountains, of velvet slopes and snow-crowned peaks and distant glaciers is one which never tires. It is always fresh and suggestive. The beautiful lake of Lucerne is flanked by stern, rugged Pilatus upon the one side, and smiling, mossy Rigi at the other. It is as fitful and capricious as a passionate child: one moment sunny and placid, and the next tossing about with impetuous rage. Fit emblem is this lovely lake of human life, in its extreme variety of surface and suddenness of change.

Upon the summit of the long ridge back of the lake, to the north of the thickly-clustered city, are three conspicuously large trees, around which seats have been placed. It is a spot seldom visited by the hurried tourist, and yet one to which those, who spend many weeks in this quiet old place, often resort. It is a pretty walk up from the quaint old graveyard, past pensions and picturesque homes, and barns with surrounding meadows, to "the place of the three linden trees," as it is called.

On the extreme left is Rigi; the largest hotel on its summit, nearly six thousand feet up, looks like a child's toy house, its windows glistening in the sunset light like some fairy's enchanted castle. Between

us and Rigi are low spurs of velvety hills, dotted with clumps of rich fir trees. Beyond the border of pensions and hotels lies the beautiful lake, its sea-green color reflecting the rich crimson and gold of the evening sky. The horizon opposite is lost behind the mountains, whose heads are crowned with ice and snow, and draped with mist, and whose feet are on the mossy slope which bounds the other side of the lake. The sharp peak of Fensterarrhorn pierces the sky just back of frowning Pilatus. The Jungfrau and other Alps are hidden behind this green sentinel in the foreground. The lower spurs of Pilatus are dotted with picturesque homes and pensions down to the swift river, which is crossed by curiously-made old bridges. Around the end of the lake and along the river's bank is the closely-built city — a mass of gabled and red roofs, quaint towers, and the remains of an old wall built in the fourteenth century.

There are no picture galleries or halls of statuary worth mentioning in Lucerne. In the open air and cut in the side of the living rock is the lion by Thorwaldsen, carved there as a tribute to the memory of the brave unflinching Swiss Guards, who were killed by a Paris mob — a hungry, pitiless crowd, who were endeavoring to murder their king and burn his palace. Ordered by the cowardly Louis XVI "not to fire," most heroically they obeyed, though the mob cut them to pieces. Not one was left alive. The lion clenches the shield of the Bourbons with a grasp only relaxed by death. A spear has been thrust into his back and broken off. The expressions of dying agony and undaunted bravery are wonderfully blended. Below

the shelf in the wild rock, upon which the colossal creature lies, the trickling springs have united and formed a picturesque pool. Trees and rocks form shade at either side, while over the top of the stone above the lion are drooping vines and untrained shrubs, as shaggy as the mane which falls over the face of the wounded, dying king of beasts. Close to this shaded mausoleum-like spot is the Glacier Garden.

But a few years ago, when men were digging away the hill-side, the remains of some very ancient glacier mills were discovered. The immense holes, some twenty feet deep and the same in width, and the rocks which have drilled and rubbed their way round and round by the power of some ice-river in them, and the furrows and spinal windings made by the churning of these boulders, are to be seen. It is a never-to-be-forgotten object-lesson on glaciers to visit the "Gletscher Garten." We are told that on this small piece of ground of about fifty yards, the visitor can see the different eras of the history of the world. "The time when the ocean covered all the land. By the petrified palms upon some stones, we see that once there was tropic heat even here. By the glacier mills we may learn of that period when ice covered the northern hemisphere." To drop back to modern times gradually, the visitor may spend a while in an adjoining building, where is a collection of bone and stone relics of the dwellers on the lake, who lived and died hundreds of years before the Christian Era.

The river Reuss, which divides Lucerne, is crossed beside the modern bridges by two rambling roofed

wooden structures with alcoves and seats and pictures. On one is the exhilarating series of paintings called "The Dance of Death;" and on the other is the history of Switzerland. These old paintings are tucked up on cross-pieces next the roof, and it is a neck-stretching business to study them out. Few seemed to take the time and head to do it; the majority of people seemed more interested in watching the shoals of fish in the clear water below. From nearly every window are constantly the indefatigable anglers with hook and line. The fish showed their good sense by patronizing the bait held out by a small American boy, who brought home from ten to twenty fish every day. Finding that his parents were not fond of an entire fish diet, the boy, Yankee-like, bartered off his spoils, turning fresh fish into apples and candy.

Fishing and rowing are the pastimes here. In front of the larger hotels the lake is bordered by rows of trees, trimmed so as to make a perfect shade, even on the sunniest day. The lake along this delightful arbor is bounded by a stone wall, over which the youngsters hold rods and lines. On the seats in the shade the tourists sit and chat, nurses from the grand hotels, in ribbons to their feet, tend their weakly bits of humanity, and parties are constantly passing back and forth from the little steamers, carrying Alpine-stocks with the air of a Von Hillern. This is Lucerne life; very quiet and restful. The larger hotels vie with each other in getting up a weekly display of fireworks and band music, for which every guest is charged his share in his bill.

Of all enjoyable excursioning, that on Lake Lucerne is among the most perfect in the world. New beauties, unexpected grandeur meet the eye at every turn. The tour about it is a succession of pleasing surprises. Our party explored the nooks and dells along the curving shores for miles from the city: a not expensive pleasure, so far as boat-hire is concerned; a good row boat with the oars renting for only ten cents an hour, and less if taken for a longer time.

Repeatedly, with crowds of steamer tourists, we enjoyed the views beyond of the entire lake. The trip to Flüelen and back was certainly one of the most delightful days of our round-the-world journey.

The shape of the lake is almost that of a cross, twenty-seven miles long, the lower end being at Lucerne and the top at Flüelen, the cross arms reaching from Alpnach to Kûsnacht. Meadows, banks, and gently-sloping hills with picturesque glens, are followed by abrupt bare mountains. Like a gem of emerald, the lake is encased in part with a lofty setting of rock nearly two thousand feet high, over which the giant monsters of the Alps show their hoary heads and look down. What a history of change the twisted, contorted strata of the walls of rock suggest! What a history of the changes of man's power is associated with these classic scenes! About the shores of this lake were formed those plans which resulted in the downfall of tyranny, and the liberty of the Swiss.

Below the Axenstrasse, a road made upon a shelf cut in the sheer rock for eight miles toward Flüelen, in a little nook by the water, is the chapel to the

memory of William Tell, marking the supposed spot where he jumped ashore from the boat in which Gesler held him as prisoner. Though to many learned men the story of William Tell and the heroic death of Winkelreid is but a myth, I would prefer to join with the majority in keeping the legend as historical. What better place than Lucerne in which to read the history of the Swiss; of the meeting of the patriots at dead of night in a lonely solitude of the lake; of Rudolph and Alberts, governors; of Morgarten, where a few Swiss peasants conquered the strength and pride of the Austrian army; of the later encounter with the Duke of Burgundy, when the Alpine boys again won the day against the most fearful odds; of Napoleon days, and, still later on, of the short but decisive conflict between the Catholics and the State, when, by the prompt action of Dufour, the country was saved from a bloody and interminable conflict? Since that time — 1847 — the government controls the church property.

The Established Church of Scotland keeps up a summer service in Lucerne, and other cities of Switzerland, for the accommodation of English-speaking travellers.

Finding it impossible to rent a suitable hall for their services, application was made to the heads of the canton, and the free use of one of the Catholic cathedrals was cordially given. In this "Maria Hilf" church we attended Protestant service twice each Sabbath. The altar was covered, and the preacher stood behind a small table placed just within the chancel.

Of course we went up Rigi; but not on the railway. Having climbed that mountain when we were nearly fourteen years younger, we had prevailing desire to learn how far advancing old age had impaired the strength. We began our walk early one clear, sunny day, but the weather was capricious, and in a rain storm we sought the shelter of a chalet far up the mountain side, where the frau made coffee and mine herr milked the cow and robbed the hens' nests, and gave us the very bread which he was hugging to his perspiring bosom as he passed us coming up earlier in the day. Never did a hotel seem more inviting than did "the Schreiber" to our weary, hungry, draggled party at sunset, at the end of our six-thousand-feet climb. At four the next morning the great horn was blown as usual. To tired, sleepy people, awakened suddenly, it seemed as though the end of the world had come, and the last trump was sounding.

A wide-spread panorama of villages, thirteen lakes, and of mountain grandeur is spread out before the eyes of those who look off at sunrise from the Kulm. It was all there, but a thick cloud of mist came between us and the picture, and the only view was of snowy heights above us tinted with a few gleams from the struggling sun.

We came down by rail. The guide book says, "There is just such a railroad *near Washington*, in America." The cars are pushed up from behind, and in descending the locomotive is at the front. There are three rails, the centre one being steel cogs, into which fit the sharp teeth of the large wheel of the engine.

Tomlishorn is one of the seven peaks of Pilatus; to the south of Lucerne. It is a rocky spur, in which small winding steps have been cut, by which the tourist may ascend, though with perilous difficulty, to the very tip-top — seven thousand feet — and look down upon Rigi's summit nearly a thousand feet below. But of such climbing on foot and by horse, of snow-balling and a snow storm on the mountains in August, I will not take your time to relate.

It was thirteen years ago, and we were on our wedding tour, on which we started as fresh, and green, and feathery as parties generally under such circumstances, but from which, on our return, we were greeted as old married people: shelved by the young as sombre relics of a past existence. Well! we thought a month's pedestrian excursion over and around yonder Bernese Alps would be a delightful addition to our tour, after the saddle life in Palestine. Trunks and satchels were left with express agents. Cork soles were added to our shoes, and with Alpine-stocks in hand, and a few necessary articles packed in small haversacks upon our shoulders, off we started from yonder valley of Interlaken. How beautiful that tramp up the valley of Lauterbrunnen! Yonder is the same Jungfrau, on which we made so many poor puns. Along this side we see the Grindelwald glaciers, which gave us a first and most impressive lesson on frozen rivers. Nearer still towers the Faulhorn with its crown of snow. Just about there must be the Sheideck Hotel, whose keeper was in such despair at the fearful ravages of our hunger upon his table d'hote. Still to the left we can make out the

valley of Meyringen, in whose vicinity we did actually walk over thirty miles in one day. Directly south must be the location of the Grimsel hospice, where we rested that fearful night after having been lost in a snow storm. We can trace the Furka Pass, and locate the mighty Rhone glacier. If we could but double this height of seven thousand feet, we could follow the path of our old wanderings around Mount Rosa and the Matterhorn, and down the Italian slopes toward lakes Maggiore and Como. It pays to climb mountains, especially when the eyes and memory can work together. If any young people, planning what to do after the wedding, were to ask my advice, I should say — next to staying at home — a tramp through Switzerland would be a very sensible thing to do. Better, certainly, than to join an army of brides in Niagara and Washington hotels.

There is a very convenient arrangement about the Swiss mails. You can send your portmanteau or small trunk by mail as easily as a letter, and at very reasonable charges.

The German tracks on French soil are very plain at Belfort, the strongly-fortified town which commands the gate-way of the Vosges and Jura mountains. Near here is where General Werder defeated the eighty-four thousand French, and put them to flight across the Swiss frontier. Then commenced a terrible bombardment of the fortress of Belfort. We halted here for a day, to break our long ride from Lucerne to Paris, and to visit this memorable fortress which successfully resisted the siege. Half, at least, of the sixteen thousand population live inside the walls.

There are stores and tenement houses, hotels and private residences. The effects of cannonading are everywhere to be seen. It is strange that the walls of the stone cathedral were not utterly demolished. Workmen are still engaged in repairing it. Scarcely a face of the massive stone work of the fortifications but seems all covered with patch-work, the new stone contrasting with the old weather-browned blocks. Everywhere, "We are Americans" was a sufficient pass. "No entering here" or "forbidden to pass" there availed nothing to that charm to French republican ears, "*America.*" Guards urged us to break their rules, assuring us that they were made mostly for the sake of the hated Germans. They conducted us to the enclosed and partly hidden Lion of Belfort, the colossal ornament of the fortress, which was nearly repaired, and has since been thrown open to the public. On the walls of the passage-ways into the fort were posted many official documents, late printed speeches of the members of the ministry, and notices even of the most extreme radical newspapers of France. It seemed strange to see here also an advertisement of the journal of ex-Communist Rochefort. The soldiers of the French army, as it now is, seem of better quality than those we saw in Paris at the time of the Exposition of 1867, and which were crushed like boys by the Germans in the war that so soon followed.

Before taking our seats again in the cars, we telegraphed to friends in Paris, over two hundred miles away, at a cost of only half a franc — ten cents — for a message of several words.

XXXIII.

Beautiful Paris — The Catacombs of society — A homeless city — The concierge — An average Paris restaurant — French politics — Caricaturing their leaders — Empire and Republic in contrast — Père Hyacinthe — The McAll Mission — American Chapel — My vote for General Garfield — Twice elected — His favorite hymn.

OW, what shall I say of Paris, beautiful, bewildering Paris, "the paradise for Americans," as it is often called? Paris, with its broad boulevards and stately trees; its smooth pavements and gay driving; its miles and miles of magnificent buildings; its fountains and gardens and statuary; its paintings and palaces.

To you who have seen it all, any description of mine would be dull; and to those, who have never visited Paris and wandered along its busy streets and joined in café life, and studied the art treasures of this capital, a single newspaper letter like this could give but the faintest idea of what there was to be seen. I shall, then, not attempt any description at all.

It is universally granted by travellers that in many respects Paris is the most elegant city of the world. Yet, after three visits, I must say I am very glad

that it is not my lot to live in this French capital.

As underneath the elegance and beauty of the boulevards are the windings of the Catacombs, where the blackened bones and skulls of the dead are stacked in ghastly rows, so, under the gay and glittering exterior of much Parisian society, like moral hollowness and corruption exist.

Walk through those same boulevards after dusk, and then read King Solomon's description of just such miserable painted creatures as you have seen by hundreds. Visit, under police escort, some of the gardens where these women congregate — gardens where myriad of gas-jets, music, flowers, and brilliant dress make the night as fascinating as possible; places where the demi-monde of Paris, with their fashionable satellites, indulge in their Bacchanalian orgies with jest and dance, and you will come away with a new realization of the lowness to which frail human nature can descend, and a stronger belief than ever in a personal Satan, who endeavors to work in the guise of an angel of light.

Would you see the most exquisite dress of Paris, of party or carriage or walking styles? Look at the leaders of the demi-monde! And shall such as they set the fashion for the sweet, pure young girls of our cultured christian homes? Shall the American women follow the demi-monde in all their low rivalry of dress, by which they seek to reveal, not hide, the form? Must our virtuous women blindly follow, fashioning their garments in a more scanty, closely moulded style, with deathly pinchings and lacings and tyings back? I hope the statement is true, "that

New York is originating many of her own styles:" and God grant that our American women in their advanced position may demand costumes which do not aim to please the lower animal tastes of our fallen humanity!

You have often heard it said that there is no such word as home in the French language, as we understand it; and it is true. Take, for example, the houses in Paris. From the poor to the rich, the general way of building is around a court. Each house is from five to seven stories high, and accommodates from ten to thirty families. One or more rooms on the ground floor are occupied by the concierge, who receives all bundles and letters for the inmates, opens the great door at night, and attends to lighting and cleaning the halls. He is, moreover, a sort of despot over the whole establishment, and is only molified in his growling by steady and liberal feeing. There is no privacy in such a life. The halls and stairs are common ground. All the kitchens and dining-rooms, and many of the bedrooms, look out only upon this gloomy court. Mrs. A. can gaze across into Mrs. C.'s windows. Everybody knows what everybody else has for dinner. If one family has a party, no one else can sleep in the building until said guests have gone. These Paris houses are, as a rule, homeless, cheerless abodes. The children come to them only to go to bed. Women hurry through their work to get out on the boulevards. Thousands of families in Paris, even with children growing up, take only their light early breakfast at home. Children eat with the crowds at cafés, play in crowds of the parks and streets, and,

even to wee little ones, go with their parents to the circus in the evening. Poor, pale little creatures, with their puny legs left bare at the decree of Dame Fashion, and their tired heads bobbing under the immense hats and Alsatian bows and long feathers the same pitiless dame has enforced upon them. Boarding schools and convents are well patronized, and when the girl comes out from the confinement of school-life into the dazzle of Parisian society, her head is completely turned. It is no wonder that so many young girls of Paris seem bold, and thousands are easily led into a life of shame. Excitement, and love of dress and street life, or an irksome seclusion behind the gloomy walls of some seminary have been theirs almost from infancy. Though this is true of a large part of the society, there is a higher, better element: there is an upper strata, where the daughters are more wisely reared than generally in America.

Into the frivolity and infidelity and impurity of so much Parisian life, with its glittering snares, I wonder that any true American parent can send children to be educated. Better that their tongues never acquire the glibness and vivacity of the French dialect, than that they be subject to the moral malaria of such an atmosphere at the formative period of life.

Speaking of restaurants, let me give you an idea of the average sort in the neighborhood of the Louvre and Palais Royal. Having too much sight-seeing and shopping on hand to-day to think of going off a mile and a half to our lunch, let us enter here and sit down with perhaps a hundred others at the *déjeûner* or midday breakfast. We take our places

at a table, and are given a half yard of fresh napkin, three-quarters of a yard of tablecloth, and a yard of bread. The price of the meal is one franc and a half, plus a tip of ten centimes to the garçon. First is a bowl of hot vegetable soup; second, a plate of steak, or chop, or stew adorned with some fried potatoes; third, a choice of vegetables, such as cauliflower or macaroni. A pint of wine is included in the price, but if you prefer to dispense with it, you may have two desserts, instead of one. The price of dinner is a little more with another choice of meat.

Our temporary home has been in the pension of a French lady, who spent thirty-six years in America, and kept, for many years, the leading French school of New York city. It is Madame Rostan's desire to furnish to American sojourners in Paris a home where they may find really home cooking. I take pleasure in adding her address — 21 Avenue D'Esling, near the Arc de Triomphe, which is the most desirable part of the city for residence. The land is higher, and the air sweet and fresh. An almost endless variety of cars and omnibuses centre here, so that one may, in a few moments' time, leave the quiet of the Place de l' Etoile and be in all the hurry and noises of the business streets.

French politics from a woman's standpoint: — they seem to have two sides; one-half serious, and the other comic. We know that in America allowance has to be made for the hasty and extreme utterances of party leaders, in order to form an accurate judgment on national affairs, and this is still more necessary in France, where the people are naturally so

excitable and inclined to exaggeration, and where falsehood is cultivated among the fine arts. The leading feeling here seems to be revenge on Germany. The French are ready for an alliance, even with Turkey, if it is only against Emperor William. We had a little German money on hand since leaving Bavaria, and an effort had been made to exchange it at half a dozen banking houses; but they looked utterly disgusted at the sight of it, and refused. Gambetta's speech lately at Cherbourg seems to be understood as meaning war, when the right time comes, for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. The fight with the "unauthorized religious bodies" is not the main thought of the leaders of French politics. The masses must have something to be boisterous over; but the quiet purpose and thoughts of those at the helm is toward the Rhine. Those laws a century old are dug up, and a great uproar is made about the Jesuits, and the world and Germany are made to think that the French are having a hard time with home questions, and that the new Republic has her hands full without coveting back the provinces she lost in the last war. France is playing 'possum. Gambetta is powerful because he represents this spirit of the majority of the people, and the time is coming when France will be ready to claim what she feels belongs to her.

How the French enjoy caricaturing their public servants! The President of the Chamber of Deputies has been placarded about the streets the last week as managing a complicated Punch and Judy show, all the members of the ministry jumping and bobbing

in and out as he pulls the strings. One of the new ministers has long side whiskers, *a la garçon;* and so he is pictured as mixing puddings for Gambetta to taste, and doing all sorts of menial work.

I remember well that grand day for the distribution of prizes at the first International Exhibition of 1867. Here was the Sultan of Turkey as chief guest, with all his display of gilding and retinue. And here, as the central figures, upon whom the eyes of all the world were centred, were Louis Napoleon, his wife and son. The Emperor held a position equal to any of the crowned heads of Europe, and Eugénie swayed the world of fashion. All that has passed away, and another social life leads in the gay capital. The democracy of fashion and of social intercourse has as truly supplanted the imperial display in Paris, as has the democratic rule replaced the sceptre and the crown. There are few princely turnouts upon the boulevards and Bois de Boulogne, but there are a great many more cabs and ordinary carriages. The common people crowd the Champs Elysées with an air of having a perfect right there. Even the gardens in front of the Tuilleries are now occupied by fruit women, coffee stalls, and Punch and Judy shows, which the crowd enjoy and well patronize. Business in all the great staple products has improved. Of course, there is some complaint on the part of those who ministered to the whims of the Court and its devotees. From habit, perhaps, a few signs are seen — such as "Maker to Her Highness, Queen Isabella, of Spain." The name of Eugénie has disappeared from the store fronts, and those of royalty from all the

avenues. In looking for a street called formerly by a royal name, the answer will be that it is now known only by its republican name. For instance, Avenue Josephine is Avenue Morceau, and the street called by the date of Louis Napoleon's becoming emperor, is now known as Rue 4th of September; the date of the new republic.

It is marvellous, the amount of new building going on in every section of the city, and such elegant blocks, too. Ground is so expensive, that they have to build as high as possible. If their stone was not, when fresh from the quarry, so brittle, I believe these Parisian architects would try the Tower of Babel style, and go on until they invaded the skies. Rents are very high. I have a friend who pays seven thousand francs a year for less than a dozen rooms on the third floor of a block, on a third-class avenue. Outside the walls, Paris is pushing rapidly into the country. The next surrounding fortification will have to be twice thirty miles in length.

Evangelistic efforts are being made within and without the pale of the Catholic Church in more or less quiet ways. The movement of Pretor (as he now styles himself) Hyacinthe Loyson is not meeting with very large visible success. For two years he has been back here, laboring with his indefatigable wife, endeavoring, while holding to his mother church, as he declares in his published "*Programme de la Reforme Catholique*," to yet restore the purity of the worship of Christ. He preaches in what was once a circus. We have attended the service and found as many, or nearly as many, foreigners

as French in the audience. He is a picture and a poem and a power. May God bless his earnest efforts! I have been particularly interested in the so-called "Mission to the Working Men of Paris, Lyons and Bordeaux." It is undenominational, and under the superintendence of Rev. R. W. McAll. He has twenty-four preaching halls open on the Sabbath and during the week, in various parts of this great city, and half as many more in the provinces.

Thousands are attending these services, and immense good is being done. But regularly organized churches are needed to supplement such work, and this supply is being met by several different denominations. The Baptists of America are specially interested in a beautiful church building on the Rue de Lille, the land which it covers costing thirty thousand dollars, and in a theological seminary for the training of a French Gospel ministry, under the presidency of Dr. Mitchell, late of Chicago. We had, the other evening, the privilege of meeting some fifteen English and Scotch ladies, who have come to Paris at their own expense to engage in mission work among the neglected masses.

Our regular place for Sunday morning service has been at the American chapel, upon the Rue de Berri, where the pastor is Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, a most worthy Congregational clergyman.

There are few men, I believe, either from good training or native nobleness of character, ready when found in a mistake to freely and fully say, "I was wrong, and you were right." The standard-bearer of the Republican party is such a man. A few years

ago General and Mrs. Garfield were fellow-boarders at the same pension in this city with a friend of mine. Visiting picture galleries and seeing Paris was the business of each group in the house, and at the close of the day, around the dinner-table, each brought some little gleaning from the day's experiences. My friend, whom we will call Mrs. X., one evening remarked upon the pathos of expression and beauty of feature of a certain picture of a certain gallery. The General was not unfamiliar with the collection referred to, but could not remember such a painting as Mrs. X. described. It seemed to him that the subject was entirely incongruous to the place. "Mrs. X. must be mistaken." He knew the title could not be found on the printed catalogue. Mrs. X. must admit that she saw that picture somewhere else. The following day, the lady, feeling that she must have made a great blunder, took pains to visit the gallery again, and, finding herself in the right, simply marked the title in the catalogue and sent it to the General's room. Did General Garfield quietly remark, "It's easy to be mistaken," and drop the subject? No! "Mrs. X.," he said, with animation, "I am wrong; I give it up. You have beaten me, and I am not going to let the matter rest in this quiet way of yours. If you won't claim a victory, I shall have to do you justice, anyway. I told you before the whole dinner party that you were in error about that picture, and every one of them must hear my confession." He was as good as his word; and that evening the General claimed the attention of all at the table, and made a very humble and sincere acknowl-

edgment of being mistaken, and apologized before them all.

It takes a true gentleman to meet such an occasion with so handsome an apology, and no honorable Democrat will challenge this kind of a woman's vote in favor of General Garfield as our next President.

1881. Twice elected: to Presidency, and to Eternal Life.

HIS FAVORITE HYMN.

"Ho! reapers in life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade.

"Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain,
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again;

"The Master calls for reapers;
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered
And waste upon the plain?

"Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low,
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know;

"Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward."

XXXIV.

Magasins du Louvre — French Westminster Abbey — Ceremonies of St. Denis' Day — Inquisition of trunks — Detective Agency wanted — Old dishes at Saint Cloud — French newspapers — A brilliant Avenue — Pedestrians no rights — Fleas — The Channel elephant — Custom house — London's vastness — The fog — Spurgeon's, and some other pulpits — Sights at British intellect at its best — Meeting of the Anthropological Institute.

HERE are two great maelstroms of fashion in Paris, into whose giddy and bewildering currents the women are enticed, until money or husband's credit is swallowed up.

The Magasins du Louvre is a more important and interesting fact, with most Parisian ladies, than the palace of that name with its wealth of paintings over the way. It is a busy world, the Louvre store; ever changing, ever enticing. Occupying an entire block, save the one story devoted to the hotel of that name, its windows are a continual delight to the throngs of passers-by. Looking into shop windows is not given over to the country cousins, but is quite the fashion with all in Paris. An army of clerks is distributed throughout the immense establishment, and, to save time, are served with *déjeûner*, or the midday meal, by the proprietors in the building. There is almost

everything a woman's heart can desire within its walls. The counters are laden with fabrics of every hue and fashion; dresses ready for use, and bonnets to match; laces and gloves and shoes. Father, mother, and children, if the purse be deep enough, may go in ragged and come out elegantly attired from top to toe, and at the same time order the furnishings for their home in keeping. These Parisian shop-keepers understand the arts of the spider with the fly. Not content with the charms of chameleon-like windows, there are, at times, additional enticements of what might be called bas-reliefs of fashion upon the outside of the building. A prettily painted face is topped off with hat and feather and dress *a la mode* of veritable stuff. The matron, in elegant morning robe or mantle, and the child, in latest novelty, look at you from the wall outside. But the allurements are not all without the entrance. Having gone "up the winding stair" to the children's corner, the customer may be weighed by simply taking a seat in one of the velvet chairs on the platform. Every time the child has outgrown coat and hat, the mother may, while buying, have the little one's weight upon a pictured card to carry home. Then there is the lunch-room, where a tiny roll of cake and glass of claret and water are freely dispensed to all; there is the reading-room, with fresh papers and well-selected library, and upon leaving, at the close of the shopping tour, the child receives a gay toy balloon as a parting gift, which gladdens the heart of the mother and makes it very probable that the next time she has anything to buy she will be overcome by the

child's pleadings to go to the store of the Louvre. The other great emporium of Paris is upon the opposite side of the Seine, and known as the Bon Marché —the house of "the good cheap."

Speaking of finding everything one wishes for at the Louvre, I am reminded of a story told me by one who claims to know the exact truth concerning a large establishment in London, which is said to be a copy of the Louvre: "Anything you may ask for you will find at Whiteley's!" muttered an eccentric Englishman. "Nonsense! I shall just prove the falseness of such talk." Having bought a few simple articles in the store one day, the Englishman called for the proprietor and told him freely that he had heard so much stuff about buying anything there that he wished to order for that day a second-hand coffin. "Oh! certainly, sir; your address, if you please," said the merchant; "what hour will you have it?" At the appointed time the coffin, which had served temporary use for strangers in an undertaker's tomb, was at the eccentric man's door. A few days after he called in and said to the proprietor: "Well, you did get the start of me on that coffin matter, but you cannot serve me with one article an old bachelor wants, and that's a wife." "Certainly, sir," said the bland proprietor, "I will do my best, even in that line of business. Walk into my office a few moments? I have a young lady in my employ whose parents lost their property and died, leaving this daughter to earn her bread. She is unfitted for such hard work as mine, and is a cultivated young woman." The introduction was given, and the final result was a wedding.

It was to be the grand annual festival day of the French Westminster Abbey. The utmost possible display was to be made over the tombs of the Bourbons, and among the monuments of nearly all the kings and queens of France. Crowds were making their way thither by steamways and tram-ways, and we joined the throng, ready to be made into sandwiches, though not to be eaten. The city of St. Denis lies a few miles the north of Paris, presenting, in its rough uncouth appearance, a strong contrast to the gay magnificent capital. We hasten to the Basilica, the centre and circumference of all of special interest. It is a massive structure of gray limestone, combining several successive styles of architecture, reminding the traveller of some of the buildings in the farther East, where Jews and Saracens and Greeks have made their several contributions. The vast cathedral was nearly full of people, the great majority of whom were women and children. The side and further cloisters, occupied by royal and princely tombs, were barred off by gates and railings, or hid by heavy drapery. The two-hours'-performance of the nearly one hundred actors took us back to the theatrical exhibitions in Japan and China, gotten up by the priesthood for the entertainment of the masses. It is very striking, the similarity of dress and ritual, of pomp and ceremony between Buddhism, the leading religion of heathenism, and Roman Catholicism, the most numerously professed faith of Christendom. The central objects of interest upon this occasion were, not a tooth of Buddha, nor a footprint of Gaudama, nor a hair from the head of Sakyamuni,

but a piece of the true cross, one of the thorns of the Saviour's crown, and some of the bones of St. Denis and his two companion martyrs. It is quite likely that the bones are genuine relics.

At any rate, if at any time during the centuries any of the originals were missing, they could be replaced from the catacombs, where there are hundreds of cords of them ready to supply, any day, the reliquary wants of old and new cathedrals and monasteries. As to the piece of the true cross and the Saviour's crown-thorn, if the mind goes off on an arithmetical tangent, reckoning up how many cords of wood must have constituted that blessed tree, and have rested upon the brow of the Son of Mary, all cavilling is at once ruled out by the infallible Pope's edict accompanying these gifts to the most important French Basilica. After wearisome movements back and forth, and up and down, and round and round, and in and out, the gorgeously-dressed crowd of religious actors, from the leading stars to the incense-swingers and white-robed supernumeraries, sat down, from sheer exhaustion, seemingly to listen to a sermon. The present government was soundly berated for its recent action in the matter of the unauthorized religious bodies. All the Republican leaders were scalped, and Gambetta roasted alive. Of course names were not mentioned, and care was taken to keep within the limits of the law; but there was no mistaking the sly allusions, and the ultramontane spirit. A procession was formed, next, to carry the sacred relics among the crowds through the aisles and nave of the cathedral. Every one was

expected to bow or kneel, and especially to add to the weight of the circulated contribution boxes. Then there was opportunity given in front of the high altar for all to kiss the chief relics. What a rush! What eagerness to press the lips and rub the rosaries upon the glass covers close to the precious mementoes. How earnestly did the mothers lead the little ones up, and instruct them how to kneel and where to kiss the sacred objects. May God bless all that is deserving in this service, and forgive all its deception and superficiality. I doubt not there is much gold with all the alloy. The Bourbon tombs in the crypt below — their very coffins, some of them broken or caved in — we looked at, and to their silent eloquence we listened. Most of their occupants once tried to serve first self, then God and the devil. There surely is no better way to serve the latter. The statue of Marie Antoinette is in her ball dress. It is a pity she could not have given it a second thought and improved upon the matter, as did Catherine de Medecis in the construction of a second tomb in this same Basilica.

If those old Spanish ecclesiastics had only had a little of our experience with baggage last month, they would frequently have put the most persistent heretics to the torture of engineering trunks around Europe. Express rules are made here: not, as in America, to assist travellers, but to annoy them; to exasperate and worry the life out of them. My cousin, who came on from America and met us in Munich, left two trunks in London, which, upon our arrival in Paris, she ordered forwarded there. Days

passed, but no news of the baggage. A notice was sent from the custom-house, but in such a changed style of address that the concierge could not make out the name, and declared that no such person was within his dominions. So it was returned to the office. Telegrams were sent back and forth across the channel. At last a place was found where the trunks had been for a few days, but on application we were told that in the absence of the keys they had been transferred to the central douane. Three visits to this great bonded warehouse failed to reveal them. The Paris agent of the express company forwarding the baggage then offered — most generous offer, indeed! — to accompany us, if we would pay for the carriage, on a farther search of depots and warehouses. Back and forth, miles upon miles, and at last, after a two days' search, the missing articles were found in an out-of-the-way place back of the North Railway station. Then three French custom's officials had to take turns in examining, which required patience and time. Then two passports were procured, in order to get through the various gates into the freedom of the city. It cost just seventy francs, or fourteen dollars, to give those two trunks a nine-and-a-half hours' ride from London to Paris and deposit them at 21 Ave D'Esling, beside all the anxiety and vexation caused by the delay.

"Blessed be nothing" is the old adage; at any rate, happy are they who can travel on the continent with only hand baggage. But if trunks must accompany the traveller, let every one attend personally to his own, and beware of confiding in these general

agencies, which show no conscience in charging, and deal with their customers as if they never expected to serve them again. Go to any of them on the continent, and, if you are an American, nine chances to one they will take you as a goose to be plucked once for all; and they will not stop short of the pin-feathers.

"He that keepeth his goods in bags will never grow rich," quoth another old proverb; and akin to bags is a sole-leather trunk. We shipped from Beyrout to Liverpool several such — strong, well-strapped, and locked. Leaving our possession full, they are received with one of the number emptied. Lock was not broken, straps were all right; how could it have been opened? Why, the staple of the clasp had been slipped out and replaced; only that. The railway company, of course, have no dishonest employés; "it must have happened at the warehouse," and, as the warehouse firm are positive that no thief is in their employ, "it must have been at the custom's" — "for the custom's understand knocking out rivets, and all that." But no custom house official would steal; one cannot imagine such a thing. Such atrocious deeds are imputed to Americans, but here in England, never! So it must be that the steamship's company is to blame; or the man who shipped them; or the porters in Beyrout; or the government of Syria and the Sultan. Well! fair compensation will probably be secured, but only after enough red tape has been strung out to reach around this island.

On one of our excursions to St. Cloud — now in ruins, but formerly the favorite home of the Empress

Eugénie — we came across a peddler, whose chief stock in trade was a curious lot of broken dishes from the cupboards of the late Imperial family. There were plates and saucers and bowls beautifully marked with the Napoleonic arms, and from which so many dainty and costly viands have been eaten, now serving as bait to attract the traveller; the cheese to catch the mouse.

"I saw the first, the great Napoleon's face," said a French lady to us in Paris. "How can that be possible?" we replied, "for that would make you a third older than you look to be." She explained that when young, she saw Napoleon's body lying in state in the Hotel Invalides, on its return from St. Helena, twenty years after death. She declared that it seemed then in almost perfect state of preservation. There was only a slight discoloration upon the cheeks. What additional interest it gives to a visit to-day to the Emperor's tomb, to think so skillful was the royal embalmment, that probably the form of that mighty genius remains intact in this granite casket of such massive proportions and such eloquent silence.

In one of the upper halls of that most interesting gallery of historical and royal faces in the palace of Versailles, is the portrait of Napoleon's mother, who died in 1836. More regal and commanding is she in face and position than those who claim the blood of kings.

Mrs. Mackey, the California bonanza queen, lived just across from us on the avenue; close to the Arc de Triomphe. Her display of diamonds dazzles Paris, and her exhibition of a nude Venus in the front yard

of her hotel — as it is called — near to the street, is quite in accord with Parisian tastes. We are glad that some Americans on this side of the water have shown that they better understand the opportunity and responsibility and decorum of wealth. .

A few hundred yards beyond, on the opposite side, and near the Place d'Etoile, is the palace of the ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain. It is a beautiful chateau, worth a quarter of a million of dollars, but which is said to have been passed over into her hands by the French government at a merely nominal figure. What other country in the wide world — Christian or heathen — which would not have paid the horrid creature a good round sum to have saved itself the disgrace of her citizenship? On her court descends the social mantle of Catharine de Medecis.

American-English is quite at a discount in Paris. I am told that it is an exceedingly difficult matter for an educated American girl to obtain a good situation to teach English in the Parisian capital. We are not so much to blame as the jealousy of our cousins, and their persistent effort to impress upon Continental people that Americans speak a corrupt dialect of the pure English. Parents, here, do not wish their children to learn either outlandish Zulu, or outlandish American.

French newspapers fall as thickly around Paris streets and cafés and dwellings, as the leaves this autumn upon tree-lined boulevards. One of the numerous dailies claims for itself a circulation of six hundred and fifty thousand. But they are very unsatisfactory reading to one who has had the privilege, for

ten years, of access to the Providence *Journal*, the New York *Tribune* and the Cleveland *Leader*. These Paris papers are the size of a child's journal, and their tiny sheets are filled largely with advertisements and a little gossip about diplomacy, and details of some horrible murder, and a meagre collection of telegrams from other parts of the world. The great social and religious questions of the day are seldom discussed thoroughly or dispassionately. Every French editor seems to work himself up into a passion, and then spring to the use of his pen. While American journalism can abundantly prove itself worthy of confidence and of leadership, French history continues to show that its press is too superficial and excitable to be relied upon to lead the masses.

One of the most bewitching sights of Paris is the broad avenue which ends with the grand new opera house, lit by its many sun-like shining electric lamps. The night is, as nearly as possible by artificial means, changed into day. When this system of lighting has been extended up the Champs d' Elysée, a view will be furnished second only to the glories of a sunrise or sunset, and alone worth a voyage across the Atlantic.

Pedestrians have no rights upon street-crossings in Paris. "Get out of the way, or I'll knock you down," is the challenge of every rapidly driven carriage and cab and omnibus. A friend of mine has just been laid up for several months by a broken arm, and the law says "No redress." Off the side-walk, he was trespassing on horse ground, and must there take all risks himself. A husband lost his wife not long since by being run over at a crossing. There

was no policeman to help her find her way through the thronging teams. French politeness does not provide such escort, and the law does not look after such reckless driving. But had I time, I would fain write a word in behalf of the poor horses. Would that there was an all-powerful Mr. Bergh on every street in Paris, or that the old revolutionary Communist spirit of some of the people was infused into the abused brutes, so that they might en masse rise up against their tyrants and have revenge.

One other subject of small but intense reality in Paris life may be mentioned — I have not space to do it justice: I have discovered some very interesting facts in connection with the study. Would you know why the French are such a restless, hasty people? Why they shrug their shoulders, and lead the fashions into such wabbling Grecian-bend style of walk? Why? Well, in a word I give the answer: fleas. They are a reminder of the plagues of Egypt. These pests infest the gravel along the walks, abound within the houses, hop into the bedrooms, take possession of everything, and make life miserable. For fleas, Paris is as bad as Rome, or Cairo, or Damascus.

The channel elephant is on the hands of every one who would journey from Paris to London. There is no way to get rid of him. There he stands, with his trunk in the German Ocean, and his tail in the Bay of Biscay. If he could be tunnelled, or if balloons could only be made to go over him! Perhaps Captain Eads might push him one side with his jetty system, or Mr. Edison throw him over into the Atlantic by some startling application of his new

electric motor power. But all these expedients are too late for our trip. We got across; it was a close rub, however. We feel doubtful whether the steamer would have held together amid those rough waves, had we not at times so firmly clutched at the sides of the hull, and given undivided attention to the possible opening of seams. Most of the way across, however, I had to lie still in my berth to keep the vessel evenly balanced, and to set an example of calm composure before fellow passengers who were quite beside themselves with alarm. Nothing can equal the deception practiced upon Channel passengers by those who have in charge the furnishing of the food. It looks palatable; but it is not. The meat may appear to be fresh, but passengers, if asked during the voyage, would affirm it was at least three months old. The coffee, to the sight, is well made; but ours seemed to have come from a tanner's vat, and the butter was no better than soap-grease. Under all these discouraging circumstances, it is truly remarkable that we escaped without any seasickness.

The Custom house—it was not very formidable, after all. The officials took our word for everything. Not that, exactly, either, for they used their eyes pretty sharply. When they said, "Have you any tobacco?" we fancied they looked at our teeth; and when the question was put "Have you any spirits?" I am sure their gaze was at the ends of our noses; and when they asked if we had any cologne, they appeared to be using vigorously their own olfactory organs. The porters were the only annoyance. They seemed to say, "Come now, travellers, you have gotten off pretty easily;

supposing you offer us a debt of gratitude." If many American customs' inspectors would take a tour of England and Germany, they could learn much of how the disagreeableness of their duties can be dispensed with. At times, when we have had to open trunks, and quite thoroughly exhibit their contents, we have encountered such delicacy and gentlemanly deportment on the part of the officials, that the whole business was quite a pleasure; as full of information and pleasant memories as many other scenes of travel long anticipated and costly.

London's vastness — it is the population of our whole New York State crowded into one metropolis. It is almost all of New England enclosed within a circumference whose radius is scarcely seven miles. The traveller does not realize this vastness as quickly as the immensity of Paris through its magnificently radiating and extending avenues, or the greatness of New York city by a glance up Broadway from Trinity Church. The British capital, twice the size of Paris and three times greater than New York, must be lived in for several weeks, at least, and these weeks laboriously spent with cab and omnibus, overground and underground railways, steamers up and down the river, and, what is still as important, a great deal of pedestrianism, before the mind grasps the idea of four millions of people within the bounds of one city.

I believe it is overgrown. Municipal bodies, like bodies of flesh and bone, may become too corpulent for comfort and utility. It would have been best for New York city, and for our whole country, if this

American metropolis had stopped short of a million. London is too big. The interests of its different quarters are too far apart. The city life blood does not flow freely and warmly. One citizen tells you of his home in Clerkenwell, another that his home is in Kensington. One friend invites you to his house in Islington and another lives in Camdentown. A Boston lady has just moved out to North Kensington, six or eight miles away, and we want to see each other often; but it is such a journey! There is the underground railway, to be sure, but it is dismal riding there, and is choked with gas, and one is likely to get cold in its damp drafts. The elevated railway plan of New York is much to be preferred to this sewer locomotion of London. Poor people cannot get into the country. Even the working classes cannot indulge in the luxury of green fields and country air with their families more than once or twice a year. True, there are parks in London, some very spacious and beautiful, but most of the smaller ones, nearer to the people who need them, are fenced in and locked up, and the keys are kept by the few whose houses overlook them.

On any public occasion there is not room enough in the streets for the people to see. A crowd here means a crush, and life in danger. Londoners are very conceited. Many of them think that because they have the biggest city in the world, therefore they are the biggest people intellectually, morally, socially. London is too big. Its half million chimneys send forth too much smoke. It makes England blind and reckless. Had the Parliament houses been in Liver-

pool or Manchester, the war against Afghanistan would not have been undertaken, and surely this Eastern question would not be so muddled. Statesmen may have learned theories upon Great Britian's foreign complications, but I believe it pretty near the truth when I say one great difficulty is that they have too big a city at the head. It is political hydrocephalus. The brain is unnaturally developed, and on it there is a pressure of too much water; too much smoke and fog.

I do not wish to bore anybody writing about this inexhaustible London subject. But here everybody writes about it, talks about it, dreams about it. Lately an enterprising publisher has gotten out a book, describing, after the style of Bulwer's *Pompeii*, the destruction of London by fog. I have seen no shingling going on, so have not been able to verify the current report in America, that frequently carpenters in London make mistakes, and find themselves shingling out upon the fog. The first Sunday we were here, it was so dark at morning service that all the lights had to be lit, and the minister was enveloped in a sort of halo. One feels stifled, shut in, as though walking through snow-banks, minus the purity, along these streets sometimes, so thick is the fog. Many people wear a sort of sieve-like muzzle over their mouths, through which they can breathe without taking so much carbon into the throat. Strange to say, this wretched surcharged atmosphere does not seem injurious to health. The death rate in London proves that it is one of the healthiest cities upon the globe. I don't understand

it, unless it is because sickness is scared off by the exasperating effect of the fog upon the four million tormented throats and lungs. Somebody has seriously suggested building neighborhood chimneys five hundred feet high, into which the smoke from all the surrounding houses is to be conducted. It has been proposed by some one else to fire off dynamite at different elevations all over the city. We hope to sail for America before any such experiment. Here is opportunity for any Yankee to acquire wealth and greatness. Let him invent some practicable way of getting rid of London fog, and a great future awaits him.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's tabernacle is still crowded at each Sabbath preaching service. The masses are just as eager as ever to hear his simple, straightforward, earnest presentation of the old Gospel story. But he has only preached one Sunday since we have been in London. Disease has laid firm hold upon him, and there is reason to fear that before long another of the great lights of the world will have passed into another firmament.

Dr. Parker is the most popular Congregationalist clergyman. He preaches from a beautiful and costly marble pulpit, given him by the London corporation, as a public recognition of his long and valuable services of a semi-secular character in regular Thursday-noon lectures. There is much in his manner to remind one of Henry Ward Beecher. We have never heard any one make so much of his pauses. The eloquence of his moments of silence, during both preaching and prayer, is most marked and impressive.

The pulpits of Westminster Abbey and of St. Paul's are usually eclipsed by choral services. Crowds flock to hear the concerts, but before the sermon begins one third to a half of the audience leaves. To be sure, it is very difficult for preachers to be heard in these vast piles of Gothic and Corinthian architecture; but if there was generally more worth listening to, the crowd would not so complain of the poor acoustic properties and leave in such large numbers.

But the "big guns" are not the only weapons doing good work in the battle for the truth. We have heard with great delight several smaller men, whose names are not often talked of out of their own neighborhood. They have done us more good than either of the renowned preachers or bishops or deans. When the account of each one shall be rendered up at the last great day, of real work accomplished for the Master, many, we may be sure, who are first now shall be last, and the last first.

You do not see them — British mansard brains — on the streets every day; it is not the style here of intellectual or social architecture. You must get suitable introductions, and then — well! the crossest possible critic of English institutions and people must acknowledge that the view is very fine. Undoubtedly, the most cultured people of the world are to be found in London. There is more refined and thoroughly educated brain power in this city than in any other in the world. Fortunately, we received the necessary introductions to several of the scientific headquarters, among which are the Geographical Society, the Society of Arts, the Geological Society, the Statistical

Society, and the Anthropological Institute. A visit to the rooms of the Palestine Exploration Fund was very interesting and instructive. It may well be a matter of regret with us Americans that we make such a poor show in the results of our explorations of the regions east of the Jordan, compared with the thorough and scientific survey made by English engineers of the country to the west of that river. We were not surprised to be informed that the British department had decided to throw out the American work, and do it all over themselves.

An entertainment, the other evening, in the Royal Geographical Society hall, at London University, Burlington Gardens, was most enjoyable. This is where, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and many of the most noted geographers of Europe, Mr. Stanley received his welcome on return from crossing "the dark continent." Lord Aberdare presided, and Mr. J. Thompson, commander of the society's East African Expedition, read a paper upon his journey to the Lukuga outlet of Lake Tanganyika via the north end of Lake Nyassa. Sir Bartle Frere, just home from the Cape, received marked attention here during the evening, despite his late very sad political failure in South Africa. The bill served up at the Anthropological Institute was certainly rare. Though pressed to contribute information upon each topic, we declined. That it was a discretion which was the better part of valor, will be appreciated when I give you the programme. First an M. D., F. R. S., read a paper upon anthropological color phenomena. Then a very scholarly gentleman gave us a ponderous article upon

"the different stages in the development of the art of music in prehistoric times." Lastly, an interesting contribution was made by a Russian prince, on Neolithic Implements in Russia.

So lofty were these intellectual themes, that it needed a steam elevator to get down in time for the closing midnight dinner. Oh! my! — the distance down — down — down to *terra firma* and the satisfaction of ordinary mortal cravings! Bunker Hill monument does not measure it at all. I wanted a parachute, so as to drop easy.

XXXV.

World's Capitals contrasted — Joseph Cook — Edwin Booth — Lord Mayor's day — English shopping and styles — Snobbery — Gems of the British Museum — Doré's Gallery — English hospitality.

PLACES, like people and pictures, are interesting by the contrast they furnish. The past month and over, in London and vicinity, has been more enjoyable than during former visits, since we have been able to compare it with many of the other great capitals of the world. Paris is a great hotel; London is a vast collection of homes. Berlin is mapped out with striking regularity and symmetry; London streets are a tangled web of perplexity, woven like New England towns by the feet of straying cattle and sheep. Vienna has girdled herself with royal magnificence. English royalty and aristocracy have done up their work much more bunglingly by way of patchwork, chiefly toward the West End. St. Petersburg dedicates her grandest temple to an Old Testament worthy, and sets her Czar to housekeeping in her grandest palace. London calls her cathedral after a New Testament saint, and builds her most sumptu-

ous palace for the foreign office of the government. Munich out of doors seems enjoying life; London endures it, for beyond the thresholds of her homes only smoke, fog, blackened walls, and a surging population full of vice and poverty. Constantinople is the most beautifully situated capital of the world; London is almost the worst. Rome abounds in churches; London in drinking saloons. Stockholm's best architecture presses upon the sea; London's away from it. Athens gazes all the while into a beautiful sky; London only occasionally gets peeps at it. Washington is a city of strangers; London's population is permanent, the fathers and grandfathers have known each other. Cairo is more dirty than London, but its dirt is dust, not mud and sooty slush. Calcutta is a vast camp surrounding Fort William. London has turned her tower into a show case for the crown jewels, and looks for defence to her floating ironclads. Pekin has its inaccessible city within, so has London; only the former guards with soldiers, while the latter stations money and social distinctions to demand the passwords. Bankok is mostly interested in her white elephants; London talks chiefly about its black elephants in Afghanistan and at the Cape, and its Celtic elephant swinging its trunk so wildly beyond the western channel. Tokio wheels its people around in baby carriages, while London pulls them along in every direction underground. London is cosmopolitan, but nearly every other capital plucks some feather from her wings.

Joseph Cook and Edwin Booth. These representative Americans are attracting a great deal of atten-

tion at present in the British metropolis. The one, our chief scientific lecturer in the interest of evangelical religion; the other, our leading tragedian, whose painstaking and successful efforts may contribute to the elevation of the stage. The Bible is the book of the one, Shakespeare that of the other. A parade of German authorities is the tact of Boston's favorite; a rigid adherence in dress and manner to the old classic style of the Elizabethan period is the peculiarity of the idol of New York theatre-goers. The oddity of the one is a very unpleasant, sing-song tone occasionally; the mannerism of the latter is a frequently unnatural rolling of the eyes and repetition of certain set motions. Both these honored Americans are in danger of dyspepsia. When England likes anybody, she at once sets to work to make him over-eat. Appreciation means hospitality. We have little fear of Joseph Cook breaking down. Judging from his robust, hearty appearance, he could eat a reasonable number of complimentary dinners and yet keep himself in "harmony with his environment." But Edwin Booth is physiologically as well as metaphysically of another mould, and it is to be feared that before he has gone the round of London culinary gaiety, his digestive apparatus will go off into theatricals on its own responsibility, and "to be or not to be" will arise as its question. Of course, both these worthies are very much criticised, but they are being heard. Their views of things are taking root in multitudes of English minds. Infidelity on the one hand, and low sensual amusement on the other, are alarmed. Fear is felt that some unusually

strong points may be made against unbelief, and that the masses may learn that they may be interested by stage representations that do not include vulgarity and blasphemy. I do not belong to Mr. Cook's religious denomination, nor do I accept nor understand fully all his theories, but that does not interfere with a profound interest in his coming to England. I would not advise any one to go to the theatre; the chances are vastly on the side of getting more harm than good; yet we wish well to the earnest, conscientious efforts of Mr. Booth, of the lately-married French comedian, Mlle Samary, and to the successors of the late Charlotte Cushman, who are striving to uplift and purify what, whether the Church will have it or not, is the great central attraction of modern social life.

Lord Mayor's day is the regular municipal show of the year. The great folks, and the little folks and the middling folks all have a share in the fun. Preparations the day before, along the lines of the procession, are made for a crush. Storekeepers, and banks and offices have rough, strong boards fastened over their glass fronts, and the street staircases are all barricaded as if to repel mob violence. First the fifth story windows are let to eager spectators, and cornices and roofs are engaged by those who are the more venturesome upon giddy heights. A million of people, a quarter of the population of the city, must have watched the procession upon its ten mile journey through several of the leading thoroughfares of London. To tell the truth, the procession itself did not amount to much, after all. There were some

good bands of music, quite a number of well-dressed and well-drilled soldiers, several fire engines, a company of cavalry in ancient armor, some school children and carriages, and then the retiring mayor, in a richly-gilded coach, and the in-coming mayor in a still more clumsy and gorgeous one, and — that was all. The crowds, who came out to see, were the best part of the show. The festivities and illuminations in honor of the birthday of the Prince of Wales were united in the evening with the last rioting of the roughs in honor of the new lord mayor. The favorite tailoring establishment to the prince boasted of the grandest display of gas jets in the city. Away from the brilliant streets, around dark corners, groups of young men, taking advantage of the occasion, and the consequent leniency of the police, indulged themselves in a wild, rough sort of fun. Pedlers sold, in large quantities, toy brushes to be used in tickling people's faces, whizzing machines to be set off close to a stranger's ears, and snapping wheels to be suddenly run down the back of any one walking in front of the delighted tormentors. But the worst part of the fun was the promiscuous kissing and bold vulgarity of so many boys and girls. All this was going on, while down at the great dinner the heads of the government were speechifying to the assembled guests. The Sultan thought this so important a meeting, that he telegraphed Mr. Gladstone to convey his assurances to it, that in a few days more all would be right and sweet as sugar at Dulcigno. Because we were weary, and because of the distance, and because we had something else to do, and — because we

were not invited — we did not go to the Lord Mayor's big feast.

English women do not go into all the vagaries of style, as do French and American women. Of course, the most lavish possible of toilets may be seen on a pleasant day in the stylish carriages of the aristocracy upon Rotten Row, or along Piccadilly, Pall Mall, and Regent street; but the upper ten thousand of English society do not represent the average British public, as the butterflies of the Avenue de Boulogne and of the Champs d'Elysée in Paris do the masses of the French people. Nine-tenths of well-to-do English women are not so crazy, as in some other lands, to plume themselves with the feathers of the aristocracy, and to make as much as possible of the parade of royalty. A study of fashion plates gives one a fair idea of French society, but to know England the traveller must gain access to the homes; must mingle in those representative circles where the women do not even understand the mysteries of the pull-back, the frizolette, and the stilted heels. All English girls, without exception, in the realm, wear their hair in a small, round knot low down at the back of the head, with usually a little frizzing over the forehead. With married women, even the youngest, the universal style, at all hours of the day, is what is quite common in America as the breakfast cap. It is very rare that an English married lady crimps her hair. She considers the honors of matrimony, perhaps, a sufficient adornment. These caps may be intended as a badge of servitude, into which the bride enters at the marriage altar; for I have noticed that it is the

universal custom of servant girls to wear at least a little strip of white muslin on the top of the head. In the London shops the Parisian art is well understood of marking goods deceptively. You see one shilling in a large figure on an article you want to purchase, and decide to take it before observing, down in the corner of the price tag, written almost as if to test the lenses of a microscope, an additional eleven and a half pence. You would not have thought of the article at two shillings, but here you are inveigled into buying for only one cent less. In the show windows, especially of Regent street, may be seen the best quality the world furnishes for outside garments, and the prices are moderate, — from a third to a half below those which rule upon Broadway, New York; but the styles are far less beautiful than those either of Paris or New York. The English seal-skins and other cloaks are cut in shape of long, straight sacks, with small sleeves. In Paris there is always some effort at drapery and artistic designs, and the dolman-like sleeve is quite the rage. Seals and fur-lined garments are in great demand, and the former, of very long and fine quality, again take the lead in fashion. Large, round fur collars, reaching over the shoulders, are quite generally worn by younger women in London. Paris knows nothing of this economy, and has not probably thought of such a device for the exhibition of the corset in winter.

English snobbery is almost incomprehensible to an American. Nothing in London so disgusts one who has been brought up among republican institutions. A man in Great Britian is not what he is, not what he

may have made himself, but what his ancestors have been. The chief business of society here is to look at antecedents. A friend of ours, one of an old and rich family, told me of a new comer into his section of the country, who had become wealthy during many years of honorable and successful business in London. He was able to retire, and to put up for his family a palatial home on his large landed estate. "But," said our friend exultingly and approvingly, "all the townspeople courtesy to us upon the streets, but not to him and his family." "The trouble is, they never knew his grandfather, but our people have lived in the county for several generations." I must tell you of the late settlement of a rector. Many of the clergy of the established church are of the very bluest of the old blue blood. The law of primogeniture has given the eldest brother the ancestral wealth, and some position must be furnished the other sons to comport with the family dignity. It is wickedly reported that the smarter boys are appointed to positions in the army and navy, while those who are good for nothing else, the family nobodies, are inducted into the priesthood. There must be a little truth in this, for the most stupid sermons I ever heard have been from English established church pulpits. Still, it must be acknowledged, that some of the best ever spoken have been from such as Dean Stanley, Canon Liddon, and their compeers in heart and thought. One of these established rectors received an appointment to a living, and proceeded to settle. The wealthiest family of his parish, possessing the handsomest residence,

called after a few days. This courtesy they followed up with a formal invitation to dinner, which was politely declined. Thinking the reason must be simply overwork in house settling, the parishioner invited, after a few days' waiting, his new rector again. There was a delay in the acceptance, when the parishioner learned that search was being made as to the kind of blood he represented, and that when the rector should have satisfied himself that the antecedents were all right, he would accept the invitation to dinner. A few Sundays ago we attended service in a small, half-filled chapel. The congregation was all made up of working people. The minister, a dissenter, spoke dolefully of his want of success. We felt like saying a few cheering words to him at the close. But being of blue blood, he rebuffed us at once with inquiry as to a suitable letter of introduction. An Englishman asked us the other day if Joseph Cook was "a real gentleman." "Yes! indeed," we assured him. "I shall enjoy hearing him, then," he added; "but some one said his father was a tradesman, or something of the sort; and, of course, if his family are low, he cannot please our best English taste." A son, whose father may be a millionaire, cannot associate at Eton school with the young sprigs of aristocracy, who may be deeply in debt at home and at school, but whose blood is very blue, even though the clothing is seedy. One who lives over his store, however elegantly, cannot associate with another whose place of residence is apart from his store. Between merchants and mere shopkeepers there is an impassable barrier. In

all the professions there are grades, not so much of intelligence or success, as of antecedents. It makes a great deal of difference here to a man's social standing, whether his wealth is in personal property or in real estate. The Argyle family considers itself above that of the Queen, in having older and really bluer blood. "Abas!" as the French say to all this. It is a shame that our elder sister indulges in such nonsense. The social life of America is a century in advance of England.

We spent a week among the gems of the Museum, and only wished we had more time to study them, and more learning to appreciate them. The Parthenon of the Acropolis, at Athens, has been ruthlessly made to contribute to the world-wide fame of this museum. Here we see many of the sculptures which adorned those famous walls, and they give life to the old histories and mythologies. Many of these same groups must have arrested the attention of Paul, and from their wonderful and still admired temple, his thoughts ascended often to that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Since our former visit, much has been added to the Ephesian collection. It is a rare antiquarian treat to look at so many relics of that renowned temple of Diana. There are statues to the goddess, pedestals and capitals of the columns, and friezes and entablatures. The Egyptian collection stands unrivalled in the world. The Boulak collection in Cairo may in time surpass it, for under the wings of the Nile are vast stores yet of undiscovered treasures, and the Egyptian government is becoming more jealous

of its rights in the matter of its antiquities; but to-day England can boast of the largest and choicest museum. Here especially is the Rosetta stone, which to modern scholarship has given the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and enables the learned antiquarians to read not only the monuments of stone, but also the almost innumerable papyrus rolls, which are being found in the mummy cases and in the tombs of the sacred bulls.

An equally, if not more valuable treasure of the Museum is in the unrivalled Assyrian departments. It is with devout thanksgiving that the friend of the Bible gazes at the few fragments of terra cotta which the late Assyrian discoverer, Smith, found at Nineveh, and which he deciphered as substantially the Scriptural account of the Deluge. Near it is an interesting cylinder corroborating the Bible story of one of the kings of Judea. Scepticism is dumb in the presence of these and other most evidently undesigned coincidences. One may have read of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, as the Greeks were accustomed to call the former's grandson, Ashur-banipal, but when the historical stone lessons of this collection have been thoroughly studied, even without any knowledge of cuneiform characters, those persons in their personal habits, rule, and martial exploits, stand out as real as a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. I have never envied my husband his trip to Babylon and Nineveh, as since visiting and revisiting the Assyrian collection of the British Museum, guided by his interpretation and enthusiasm.

We expected a treat, but not so great a one when

we visited Doré's gallery. We had been made familiar with his vivid and prolific genius, from numerous engravings and models, but we were not prepared for such tenderness and soul, such eloquence and pathos, and such fidelity to nature as are manifested in his oil productions upon canvas. We cannot speak too extravagantly of his wonderful painting entitled "Christ Leaving the Prætorium." This modern French artist has here selected, it seems to me, the moment of supremest artistic interest in the Saviour's passion. In reality, Gethsemane and Calvary may transcend by way of importance, but no scene was so striking and sublime, and so surrounded by typical human passions, as when, after the trial and condemnation, Jesus Christ steps forth to meet death for the sake of his murderers. Such dignity! Such divinity of form! Such a face! It beams with unutterable anguish and unutterable love. This satisfies me better than Raphael's face of Christ in the Transfiguration at the Vatican at Rome. Doré's Madonna, too, thrust back into the crowd by the ruthless soldiers of Pilate, is in some respects quite as satisfactory as Raphael's Madonna of the Dresden Gallery. The Caiaphas of the Ober Ammergau Passion Play, wonderfully successful as was his part, did not succeed as well as Doré's genius in representing the ideal hatred and rage and fiendish exultation of this human leader of the foes of our Saviour. Next in interest at this gallery, is Doré's representation of the midnight scene in front of King Pharaoh's palace, when, with his assembled court, the proud but baffled king finally bids Moses and Aaron depart

with the people of Israel. The dream of Pilate's wife, and the vision of a monk of the love of by-gone years, and the after scene in the Roman amphitheatre when the wild beasts are devouring their slain Christian victims, while the air is filled with a company of angels, are Doré's other pictures in which I have taken special interest.

The British National Gallery must be ranked considerably below several to be met with on the continent. It is amazing that so many mere daubs find places upon its walls. I cannot appreciate Turner, over whom the English are so boastful. He is a pet of Ruskin, and in matters of art British opinion is determined, with all its obstinacy, to swear by his judgment. It takes an Englishman to glorify Turner, as also to see anything amusing in two-thirds of "Punch." I was going to speak of an art gallery of some merit in Liverpool, where we met crowds of the common people in the evening, at three pence a ticket; but we have since learned that its founder has two hundred bar-rooms in Liverpool. Let his memory then rot. No enterprise of art can sanctify ten thousand drunkards' graves, and ten thousand poor homes turned into hells.

We are in the county of Kent, several miles to the southeast of London. We pass the Sydenham crystal palace close to our right. It was a great relief to escape the carbonized fog of the great metropolis, which we heard a Chinaman in Peking very aptly declare is not a city, but a world. On the train Mr. B. meets an acquaintance he had formed in Bagdad, and who was a resident of Bolivia, South America.

How strangely the lines of life intertwine all over this great world. A friend of by-gone years meets us at the station. It was a downright hearty welcome. The outside English crust may be hard and ugly; but when it is cracked, the meat of its hospitality is unsurpassed among any people of the globe.

We were invited out to dine, but we found that meant three meals; one immediately after reaching the beautiful mansion, another after an appetizing stroll in the spacious grounds, and still another before taking the last evening train back to London. Our hostess is more fond of the Queen and the royal house than is her husband. She could never live in America, with no acknowledged aristocracy of blood and landed property. He thinks he would rather like American life, only it would seem strange. They gave us the thinnest imaginable slices of buttered bread, and delicious tea, and sat us down to huge roasts of superb English mutton, and American beef. Of course there was a variety of wine, for an English table would not be complete without that; but, when we declined, they thought it was not strong enough for our national taste, and so urged us to allow them to order the butler to bring on some whiskey or brandy. The napkins were not thrown under the table, as I have read is the custom at the Queen's dinner. The courses were in French style, and the cooking first-rate, and more like home than any we had had for two years. The English understand the art of cooking a joint and making a pudding to perfection; but the mystery of a pancake, or muffin, or really good pie, they have never compre-

hended. Before and after each of the three meals, we were invited to stroll into various parts of the house and grounds. It was a good opportunity to survey thoroughly and appreciate the conveniences and elegancies of a sumptuous English home. Over here they do not go for show so much upon the outside as do Americans, but when visitors are within, English people are quite equal to us in the show business. We talked the most about our country, our hosts about themselves; that is characteristic. Get an Englishman started upon his business, his family, and it is about "which and 'tother" with a Yankee spreading the wings of the American eagle.

XXXVI.

Rural England — Queenstown — A visit to Cork — Ireland's Misery — Steam-Ship "City of Berlin" — A stormy voyage — The Chinese giant — A musical evening — Hurrah for "the land of the free and the home of the brave" — Lessons for America — Greetings.

AVING previously travelled by the North-western, from Liverpool to London, and by the Great Northern thence to Scotland, we selected the Midland, the most picturesque route, for our last English railway journey. This gave us views of Bedford, made famous by Bunyan; of Derby, made infamous by the English races; of Leicester, the home of the pioneer missionary, Cary; and of Manchester, whose deserved fame because of its immense manufacturing industries is sure to wane before the rising star of the west. But we cared more to see the country, — the matchless rural scenery of old England. The beauty, however, is more of art than of nature. Ireland in the rough and Scotland certainly surpass England for beauty and grandeur. England has no Narragansett Bay, no Connecticut Valley, no Hudson River, no Niagara Falls, no Rocky

Mountains, no Yosemite Valley. But her landscape is not disfigured with rail or board fences. No forest clearings, with their bare stumps and hideous brush piles, disgust the eyes. The houses evidently are not built to make bonfires, nor are the roads mere open ways for teams and people to tread mud, in wet weather. This endless net-work of hedges, no device of landscape art could be more beautiful. The color of the grass is peculiarly rich on account of the prevailing moisture of the English atmosphere, and the veil which the climate keeps over the rays of the sun. The prevailing material for building houses is brick, and in the country the English do understand how to locate them most picturesquely. The ivy, cultivated so largely, adds much to the beauty of these rural homes. The roads show much painstaking in their construction, being surpassed only by those in India, for which cheap labor will account. If only now the English would line their roads, as the French do, with trees, the effect would be perfect. Through all this we are going too fast. Sixty miles an hour! It takes the breath away. But then, it is safer than forty miles per hour on most American railways, — the grading and the bedding of the railways here are so much better done. But we have reached Liverpool, the child of American commerce.

During the night we have anchored off the harbor of Queenstown, and are to wait till the latter part of the afternoon for the direct mails from London to New York. A hasty breakfast, and we take a steam launch for the docks, two miles away. Forts of great strength guard the entrance, close to

where we left our ocean home. Judging from the surrounding hills, covered with beautiful sward, and fringed along their water-base with ivy-grown cottages and well cultivated orchards, surely the "Emerald isle" is charming, and deserves better laws and a happier people. Queenstown's population cannot be over seven thousand, and that number would include the large garrison permanently quartered upon the adjoining hill. The people seem to represent two extreme classes, the well-to-do, engaged in the shipping business, or in wholesaling butter, and the extremely poor, living from hand to mouth and only waiting to emigrate to America. A crowd of these human leeches are ready to fasten themselves upon the traveller at the moment the tug lands at the wharf; and they are not to be shaken off until the tug has started back to the steamer. Clothed in festoons of rags, bareheaded and dirty, these hungry people have all learned the art which comes from kissing the "blarney stone."

"Och, what a purty, foine boy ye has; sure it's the loiks of him as would look well with such a stick as this I'd be sellin' ye cheap — only a sixpence, mum; rale oak." "Buy a few matches, swate lady, bliss yer heart, to keep a poor widdy, who ownly axes ye for enough to get a cup of tay, sure; ach, and I'll pray for ye all the way over the big wather." "Them's English," shrilled a voice in a group of wharf loungers. The tone indicated much. "Ach," now replied one of our leeches, "don't ye know, Dennis, betther than that? Sure, and don't ye know 'Mericans — the foinest country the sun iver shon on

— and you'll buy that pot of shamrock, me lady, to take wid ye." The spirit of unrest in this part of the United Kingdom is plainly to be seen in so short a visit as ours. Placards are posted up in most conspicuous places, rallying the people of the great island to join the Land League, and unite in meetings by which the measures of "the stupid and tyrannical government" may be put down. Collections are urged in behalf of the fund for Mr. Parnell. We had time to take a small steamer up the river Dee, enjoying the picturesque views, and then the cars, from a quaint little town called Passage, to the city of Cork. Like Queenstown, this city is built of light gray limestone, quarried near by. There are no long rows of smoky gray brick as in London, but sky and city are clear and cheerful in aspect. We had time to see the city, which numbers now only sixty thousand, though formerly it boasted of a round one hundred thousand. But the drain of American emigration has told upon its numbers, and most alarmingly of late. We were able to visit the butter exchange, and peep into shops filled with American beef, and also had the treat of a jaunting-car ride out into the country. On the way we visited Queen's College, a very handsome pile of buildings, surrounded by beautiful grounds, on a slight elevation. We stopped to gather the shamrock, and to get peeps here and there of the inside life of the humble and often wretched cottages.

Never since leaving China have I seen women made such beasts of burden as on this day of sight-seeing in Ireland. It was a keenly cold day; snow

had fallen a few hours before, but women with bare feet, frost-bitten and swollen, were to be met trudging along with a quarter of beef over their bare heads. Others I noticed with as much as five bushels of cabbages on the back, with which they were filling a cart. A man in boots, pipe in mouth, held the donkey's bridle, while these barefooted women stacked his load for him. Though I do not approve of indiscriminate giving to street beggars, and thoroughly believe in the plans for the relief of the poor carried out by our own city, yet I think the sternest heart would break down before such pitiful cases as we saw in the streets of Cork. "Plaze, mum, only a ha'-penny, for God's sake," said a pitiful young woman, with a baby hugged to her breast; — barefooted, pinched with cold and hunger, wrapped in a tattered thin shawl, her looks proved her assertion that "not a crumb have we had this day; just a ha'-penny, mum; it's all I ask to get a bit of bread." When the miserable creature found a silver piece in her palm, the blessing which instantly sprang to her lips evidently came from the heart as well. "May the Lord Almighty keep yees altogether safe upon the big wather, and may His bounty iver be enough for yer body and yer sowl." Poor, wretched, abused Ireland! What is to be the result of all the present disturbances? I cannot but think an Irish lady in the car with us on our return to Queenstown had something of the truth of it, when she said: "I love Ireland, it's me own native land, and she is downtrodden and cursed by bad laws. The Irish are wronged, but that does not shut me eyes to the

wrong they do themselves. The Irish are — too many of them — idle and thriftless; they will have rum anyhow, and they make up poor mouths, and say the childers are starving. Mr. Gladstone is right, when he says the people must not have new laws, until they abide by those they have. It's no use to go cutting ears off of people willing to work, or tarring a tenant ready to take the place of an evicted family. It's liquor as makes the mischief. Curse the stuff," and the woman's eyes filled with tears, as though she had had personal experience in the blight which comes into a home where intoxicating drink is used as a beverage.

The selection of a steamer in which to place one's life for a voyage upon the stormy Atlantic is one requiring serious thought. A few dollars difference in the passage, or differences of comfort, or even speed, are minor considerations compared with safety. Americans are too apt to ask, "How can I make the quickest passage, or where obtain the most luxurious living?"

All go quickly enough, and all, doubtless, furnish an abundance of good food. Much has been said of the "Cunard line," but lately it has lost a steamer between England and some European port. One of the reasons, which led us to the selection of the *City of Berlin*, was, not that she is, next to the *Great Eastern*, one of the two or three largest and most palatial steamers upon any of the oceans, but that this little reassuring story of her construction had come to our attention. The Inman line, having determined to spare no expense in the fitting out of this

home for the trans-Atlantic trade, gave the builders "carte-blanche" to go on and build the best steamship possible, and draw on them from time to time for any money required. Over nine hundred thousand dollars were expended. Every probable temptation was thus avoided of the use of a single shoddy bolt, or a square inch of weak iron. An additional reason was that Captain Kennedy, of the *City of Berlin*, occupies a leading place in the ranks of successful commanders of ocean vessels. Four hundred and fifty-six times he has carried a vessel safely across the Atlantic, and this trip, in which we take personal interest, is the one hundredth time he has safely conducted the *City of Berlin* from port to port. That still larger and more palatial floating home, the *City of Rome*, now in process of construction by this same steamship company, is to be given into the command of this same successful captain.

As one of our passengers humorously but truthfully said, "Never since the time when Noah started out of port with his load was there ever a more motley company together on an ocean vessel than on the *City of Berlin* this trip." The clergy of the Episcopalian, Lutheran, and Baptist denominations were represented; also four Catholic priests. The sailors afterward said they had prophesied a hard trip with so many "sky pilots" aboard. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt represented the largest amount of hard cash aboard, and Mr. Langtry, the husband of the famous English beauty, the most wealth of another kind. The Chinese giant, on his way to meet an appointment with Mr. Barnum, was certainly the tallest specimen of skin and bone

we had any of us ever seen. The saloon ceiling being too low for him to stand erect, he showed a wonderful skill of telescoping himself when moving about the room, except when he reached the part covered with the skylight, and then for a moment he could elongate himself to his fullest dimensions — eight or nine feet. And, by the way, that this tall Chinese was a thorough gentleman was the verdict of every one. The characteristic Yankee was on board, whose business requires him to take a flying trip every year as far as St. Petersburg and Bombay, time being so limited that he reaches these cities, attends to the business in one day, and is off the next. He had been nine times to both these cities, and yet had never seen them, nor turned from his business track to visit wonderful Paris.

For six days and seven nights the storm raged. The waves dashed up over the decks, and coated the funnel white with salt spray. It was a series of storms, one following close upon the other, until the climax was reached on the second night after Thanksgiving. Then for three hours the vessel was kept with her nose to the hurricane. The engine worked, but no progress was made. When danger was passed, the captain said that it was one of the most terrific storms to be met with on the Atlantic. But through storm and sleet as well as calm, the comforts and luxuries of life were not omitted. The brilliant electric lights, with which the whole steamer is lighted, turned night into day. Every delicacy, that could reasonably be desired, was promptly at hand, including genuine New York ice cream, which is taken over

in quantities sufficient to last a double passage, and given out in liberal portions every day at dinner.

The musical people on board gave, as a pleasant ending of our delayed journey, a concert, which included instrumental and vocal music, gems from the old masters, and masters who are not very old, among which was an original song by the Gens d'Armes in an improvised and fantastic uniform. Each stanza had a funny hit upon the name of one of the few more prominent passengers, and ended with the chorus —

"He'll take us in, he'll take us in!
Our Captain brave and true,
He'll take us in! he'll take us in,
With our debts to Neptune paid."

But the song about an almond-eyed maiden by the Chinese Giant, in gorgeous robes and jewels, with a chorus in which a few were trained to join, was the most captivating part of the programme. I give you the chorus:

"Sang hey moodey;
Johnny go for Bing.
Johnny go for chang a chaw,
So got lum dum chow;
Hey ho — Hey-ho-hey ho-hey-ho — hey!
So got lum dum chow."

Four days behind time we steamed into New York harbor. Eager and home-glad faces clustered about the windows and doors of the upper saloon, looking out through sleet and snow towards the other waiting crowd of expectant anxious ones on the wharf. Of all that company, one little jumping, dancing, laughing eight-year-old girl claimed the entire atten-

tion of our party. It was the child from whom we had parted two years ago. It was the crowning joy of our completed journey to find this absent member of our own home circle ready to greet us as our feet touched again our native land.

From London to Liverpool we came fortunately into the guardianship of a very interesting ward, the daughter of an ex-mayor of Cleveland. We learned too late to arrange by the mails that her mother was coming on to meet her. But that tiny wire, reaching under thousands of miles of stormy ocean, quickly did the work, and a plan was perfected to exchange our young lady protégé for the little Nellie of our own home, at the New York dock. The much dreaded customs examination proved to be full of courtesy and fair treatment on the part of the United States officials. After this, we all four were soon comfortably quartered at the Gilsey House, corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street. This, though not home, we have found to be most home-like of the more popular New York hotels.

The first sight of the American shores was as pleasurable as a whole month's visit to any other land on our globe. No! that is putting it altogether too feebly. I must try again to do justice to the ecstacy of the emotion of once more greeting our own native land. It was worth going around the world, worth all the privations of a two years' absence, all its expense and toils, to get back home again, and to realize the depth and ardor of our love for all that owns allegiance to the star-spangled banner. We have, indeed, much to learn from other countries, and

there is otherwise room for vast improvement in the social life, and business principles, and political activities of our people. But nowhere is there such true freedom, such liberty of conscience, such opportunity for talent, such encouragement to industry, such measure of equality for women, such admirable system of public schools, such healthy religious life, such zeal in the world's evangelization, such unlimited natural resources, and such grandeur of scenery. Still we wish that our beloved country would learn from France how to live with more economy and thrift; from Germany how to take life quietly, judiciously mingling recreation and business, — the old and young uniting pleasures together. Would that our country might learn from England how to organize and maintain an honorable civil service; and from Italy how to listen at the door of nature for the secrets of the highest art. China has valuable lessons for our people upon industry; and Japan can teach us much upon politeness of manner, and with regard to the art of rendering beautiful the common things of the most humble life. We should welcome India's instruction upon road-making, some of Austria's upon statesmanship, and even Russia's counsel to wait, if need be, for centuries for the accomplishment of the greatest national ends.

Pleasant as are the greetings from friends here in New York and vicinity, and much as we are anticipating in a few days of loving welcomes in Providence, we do not forget that golden band of sunny faces and hospitable hearts, that in all lands has con-

tributed so much to the joy and complete success, and unspeakably delightful memory of our journey.

Let me, then, upon the threshold of my old ten-years' home, close this series of "round the world letters" with the earnest prayerful wish that all readers who have followed us on our journeyings by so many lands and seas, may alike find safe passage through every storm of earthly life, delightful scenes and surroundings on every shore of experience, and at the end meet greetings that shall be to them as joyful greetings to a native land, the best home of the soul anywhere.

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